

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 663, Vol. 26.

July 11, 1868.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

THE COMING ELECTIONS.

HOWEVER doubtful everything else may be as to the coming elections, two things seem quite clear. In the first place, every seat that offers even a ghost of a chance for a contest will be contested in a furious, ardent, and even reckless manner, and, in the next place, there will be nothing to break up either party. The Conservatives will go for the Conservative candidates, and the Liberals for the Liberal candidates. The Irish Church only affords a convenient issue by which candidates can discriminate themselves. Every Conservative candidate will pledge himself to vote against the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and every Liberal will pledge himself to vote for it. There seems to be no reluctance in any constituency otherwise Liberal to adopt a Liberal candidate because he is in favour of disestablishment, nor are there any Conservatives who look with dismay on the prospect of being pledged, through their representatives, to hold up the Irish Church as it is. To advocate disestablishment has become a part of the general programme of the Liberal party, and to resist it a part of the Conservative programme. The candidates in their addresses say very little about it either way, and merely announce that they are prepared to go one way or the other. To the Conservatives it is evidently a most lucky windfall that a question on which Conservatism is still possible should have been started just before the elections. Had it not been for the Irish Church, those Conservative candidates whose opinions do not happen to be known by the fact of their belonging to established Tory families would have found very great difficulty in making the electors understand what they mean by calling themselves Conservatives. One Conservative candidate, for example, has announced himself in favour of a further extension of the suffrage and of the abolition of University tests. But then he also declares himself opposed to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and this makes him a Conservative. It is not the Liberal party that is split up by the introduction of this new question, but the Conservative party that is consolidated and determined by it. Unless some change takes place in this respect, the hopes on which the Ministry have rested or professed to rest will be disappointed. The MELBOURNE Ministry was prevented from dealing as it wished with the Irish Church because Whig constituencies forced Whig members to intimate that they did not approve of the course the Ministry was taking. If this happened again, and if Liberal constituencies now made their candidates understand that they might be as liberal as they liked on all other questions, but that they must not follow Mr. GLADSTONE with regard to the Irish Church, then the coming elections might be more favourable to the Irish Church and to the present Ministry than the relative strength of the two parties would warrant us in expecting they will be. But nothing of the sort has as yet shown itself. Not only do the Liberal constituencies not press their members to be indulgent to the Irish Church, but they exact firmness in dealing with it as one of the primary conditions of their support. It is barely possible that one or two elections may be influenced by the votes of those bodies of Dissenters who look on the Established Church with peculiar favour, and who may on this occasion take part with the supporters of the Church. But this is only a possibility, and can have no more than a very local and exceptional effect. The country at large will not pronounce whether the Irish Church is or is not to be disestablished, so much as whether the general policy of the Liberal party or that of the Conservative party is to prevail. The simple question will be whether the constituencies under the Reform Acts are Liberal or Conservative, and there is much reason for satisfaction that this should be the main question to be decided. For in no other way could a keen religious strife and an outburst of fanaticism for and against the Church be so easily avoided. If two neighbours of

different views begin to talk about the Irish Church, they are almost sure to quarrel; but if they each say that they are going with their party on this question as on all others, discussion is avoided. And if the real point to be decided as to the Irish Church is kept in view, it will be seen to be quite true that it is not a religious point so much as a political one, by which Liberals and Conservatives may be fairly divided. The Liberal policy is the policy of conciliation, and the Conservative policy is the policy of strong government. Both policies have their advantages and disadvantages; and there is no way of deciding which is to prevail except the rude but effectual way of letting the views of the majority prevail.

Whether the Liberals or the Conservatives will gain in the elections may fairly be questioned. No one, not even the oldest and most experienced election agents, can honestly profess to know much about it. Scotland and Ireland will probably affect the relative strength of parties almost exactly as they do now. The addition made to the Scotch seats will, it may be expected, give a slight increase to the number of Liberal members; and although the elections in Ireland will be fought with great spirit, and probably with great bitterness, there is no reason to suppose that either priests or Orangemen will have any great triumph. The gain or loss, therefore, must take place in England. The seats that have been taken away have been taken away very nearly evenly from both parties, and therefore the redistribution of seats will only affect the issue according as it creates new seats. The seats allotted to minorities in the three-cornered constituencies will fall about equally to Liberals and Conservatives, for if the result is likely to be slightly in favour of the latter in the boroughs, it will be slightly in favour of the former in the counties. Taking the English boroughs as a whole, there does not seem much probability that the Conservatives will gain ground in them. Here and there a seat will be won, and it is probable that this will occur in some of the leading constituencies; but the new boroughs created by the Act of last year are mostly sure Liberal seats, and in every town there is just as much chance that the great unknown may go unexpectedly for Liberal candidates as against them. The real battle will therefore be fought in the English counties; and supposing that the Liberal party exerts itself to the utmost, and brings forward popular and powerful candidates, then we shall know whether the Conservatives have gained most by the increased power of landlords over small tenants, or have lost most by the introduction of a large urban element into the county constituencies. At present we do not believe that any one can form an opinion how this is likely to be. To take a prominent instance, no one has any notion as yet whether Mr. GLADSTONE's seat for a division of Lancashire is safer or less safe than it would have been if the Reform Bill of last year had not passed. But it is to be observed that the numbers of each party are not the only thing to consider when we wish to estimate their relative strength. We have also to ask, what is the coherence and discipline of each party in the House of Commons, and of what materials is it composed? A Minister may be powerless with a majority of seventy in his favour, and very powerful with a majority of only twenty or thirty. And it is in this respect that the coming elections promise to make an immense difference. The number of Liberals in the new House of Commons may be no greater than it is in the present House, but they will be either a very different set of men, or the same men under a very different set of influences. They will be no longer a "disorganized rabble." They will have been returned on the distinct understanding that they are to support Mr. GLADSTONE loyally and cordially. The Liberal constituencies seem quite decided about this. They want their party to triumph, and their men to go with it and uphold it and make it triumph. "No Adullamites!" was the shout of the Liberal electors of Berkshire a few days ago, and "No Adullamites" appears to be the settled resolve of nine-tenths

of the Liberal constituencies. If, therefore, the Liberals do not gain fresh seats, even if they lose some they now hold, even if they have no more than a majority of forty or fifty, they will be in a totally new position. A leader in the House of Commons who has got a perfectly trustworthy majority of forty, and knows that the constituencies will not allow his supporters to cease to support him strenuously and persistently, has an irresistible force, and can command the Government of the country on all questions of importance.

If any man could be likely to throw away this force when he has got it, and to break up his majority, it is Mr. GLADSTONE. But it must be owned that he has done very much to create it. There is a personal enthusiasm for him in the Liberal constituencies which is due not only to his merits, but also to what, in the eyes of calmer judges, seem his faults. His rashness, his suddenness of conviction and action, his want of tact, his proneness to make little things into big things, his appeals to high vague principles, even his grandiloquence, have certainly not hitherto hurt him in the country, and have probably tended to create that picture of him in the imaginations of Liberal electors the creation of which is one of his greatest successes. One of the most radical mistakes in English political life is to judge of the country by the talk of London critics. The critics are, we will hope, right; but in politics we must recognise facts, and one of the most salient facts with regard to the coming elections appears to us to be that the Liberal constituencies have pinned their faith on Mr. GLADSTONE, and intend to return members who share that faith, or who at any rate will understand that they have got to act and talk as if they did share it. It is entirely in accordance with this view of things that the constituencies seem so resolutely bent on getting rich local men to stand. They like these rich local men very much—first, because they are rich, and secondly, because they are local; but they also like them because they think they can rely on them. In most instances it is not the candidate that has sought the constituency, but the constituency who has sought the candidate; and the qualifications they hope to have discovered in him are generally that he is very rich, very provincial, and very sound; or, in other words, very sure to follow Mr. GLADSTONE. The amiable, intellectual, moderate man, with his own opinions and his own principles, seems at a discount in the constituencies at present, and so does the friend of the people, the philanthropist, and the professional agitator. There is very much to regret in this, and it is possible that hereafter there may be a change, and that the constituencies will either grow more enlightened and seek a higher class of representatives, or more conscious of their power, and more inclined to place violent, ignorant men in places of honour. But the prospect for the immediate future is, that the new Parliament will contain a large body of respectable, wealthy, obedient nobodies, who will go into Parliament because it is a fine thing to be there, and who will be returned because they can be trusted to go like good sheep in the path in which the shepherd wishes them to go. Whether, therefore, the Liberal party gains or loses by the elections, Mr. GLADSTONE is sure to gain greatly by them. He will be the head of a party pledged, not only to support the principles he advocates, but to follow him personally; and it is highly probable that the party will command a considerable majority in the House of Commons. Few English Ministers have had so good an opportunity of doing great things, if only it is in him to do them.

ITALY.

THE Italian Ministry which was supposed to have only a provisional tenure of office appears likely to acquire the permanent confidence of the Parliament and of the country. General MENABREA and his colleagues have prudently declined to trouble themselves with the embarrassing question of Rome and the French Protectorate. The disaster of Mentana cut asunder more than one complicated problem, for it is now comparatively easy both to restrain conspiracies for invading the Papal territory, and to acquiesce in the intrusive presence of the French army. The Chassepot rifles performed the physical miracle of killing and wounding many of GARIBALDI's followers, but more subtle conjurations must be employed to reconcile Italy with the temporal power of the Pope. The Imperial Government would willingly recur to the September Convention which imposed on the Italian Government the onerous duties of abstinence and of protection; but General DUMONT's addresses to the Papal Zouaves, the battle of Mentana, and the insolent speeches delivered in the French Chamber have convinced all Italian statesmen that it is better to acknowledge irresistible force than to provide a

silken glove to conceal the steel gauntlet of the foreigner. In the course of next year the French garrison will have the pleasure of protecting the deliberations of a Council while it affirms all the anti-social propositions which have from time to time been published by the Holy See. Freedom of education, of the press, and of marriage will be denounced, and the infallibility of the POPE will be proclaimed, under the shelter of the French flag, nor will the opportunity be lost of once more challenging the title of the Italian Kingdom to the provinces which formally belonged to the Holy See. In the absence of the French troops it would have been the duty of the Italian army to guard the deliberations of the Sacred Council from all external interruption; but, so long as France guarantees the independence of the POPE, there is neither honour nor advantage to Italy in providing a police to enforce the Imperial decrees. The state of affairs has rendered possible a large reduction of the Italian army, which indeed, since the establishment of friendly relations with Austria, has had no foreign enemy to watch. The maintenance of order in the Neapolitan provinces and in Sicily will for some years require a considerable force, and the condition of the Romagna is highly unsatisfactory; but, on the whole, the prospects of Italy have brightened since the acquisition of Venice and the indefinite adjournment of the Roman question.

It has been General MENABREA's merit or good fortune to discover the financial abilities of Count CAMBRAY DIGNY, who had not previously attained high political distinction. A humorous member of the Chamber lately congratulated the Finance Minister on not being a political economist, with the intention of contrasting his comparative success with the failure of some of his more didactic predecessors. It may be doubted whether Count CAMBRAY DIGNY would accept the equivocal compliment; but in the present circumstances it matters little whether an Italian financier understands the theory of commerce. It is his first duty to make the Treasury solvent, by diminishing the expenditure and by increasing the receipts; and, at the cost of one grave irregularity, the present Finance Minister has approximated to an accomplishment of his task. It is unfortunate that both Italy and Austria should simultaneously have incurred a partial bankruptcy by imposing a tax on the dividends of foreign creditors. The only excuse for either Government is that they both took the step unwillingly, under strong Parliamentary pressure, at a time when it was necessary to reconcile the country to additional taxation; and the Italian Government may perhaps urge as a further excuse that the national securities have risen considerably in value, notwithstanding the proposed deduction from the dividends. The precedent will perhaps be followed, without plausible pretext, by the richest country in the world, if the immoral doctrines advocated by the leaders of both parties receive the sanction of Congress. For the purpose of placing on record the necessities and the good faith of the Italian Government, Count CAMBRAY DIGNY has included in a single Bill the tax on the coupons of the debt and the burdensome and unpopular duty on grist corn. A debtor who is reduced to the melancholy necessity of compounding with his creditors partially relieves himself from the disgrace of insolvency by proving that he has made considerable sacrifices to enable him to discharge an instalment. The tax on grinding, if it is maintained, will be both a pledge of economy, and a proof that the Italians are not disposed to tamper with national obligations.

It is only in manufacturing and commercial countries that the elasticity of the revenue displays itself on the removal of pressure. For the present, Italy is chiefly agricultural; and although the plain of Lombardy and some other portions of the kingdom have been brought to the highest pitch of cultivation, a great part of the South remains in a state of nature. The laudable efforts to recover the trade of Venice, and to make Brindisi a port of transit to the Levant, may perhaps increase the national resources, but a long interval must elapse before the development of productive industry supplies any considerable material for an export trade. In the hands of Dutchmen or of New Englanders Italy would become rapidly rich, and there is reason to hope that political independence and freedom will stimulate the energies of the indigenous population, but in the meantime public frugality is the first of financial virtues. The reduction of the great army which had been organized in readiness for the occasion of obtaining Venice or Rome was not an unmixed evil, for the education supplied in its ranks tended to produce a feeling of unity, while it habituated to discipline some of the inhabitants of the more backward districts. Since the change of circumstances, there are political as well as

economical objections to the maintenance of an excessive army. Although Italy has displayed remarkable aptitude for constitutional government, the example of Spain shows the risks which may arise from the establishment of the army as the chief power in a State. VICTOR EMMANUEL and his family are happily not degenerate BOURBONS, nor is the Italian population immersed in religious bigotry; but, with the exception of Piedmont, which has enjoyed constitutional freedom for twenty years, the present generation of Italians grew up in servitude to the Austrians or to native tyrants. It is fortunate that the comprehensive genius of CAVOUR associated the growth of Parliamentary power with the establishment of independence; but it must not be forgotten that a great standing army at all times menaces liberty. The encroachments of France will, for various reasons, be confined within narrow limits, and Italy has no other enemy to fear.

The project by which Count CAMBRAY DIGNY hopes to raise money for the immediate wants of the Treasury seems to be considered by his countrymen the least wasteful contrivance which could have been adopted. Leases of taxes granted in consideration of heavy fines may well appear to the financiers of more advanced countries obsolete arrangements. Capitalists would not undertake the troublesome business of managing the tobacco monopoly without a certainty of sharing largely in the total receipts. Borrowing on the security of profits is a more costly operation than the ordinary practice of contracting loans at interest; but Count CAMBRAY DIGNY has probably ascertained that it would be useless to ask for ten millions sterling in the money-market. The fine which is to be paid by the contractors will cover the deficit for the ensuing year, and it is hoped that afterwards the receipts will balance the expenditure. The rent to be paid to the State during twenty years is to vary at triennial periods in proportion to the actual receipts. There seems to be some preliminary difficulty in ascertaining the net receipts of the present year, which are in the first instance to form the basis of the operation. The Committees which, according to Continental custom, anticipate the discussions of the Chamber have for the most part received the tobacco project with favour; and, as it is understood that the Finance Minister's continuance in office depends on the adoption of his scheme, Parliament will probably express its confidence by passing the Bill. Tobacco is in all countries regarded as a legitimate source of revenue; nor is there any objection in principle to a Government monopoly, when, as in the case of the Indian salt duty, it is only a special machinery for levying a tax. The grist tax, which will in a great measure operate as a poll tax, is one of the heaviest burdens which can be placed upon a community; but it was hopeless to extract a large revenue except from commodities of universal consumption, and the acquiescence of the people through their representatives is a proof of patriotism. If at any future time the Italian Government succeeds in establishing order and civilization in the Southern provinces and in Sicily, a largely increased revenue will coincide with a reduced expenditure.

THE WEST INDIES BILL.

THE West Indies Bill is not a matter of much importance in itself, but it provoked a discussion in the House of Lords to which it is impossible not to give some attention. It was a discussion which was of a very painful character, for it showed how much political life, with its inevitable bitterness and contests, deadens the courtesy and honesty even of courteous and honourable men. Lord CARNARVON took the opportunity offered him to reply to certain adverse remarks and criticisms made by the LORD CHANCELLOR as to what Lord CARNARVON had said, in the debate on the Irish Church, as to the West Indies Bill. It was quite fair and natural that Lord CARNARVON should do this, and he did it without attacking the Government in any way, and with a studious wish to do nothing more than show where the CHANCELLOR had been mistaken. He was enabled to do this in a manner absolutely conclusive. In all the points at issue between Lord CARNARVON and Lord CAIRNS, the former was able to show beyond any doubt whatever that he was right. This Bill is a Bill for discontinuing the payment by the English Parliament of 20,000*l.* a year to help the Established Church in Jamaica, and it has been preceded by arrangements under which the Secretary for the Colonies for the time being has not practically filled up, or caused to be filled up, vacancies in the ecclesiastical offices benefited by the grant. Lord CARNARVON, while Secretary for the Colonies, wrote a despatch approving of this plan. Lord CAIRNS made a great point in

his speech of this despatch, and said that the Lords would be surprised to hear that the despatch on which the present dealings of the Government were based bore the signature of the Earl of CARNARVON, who was now attacking the Government on account of them. The reply was obvious. Lord CARNARVON was not in any way inconsistent. He sanctioned a suspensory measure in Jamaica, and he voted for a Suspensory Bill for Ireland. He acted in both cases in the same way, and Lord CAIRNS had entirely mistaken what had happened. With regard to the present Bill, Lord CAIRNS had said that it was no measure of disendowment or of injury to the Church in Jamaica at all, for this grant of 20,000*l.* was only made by the Mother-country on account of the distress caused by emancipation, as a purely temporary help to the colonists, but times were now altered, and the colonists were perfectly willing to take the burden on themselves. Lord CARNARVON showed that the grant was made many years before Emancipation was carried; and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, on being appealed to, had to acknowledge that, so far from the colonists having undertaken to bear the burden, not one word had ever been said to them, or by them, about doing so, but that the Government intended, when the Bill discontinuing the English grant had passed, to ask them whether they would not like to find the money, or a part of it, themselves. Nothing could have been more complete. The version of the story given by Lord CAIRNS was shown to be entirely wrong. But this was a trifling matter. It was interesting to Lord CARNARVON to put himself right, but it was of no public importance. What raised the matter into one of a serious character was the conduct of the CHANCELLOR. Instead of frankly announcing that he had been mistaken, he refused to retract anything, and tried to shift the issue by speaking contemptuously of Lord CARNARVON. This was very unworthy of Lord CAIRNS, and very unwise. Every one now knows, not only that he did make a series of mistakes, but that he had not the courtesy and the courage to say simply that he was now aware more fully of the facts of the case. He yielded partly perhaps to the petty wish to be thought infallible, and still more, we fear, to that intense dislike of Lord CARNARVON which animates all the members of the present Ministry. They cannot tolerate the opposition of one of their former colleagues, and they feel the reproach of having to encounter a Conservative who gave up office rather than abandon all the principles and traditions of the party. Lord CAIRNS, if any one, might have been expected to keep himself free from this feeling, as he was not in office when the Reform Bill was passed; but his colleagues in the Lords are very strongly imbued with it, and he has allowed himself to catch their tone to a degree which is a matter for deep regret.

The discontinuance of the grant to the Church in the West Indies has some bearing on the Irish Church question, although we must be careful not to exaggerate the closeness of the parallel. So far as regards the suspensory measure adopted with respect to Jamaica the cases are very similar; for if the main objection to the Suspensory Bill was that it was a means of killing the Irish Church by inches, exactly the same thing might be said of not filling up ecclesiastical posts in Jamaica. The grant itself was not like an endowment given in perpetuity to the Church, and so far the two cases are not the same; but then it is only in the nature of the thing given that the difference lies. The principle on which it was first given was that the Church of England is the Church of the State, and ought to be supported, and held as such, wherever the State has power. Jamaica was not an English colony, but a conquered country, and the English Government introduced into it as close a copy of English institutions as it could frame. The State Church was a most prominent part of these institutions, and to keep up the State Church was one of the most accepted doctrines of the party in power when this grant was first made. To take it away is to recede from the doctrine that England has a Church which she knows to be true, and which is bound up with her fortunes, and which she wishes to establish wherever she can. There can be no doubt that if the present House of Commons really believed in those doctrines and principles on which a State Church rests, if it felt and judged as to a State Church as Houses of Commons felt and judged in the days of GEORGE IV., the West Indies Bill would never have been heard of. If the maintenance of the Irish Church is based on the duty of the State to connect itself with the Church, then this case of Jamaica is very much in point. The withdrawal of the grant is a disendowment and a disestablishment, for it takes away from the Church money which the State has long paid in order that the connexion between it and the Church might be

upheld in Jamaica, and it takes away that control over the Church and that intimate connexion with it which the State gains by reserving to itself the right of appointment to high ecclesiastical posts. This is not the case of controlling a colony to which we have given free government. It is a case of spending our own money in order to carry out a valuable constitutional principle; and the only reason why men now decline to pay the money is because they do not think this principle as valuable as they did formerly. They think it a good thing to have a State Church in one place and not to have it in another. They have inquired whether they shall or shall not keep it up in Jamaica, and they have decided that they will not do so any longer. It is impossible that, when fresh from doing this, they should not feel more free to deal with the Irish Church. As the connexion between the Church and State is not one which a nation is bound to keep up everywhere, they may proceed to examine what are the peculiar circumstances which ought to guide them in deciding whether it is wise to keep up a State Church in Ireland. The example of Jamaica does not touch those who say they have examined into the special facts of Ireland, and think that on its own merits, and as a matter of prudence and wisdom, the Irish Church ought to remain as it is; but it does touch those very nearly who maintain that the Irish Church ought to be upheld because it is the general duty of the State to establish a Church and defend it when it is established.

In this sense Lord CARNARVON was quite justified in using the conduct of the Ministers with regard to this West Indies Bill as an argument against them in the debate on the Irish Church; but the discontinuance of a yearly grant of money cannot be placed quite on the same footing with the taking away of property given over, or supposed to be given over, by the State in perpetuity to a religious body. Common sense tells us this, and the tacit assumptions of all who have talked or written about the Irish Church point in the same direction. Statesmen of all parties have agreed in this. Mr. DISRAELI hinted, and Lord RUSSELL openly stated, that the wise thing to do, if only it could have been done, would have been to pay the priests; not to offer them the precarious support of a grant which would have been an instrument of control over them in the hands of the Government granting it; but to assign a certain sum of money to them in the hands of trustees, so that it might be their property, and they might have the unfettered enjoyment of its yearly proceeds. Mr. BRIGHT and Mr. GLADSTONE both speak of leaving the glebes in the hands of the clergy of the Established Church, and these glebes are to be really their property, or rather the property of the body to which they belong, but applied to their use during the term of their incumbency. They are not to be in the position of persons who might receive the yearly equivalent in money of these glebes by an annual vote of Parliament; but they have got these glebes once for all as their own. Accordingly, when the subject of the Irish Church is discussed, those who, like LORD SALISBURY and others, rest their case on this, which is much the strongest ground, say that they do not want to debate whether a State Church is or is not a good thing, or what Irishmen wish for or do not wish for; they merely ask that a corporate body, or what amounts to a corporate body, shall be left in possession of its property. To this it is sometimes replied that the clergy are not in any sense a corporate body, but merely functionaries of the State, which gives to one man 5,000*l.* a year for being a judge, and to another man 5,000*l.* a year for being a bishop; and that, if the State thinks proper to dispense with any of its functionaries as not wanted, it may always do so provided it respects vested interests. This is a line of argument which seems to us contradicted by facts; for the Bishops are not merely functionaries; they are persons named by the State to have a certain rather handsome share of the revenues at the disposal of a religious body. The only argument which we think will hold water against the argument from the nature of the revenues of the Irish Church, is the argument from the design of the Irish Church. The State, every one will allow, cannot permit a corporation or a religious body to enjoy prosperity, and to hold and accumulate wealth, if the design and object of this corporation or religious body is one mischievous to the State and hurtful to its policy. The main design of the Irish Church is to testify to the abhorrence of Popery entertained by England, and this is a design which, whether good or bad formerly, is now, in the present state of opinion in England and Ireland, a bad design; and by bad we mean mischievous to the State, for we permit Ultramontanes to act and hold property with perfect freedom, and it is in itself a

much better thing to testify to an abhorrence of Popery than to promote Ultramontaniam. But it does not directly and obviously hurt the State that Ultramontanes should promote the growth of their peculiar opinions; while it does hurt the State that an institution should exist in power and wealth with which the State is most intimately bound up, and yet which exists to proclaim something which the State cannot join in proclaiming without making government in Ireland by conciliation impossible. The State is justified in dissolving its connexion with a body having this design, and it is justified in dealing with the property of that body so far as this is necessary in order to put an end to this design. But when once the end has been attained, and the Irish Church has been converted into a religious body occupied in promoting the belief in the doctrine which it holds, and has ceased to be a symbol of the abhorrence felt by the State for Popery, then the State may leave it alone, and ought to leave it alone, and has no ground for further interference with its property.

AMERICA.

IT could hardly have been expected that the Democratic Convention at New York would commence its proceedings by adopting the doctrine of repudiation. The proposal that the debt should be taxed, though it has just received the approval of the House of Representatives, is inconsistent with the letter of the bargain; and the payment of the principal in greenbacks, or renewed promises to pay, would be a direct violation of the understanding on which the loans were contracted. Congress deliberately allowed successive Secretaries of the Treasury and authorized financial agents to assure capitalists, in answer to formal inquiries, that the debt would be discharged in specie; and it is notorious that the express stipulation that the interest should be paid in gold involved the assumption that no question could arise as to the mode of dealing with the principal. The controversy is, in truth, beyond the sphere of argument and of moral criticism. The Democratic repudiators and their Republican accomplices have no desire to be honest, and they are indifferent to any theories which might supply a plausible excuse for their policy. The American people have been for many generations sedulously taught by their political instructors that their own will is the paramount rule of right, and their own interest a sufficient apology for the exercise of irresponsible power. The characteristic lawlessness of all American declamations on foreign politics is explained by the belief in popular sovereignty which dictates the proposed repudiation of the debt. Like NAPOLEON, a democracy intoxicated by adulation recognises right and duties; but the rights are its own, and the duties are incumbent on others. As long as the war lasted, it was considered treason to suggest that the credit of the United States was liable to the faintest shadow of suspicion; nor were the frauds perpetrated by nearly all the Northern States at the expense of their creditors admitted as precedents which might possibly be followed by the same communities in their Federal capacity. Almost all foreigners thought that national pride would afford a sufficient security against wanton and voluntary bankruptcy; and it was certain that, as long as the people of the United States wished to meet their engagements, their unlimited resources afforded an abundant security against insolvency.

It was easy to prove that the burden of the debt might be lightened, and the taxpayer relieved, by the simple determination to maintain the good faith of the nation. A difference of a hundred per cent. in the rate of interest represents the dispassionate estimate formed by capitalists of the comparative honesty of England and of the United States; and with the dissipation of all reasonable doubt on this head, the Republic, which is potentially richer than the benighted monarchy, would have been able, either to borrow on easy terms any sum which might be necessary to pay off existing creditors, or to buy up their obligations in the open market. Before the expiration of twenty years from the date of the principal loans, the wealth and population of the United States will have largely increased, and the rapid and continuous fall in the value of gold will have caused a casual and legitimate reduction in the amount of the debt. The overwhelming force of the argument against tampering with the public faith measures the strength of the motives which have induced the Democratic Convention and the extreme Republican leaders to pledge themselves to repudiation. It is possible that Mr. BUTLER and Mr. STEVENS, though they have for the present been disavowed by their party, may have calculated accurately the numerical forces on either side. The division of financial theories, if not of parties, is, as in a still

graver controversy, geographical. The debtors live on one side of a degree of longitude, and the native creditors on the other, while the unhappy foreigner is regarded as a natural victim of spoliation. In counting heads, Mr. BUTLER and Mr. PENDLETON have arrived at the conclusion that the majority is in the West; and the most visible good of the greatest number consists for the moment in cheating their creditors. It is doubtful whether repudiation alone will secure a victory to the Democratic party; but it evidently forms the principal reliance of the managers of the Convention. The Fenian resolutions will probably be more violent than the corresponding passages in the Chicago platform; but it is satisfactory to reflect that, in repudiating the debt, the Democratic leaders do their utmost to render war impracticable. The civil war was conducted in the most expensive manner, exclusively with borrowed money, of which not a dollar would have been forthcoming on the understanding that the debt was to be paid in greenbacks. Mr. SEWARD, in one of his wonderful circulars, informed his fellow-citizens that Congress had offered liberal terms for the purpose of rewarding the patriotism of those who were willing to provide means for carrying on the war. If the Democratic doctrine prevails, it will not be easy to offer a plausible inducement to future lenders.

The resolution to pay the debt in currency necessarily involved the rejection of the name of Mr. CHASE as Democratic candidate; but at the same time it makes it very difficult to explain the nomination of Mr. SEYMOUR. The CHIEF JUSTICE, even if he could under any circumstances have come to an understanding with the New York Convention, would assuredly never sanction the repudiation of the contracts which were made by himself as Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. SEYMOUR might have been supposed to be almost equally ineligible as the candidate of a party which advocated breach of faith with the public creditor. He lately delivered an elaborate speech for the apparent purpose of inducing the Democratic party to rely on its own principle of State rights and of adherence to the Constitution; and, as the principal Democratic leader in a State in which Five-twenty Bonds are largely held, he has hitherto consistently protested against repudiation. It remains to be seen whether the moderate section of the party will acquiesce in the decision of the majority, and in the selection of a candidate who will be virtually pledged to the heretical doctrine of the platform. A declaration in favour of the payment of the debt would have brought over many waverers from the outer ranks of the Republican party. The bold profession of repudiation will not only tend to prevent adhesions, but it may perhaps cause a serious Democratic secession; yet the managers, who must have foreseen the risk, have judged that, for the sake of bribing the Western farmers, it is worth while to risk the desertion of all honest and moderate politicians. Of the candidates who had been mentioned, Mr. PENDLETON was the most conspicuous advocate of repudiation, and he would probably have been acceptable to a large section of the party; but it was understood that he disapproved of the war, and the Democrats could not afford to allow their patriotism to be suspected. General HANCOCK, on the other hand, would have represented no political opinion, but his respectable military reputation identified him with the war. There can scarcely have been any foundation for the rumour that the Convention was about to acknowledge its defeat by concurring in the nomination of General GRANT. It is true that General GRANT is pledged to nothing except peace, and that his political opinions are little known; but his acceptance of the Republican nomination implies agreement with the general policy of the party. The Democrats, if they have any opinion, must disapprove of the Reconstruction Acts which General GRANT has, in his office as Commander-in-Chief, carried into execution.

In the midst of serious difficulties it would not have been surprising if the Democratic Convention had determined on supporting a candidate who has for three years sustained their cause in a single-handed struggle. Mr. JOHNSON's habitual indiscretion has often interlined with the due recognition of his great intellectual abilities. Although logical thought and language are not the highest qualities of a statesman, dialectic vigour is not a contemptible gift. Again and again the PRESIDENT has proved that Congress has violated the Constitution; and his opponents shrink from using the only sufficient apology which must be founded on the exceptional necessities of a revolutionary crisis. The American custom of deferring to the irresistible power of the majority is useful, because in all countries it is necessary that there should be an ultimate political appeal; but the people

of the United States have always believed that they possessed in the Constitution a second infallible standard. The PRESIDENT insists on a strict construction of the Articles, while Congress prefers the more elastic and practical test of the Liturgy. The weaker of the two disputants is naturally held responsible for the collisions which have constantly occurred, and Mr. JOHNSON's friends as well as his enemies complain of the obstinacy which exposes the Democratic party to reproach; yet the resolute consistency displayed in the numerous veto Messages is not devoid of a certain dignity. The reasons for returning the Arkansas Bill without approval were not the less forcible because it was known that the measure would be immediately passed over the veto by a majority of two-thirds. It is the more expedient that the policy of Congress should be criticized by the PRESIDENT, because it is seldom fully debated in the House of Representatives. Mr. JOHNSON's predecessors possessed the power of preventing all legislation of which they disapproved; and he may perhaps consider it his duty to maintain by frequent protests a right which is only accidentally suspended. The revival of the veto in England would be inconsistent with the modern Constitution, because the Crown, through the Minister, has necessarily assented to every measure which receives the sanction of both Houses. The prerogatives reserved to the American President were intended as a check upon Congress, although the framers of the Constitution may perhaps not have anticipated the existence of hostile relations between the President and the Legislature. It cannot, perhaps, be said that Mr. JOHNSON has deserved well of his party, but he has proved himself its ablest member. Mr. SEYMOUR is scarcely likely to excel him in firmness and in power of reasoning, though he may very possibly be found a wiser representative of the party.

If an impartial Englishman had the power to influence the pending contest, he would probably support the Republican candidate, both on the ground of personal eminence and as the representative of the less extravagant and less dangerous party; yet the vehement partisanship of English sympathizers is a whimsical exhibition of officious enthusiasm. In their encouragement of the Fenian conspiracy, and in habitual professions of enmity to England, both parties are equally culpable, and both are equally entitled to the apology that they are probably insane. Mr. JOHNSON received Fenian deputations, and restored the arms which had been seized on the Canadian frontier; and Mr. COLFAX introduced Fenian delegates on the floor of the House of Representatives, which has passed scores of Resolutions and dozens of Bills for the sole purpose of offering affronts to England. The few self-respecting politicians who occasionally check the manifestation of national antipathy are not to be found exclusively in either party. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, now Minister to England, is a consistent Democrat; and Mr. SUMNER, who has shelved some of the most disreputable measures proposed against England in the Senate, is a fanatical Republican. To form an impartial opinion of political questions in America, it is necessary to be absolutely deaf to the eloquence of politicians on all international questions. The solution of internal difficulties has not yet been accomplished, and the admission of sham representatives from seven or eight Southern States is but a nominal reconstruction of the Union; yet to return would be more tedious than to go over, and it is perhaps desirable that the Republicans should complete the work which they have begun. The almost certain election of General GRANT will prolong their term of power, and perhaps it may adjourn the determination to repudiate the national debt.

MONEY AND POLITICS IN FRANCE.

THE history of English enterprise during the last few years has been a very sad one for many individuals and families, and full of scandals most discreditable to the nation. Money has been squandered in the most reckless and foolish manner, and those who pulled the strings and were behind the scenes have heaped up riches by transactions which were only not to be stigmatized too strongly because they were done in a moral atmosphere almost universally tainted, and which dulled to a fatal degree the consciences of individuals. It is not for us to point the finger of scorn at France, or at any other of our neighbours. But there was one evil which, owing to our political system, we escaped in England. The Government was not in any way mixed up with the jobs and iniquities that went on. It kept its hands clean, and had nothing to do except on the most limited scale with the course of financial enterprise. In France, on the contrary, it had everything to do with it; and as the Government does

everything, and guides everything, and watches over everything in France, it was inevitable that this should be so, and as during the Empire there has been no check on the Government, it has naturally got into very serious scrapes from the course which it has thought fit to take in various matters of finance. The evil was carried to its height when the hangers-on of the Court sold their assistance to procure favourable terms for speculators, or used their information to gamble on the Bourse. The disastrous Mexican Expedition owed its origin, unless report was altogether wrong, to a scheme for making a gigantic profit on the Jecker Bonds. But although all this was very bad and very ruinous to France, yet it was an evil on a comparatively small scale, and which had to be suppressed, and was suppressed, when the odium it excited threatened serious danger to the Empire. A far more serious, because more subtle and lasting, evil is that money and politics are mixed up in France in a way which, unless the political system of the country is changed, it seems almost hopeless to overcome. Every one has to deal with the Government, and the Government can always injure or befriend those who have dealings with it. If the Government does not err through the interested partisanship of its underlings, it errs constantly through ignorance; and what is most fatal to the pecuniary position of the country, it is constantly trying to persuade itself that what it loses in one way it gains in another. It is always trying to make a political success balance a pecuniary loss. It orders money to be spent lavishly in a favoured locality, not because the money will be profitably expended, but because the Government will be made popular and will gain strength for the elections. France has been blistered over every inch of her surface by this kind of Government irritation in favour of expenditure. We do not wish to exaggerate, and we are aware that there is no Government in the world which does not sometimes throw away money in order to achieve a political end. Our guarantee of the North American Inter-Colonial Railway was not intended to secure a profitable outlay of any kind, but merely to facilitate a political arrangement which we considered advantageous and desirable. But then what in England happens very seldom, in an open and public manner and after full discussion, happens in France every day in the regular course of business, and without any one knowing anything about it. The financial situation of France as disclosed by the Budget is bad enough, but this is only one symptom of a general disease which is eating into the life and industry of the country.

Even when we have set aside the chances of great scandals, and of the corrupt intrigues of high functionaries, such as soiled the history of the first years of the Second Empire, and when we have also set aside the enormous waste of material resources consequent on the Government having power to spend money without responsibility for political purposes, we have by no means got to the end of the mischief which the mixture of money and politics produces in France. There may be no direct corruption; the officials of the Government may be honest, or may be not worth bribing; there may be no distinct political object which the Government wishes to attain, and yet the most serious mischief may be done because the Government is a very bad hand at a bargain, and is always subject to pressure, as having money at its command. Two instances have been lately brought before the French Chamber by the indefatigable M. POUER-QUERTIER. The one is that of the Transatlantic Company, and the other that of the Southern Railway Company. Steampacket Companies and railways in France are so much mixed up with the Government, that they are always wanting something from the Government, or the Government from them; and the credit of the Government is so much mixed with their credit that it cannot let them break down. The consequence is that a series of bargains is always going on, which entail heavy pecuniary responsibilities on the Government. A political object of what may be termed a perfectly legitimate nature is, we will suppose, the immediate cause of a change in the relations of the Companies and the Government being proposed. It is desired that the voyages of the steamers should be pushed to a further point, in order to advance French commerce, or a branch line is to be made where a branch line is really wanted more or less. The consent of the Companies has to be bought, and the Companies take care that it shall be bought dearly. They get the Government to give first a guarantee, and then a subvention. Either is better than nothing, but the grand stroke is to embrace both. The Government, or some one who had influence with the Government, wished that the Transatlantic Company should run a line of steamers from Panama to Valparaiso; the Company agreed, but it asked that the

arrangement should be made for fifteen years certain, that it should get a yearly subvention of 30,000*l.* for one voyage each way a month, and that it should receive a guarantee of five per cent. on its total capital of sixty millions of francs, provided that, in discharge of this guarantee, the State should not in any one year be called on to pay more than two millions of francs. In other words, the State took on itself a liability which might in any year reach eighty thousand pounds, and agreed to give thirty thousand pounds for fifteen years in order to persuade the Company to run steamers once a month from Panama to Valparaiso. No one in the least degree acquainted with mercantile affairs can hesitate to say that the terms were perfectly ridiculous. No English Ministry would have listened to them for an instant. Then how does it happen that they have been accepted in France, if we exclude the supposition of corruption or special political intrigue? The answer is that an irresponsible Government is always a very bad bargainer. Those who grant the money have not to find it, nor to meet the accusations and inquiries of those who have to find it. They are therefore very easily squeezed, and at each turn they find themselves hampered and constrained by the numerous antecedent negotiations into which the Government has been induced to enter on the same subject. This was done at the request of the Government, and that was done on an understanding with the Government, and so it follows that the State must give a large subvention and a dangerous guarantee, or else things will not be logically complete.

The history of the Southern Railway Company was stated by M. POUER-QUERTIER to show a series of private jobs on the part of the Directors which would make even first-rate English railway managers grow pale with envy and admiration. But these did not touch the Government. The suspicion of some strange intrigue to which the Government was not wholly foreign became, however, tolerably strong when it appeared that at a time when the Government was doing its utmost avowedly to push and uphold the *Crédit Mobilier*, which had been very useful to it in some of the schemes half financial and half political which it had projected, and just when the capital of the *Crédit Mobilier* was doubled under the authority of the Government, the Southern Railway was enabled, by a guarantee given to it for new works, to lend to the *Crédit Mobilier* at two and a half per cent. no less a sum than sixty-eight millions of francs, not much short of three millions sterling. If, however, this was in any way due to the Government, it was a part of some of those combinations which form the special and extraordinary evil of an irresponsible Government acting in its financial capacity, and it is of the general and ordinary evil which it works that we are now speaking. What M. POUER-QUERTIER pointed out with regard to the Southern line was true more or less of all the railways in France. The Government wished branch lines to be made, as was very natural, and at first the Companies were good enough or weak enough to accept terms favourable enough to the public. They borrowed the necessary money with a Government guarantee of four per cent. or a little over, and undertook to pay it by instalments in a given number of years. But the Government got more and more anxious to have branch lines made, and the Companies at once were reluctant to make them, and better aware of what they could get out of the Government. The consequence is that, if M. POUER-QUERTIER is right, they are borrowing at a trifle under six per cent. with the guarantee of the Government, and have escaped from the liability to pay off the principal. The Government, in short, even if it happens to be acting honestly and for a good purpose, is constantly bled under the French system, and the consequences ultimately to the country cannot fail to be most disastrous. It is also a great misfortune that no one can tell whether the condition of Companies bolstered up by the State is sound or not. M. POUER-QUERTIER asserted that most of the French railways are really insolvent, and that they only appear to produce a clear revenue because the State is always, in some shape or other, coming to their assistance. We have no means of saying how far M. POUER-QUERTIER was justified in this sweeping assertion. But we know that the Government upheld the *Crédit Mobilier* to the utmost, and little boys in primary schools were taught to say that its establishment was one of the glories of the reign of NAPOLEON III., until the Government could support it no longer, and its collapse spread ruin in every city of France. We also know that the Government in the same way supported and patronized and did everything but guarantee the Mexican Loan, until it could not keep the bubble any more afloat, and it burst, and

the bondholders found to their sorrow what it is to have a Government that habitually mixes up money and politics. Even sound enterprises must come in for a share of the general distrust which is thus inspired, and as to those enterprises that cannot exactly be called sound or unsound, it is evidently a great risk to be guided by the apparent facts and figures and yearly dividends offered to the public; for their seeming prosperity may be only owing to Government help given in some secret and subtle way, and this help may very probably be withdrawn when the inevitable day of financial distress comes upon France.

THE LORDS' SECESSION.

SING, Muse, the divine wrath of RUSSELL son of RUSSELL! Nothing but an epic strain can do justice to the great occasion on which the PELIDES of the peers retired to his ships, all or most of the Myrmidons accompanying him. BRISIS was hardly worth sulking about, and it may be questioned whether the Boundary Bill was of sufficient importance to justify such a desperate row as that which last week dissipated the dignified calm and the reputation for good breeding of the House of Lords. The Boundary Bill, as it left the Commons, was hardly a creditable piece of legislation. As everybody knows, there was a Special Commission appointed to settle this question. The Commission, after long and patient local investigation, reported, and recommended certain arrangements. The House of Commons declined to accept the Commissioners' award. There was no pretence alleged that the Commissioners had not done their work with entire impartiality and completeness. But, for some or no reason, what they recommended was not acceptable to the House. The Government, being weak, only timidly backed the Commissioners, and submitted, not of course with a very good grace, but on compulsion, to an opposition which was too strong for it. A Select Committee having reported in a sense diametrically opposite to the Commissioners' Report, which was referred to them, a Boundary Bill of a sort was passed by the House. At its final stage, the PRIME MINISTER appears to have applied the word "settled" to the measure. The word seems a very harmless one. When a Bill, after debate and division, passes all its stages in either House, it certainly is settled so far as those who have any control over its fate are concerned. Mr. DISRAELI, when the Boundary Bill passed its third reading in the Commons, might, and apparently did, use the word "settled" as regards it. But it is rather a non-natural interpretation of the word to contend that, in using this phrase, he bargained that the measure should not be opposed in the House of Lords. In the first place, he did not pledge the Peers, because, among other reasons, he could not; and it is nearly as idle to pretend that he pledged the Government, because he said no such thing. What was it that Mr. DISRAELI did say? He was speaking of the state of public business, and was only reviewing what work the House of Commons had to do. Referring to the Boundary Bill, which had not then left the House, he said, "it may be considered as virtually settled"; and on another occasion he stated that "he did not anticipate any delay with respect to it." It is plain, palpable, and clear that all this expressed no opinion as to the merits of the Boundary Bill, but was a mere statement as to its place on the paper. It was virtually settled; there could be no further discussion upon it; and the whole sense of the Minister's language was confined to the House of Commons and the state of the public business there. As to the Bill itself, he said nothing about it—nothing about its merits or demerits; he merely spoke of it in connexion with the ordinary conduct of public business.

Well; the Bill gets into the Lords. Earl BEAUCHAMP opposes it; whether fairly or unfairly, rightly or wrongly, is not the question. It is opposed, and the Government takes part in the opposition. Whereupon up rises Earl GRANVILLE, and complains of a direct breach of faith on the part of Government. "The matter was virtually settled," Mr. DISRAELI had said so. Here was a stratagem; here was an unfair advantage; here was a treachery. Earl RUSSELL used even yet stronger language. "The PRIME MINISTER said, 'the question is settled.' To reopen it is inconsistent with 'good faith'; it is impossible to feel any confidence in any 'promises of the Government.'" Now, as a mere matter of simple justice, we are bound to say that Earl RUSSELL directly misquoted Mr. DISRAELI. The PRIME MINISTER did not say, as Earl RUSSELL represents, "the question is settled"; he did not say, as Earl GRANVILLE puts it, "the matter is 'settled.'" What he said was, "the Bill is virtually

"settled"; mark, "virtually settled"—that is, there is no occasion to discuss it further here; it is certainly not passed, but there is no chance of reversing the decision of the House; it will not occupy any more time; five minutes will get it off the paper. Remember that there was no discussion about the Boundary Bill at all going on when Mr. DISRAELI spoke. It was mentioned only incidentally, the immediate matter being as to the chances of the Corrupt Practices' Bill passing; and in reviewing those chances, and surveying the general work to be got through with, Mr. DISRAELI casually observed, about the Boundary Bill—and he spoke of other Bills at the same time—that that measure, and those other measures, at any rate would occupy no more time in the House of Commons. If, therefore, there is any breach of honesty, any bad faith, any impossibility of putting confidence in Parliament men, these ugly little accidents belong to those two noble Earls who condescend palpably to misquote and misrepresent a very intelligible statement. It is certainly somewhat strong language with which we find the two Earls were stigmatized in the Lords, but it is hardly too strong to say of the charge preferred against Mr. DISRAELI that it was "groundless and nonsensical."

Folly begets folly; and when a man has taken up a false and untenable position he usually manages to cure an error in judgment by an error in temper. Nothing is so provoking as to find yourself committed to a gross absurdity. This must have been Earl RUSSELL's state of mind when, after it was proved that he was quite wrong, he took up his hat and left the House, followed by nearly all the Whig lords on the front Opposition bench. The House of Lords, it is very likely, never witnessed such a scene, so silly, so undignified, so childishly petulant and vain. The nurse often witnesses this sort of thing. Little miss quarrels with her bread and butter, shrugs up her angry, sulky, small shoulders, slams the door, and flounces out of the room. If nurse has any sense, the usual domestic discipline follows, after which missey is sent to bed. Now we often hear of Parliamentary scenes in the Commons. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI exchange taunt and sarcasm; honourable members sometimes give and take rather strong language. It is unpleasant, and not very wise; but there is some blood and manliness in it. Even on the other side of the Atlantic the House of Representatives is not a school of manners; but neither in Congress nor Commons do they do this sort of thing which Earl RUSSELL did. The House of Lords has been charged with being a refuge and asylum for senescent statesmen, a hospital for veterans, and there is something of pathetic dignity even in this aspect of the peers. We look to Earl RUSSELL's, or Lord LYVEDEN's, coronet as the sign of dignity as well as of ease. The House of Lords will fall into evil case if it ever gets the credit, or discredit, of being the last home of imbecility and of the petulance of second childhood. It is a serious thing, as regards not only the House of Lords but the Government of this country, that those who have held the highest offices of the State, and claim to hold them again, should lay themselves open to the reproach urged by one of their own party, a Whig of the Whigs, Lord LICHFIELD, that "they would better have studied the dignity of the House"—their own dignity was quite lost—"than by running away." No doubt, if it is Earl RUSSELL's wish that the House of Lords should cease to exist—a wish, we suppose, entertained by the Duke of ARGYLL, who, in his pert and airy way, lays it down broadly as "a direct offence to the House of Commons" that the House of Lords should be urged to upset decisions come to in the Commons—he has gone the best way to discredit the institution to which he belongs. But it would be much better to abolish the peers at once than to have them hissed out of the Constitution after repeating this puerile and fractious behaviour. How do the peers themselves feel about it? We say nothing of Ministers; but here is Lord HARROWBY, by no means a partisan. He speaks of the whole incident as giving rise "to a miserable debate which 'had given opportunity for a display of feelings not in 'accordance with the gentlemanly habits of their Lordships' House.'" *Noblesse oblige*. It might be going too far, or at least suggesting too dignified a precedent for the secession of Earl RUSSELL and Earl GRANVILLE to the Mons Sacer of the smoking-room, when it was attempted to find a parallel for it in the French noblesse and clergy abandoning their titles and orders at the outset of the Revolution; but it is almost a pity that, having left the House in a pet, the two Earls should have returned to it in the sulks. Lord GRANVILLE's indirect reference to the comparative weight, physical and intellectual, of Lords MALMESBURY and RUSSELL, was a taunt worthy, as to its point and dignity, of a wrangling

schoolboy; and this was after a night's reflection, and what ought to have been a day's resipiscence. The fact seems to be that the Whig lords were sore at the rejection of the Suspensory Bill, and they seized or found the first opportunity of displaying their ill-temper. Having been bowled out, they logically seized the first small boy in the field and boxed his ears, *à propos* of nothing at all. It might be quite right, perhaps it was, to resist Lord BEAUCHAMP's amendment. It is just possible, though there is no evidence for it, that the modification of the Boundary Bill proposed in the Lords might have been prompted by a subtle intention to make an early dissolution impossible. That is, there may be some justification for the policy of the Opposition lords; but there is none for their very small burst of ill-temper, which, discreditable to themselves, is an affront to their order, and, which is of far more importance, damaging to constitutional principles and the art of government. The House of Lords cannot afford to lose character just when it is losing influence and authority. Unfortunately there are no signs that any advice or warning on the side of public opinion is likely to prevail with the House of Lords. On Tuesday night the wrangle of the previous week was revived with additional heat and acrimony. A tropical subject inflamed more than tropical temper in the peers; and their Lordships seem resolved to remain, in every sense of the word, at loggerheads with each other. Even as a matter of taste, the example which they set in the way of manners is deplorable.

WAR-OFFICE REFORM.

THE discussion on Colonel JERVIS' motion on Thursday evening in a house of twelve members is probably all the debate which the Army Estimates will produce this session. And yet there never was a year when the whole army system so imperatively called for full discussion. Ever since January the War Office has been under a kind of interregnum. Two officers extraordinary, Sir HENRY STORKS and General BALFOUR, have been installed for the last six months, with something like *carte blanche* to propose any form of reorganization which they might think fit, subject of course to the supreme decision of the Treasury, which in matters of this important character really means the Cabinet. Again and again during the Session attempts have been made in the House of Commons to procure the production of the scheme of the great reformers, but on one pretext or another the Government resisted all importunities, and such tactics seldom fail to meet with success. The new plan of Sir HENRY STORKS and his colleague will, it is evident, not be laid before Parliament in its entirety, or, if produced at all, it will only be when the immediate approach of the recess shall have rendered all effective criticism impossible. Indirectly, however, the real character of the so-called reform has been revealed by the correspondence between the Treasury and the War Office, which has recently been printed by order of the House. Sir HENRY STORKS and General BALFOUR, it will be remembered, were appointed, with certain very indefinite functions, soon after the Report of Lord STRATHNAIRN's Committee. The leading idea of that Report was the very sensible one of consolidating the various departments of supply which provide the food, fuel, tents, stores, means of transport, and other requisites of an army. As no one could ever understand why some of these matters should be under the Commissariat, others in the hands of the Military Train, others left to the Purveyor's Department, others again to the Storekeeper's and Barrack Departments, the simplification suggested originally when Lord DE GREY was in office and revived by Lord STRATHNAIRN's Committee was very generally recognised as a move in the right direction. Two or three very serious blots in the Report of the Committee were, however, pointed out by ourselves and others. One of these was the monstrous proposal that the officers who controlled the supply should also be supreme in finance and account, and that these officers should be military men—that is to say, that soldiers should be appointed to provide what they thought requisite, at whatever cost they might think fit, and that when they had spent what money they pleased they should amuse themselves by manipulating their own accounts. Another anomaly in the Report was the proposal that the supply of military stores, ordnance, ammunition, and the like should be separated from the general control over supplies and put in the hands of a separate staff of artillery officers. A third peculiarity of a very whimsical kind in the project of the Committee was the recommendation that the Clothing Department should remain in its present independence, free from any interfe-

rence by the Controller who was to regulate the supply of all other articles.

When General BALFOUR's name appeared as one of the officers appointed to work the project into a satisfactory shape, it was generally believed that the elimination of some at least of these absurdities was tolerably certain. The great Dowb principle, it was thought, might possibly secure the perpetual independence of the Director of Clothing—a suspicion which has since proved correct—but General BALFOUR was so creditably known for the success with which he had established the supremacy of a distinct financial department in India, that it was thought impossible that he should fail to insist on the same vital principle in England. And, in spite of the sort of halo which surrounds Sir HENRY STORKS, it was very generally imagined that any plan which General BALFOUR pressed would be not unlikely to prevail. And on this great question of independent financial control General BALFOUR was a sort of apostle. In his evidence before Lord STRATHNAIRN's Committee he explained very fully what he had done in India, with the cordial approval of the then Governor-General, Lord CANNING. The substance of his narrative was this:—After the mutiny, Indian military finance was in a state of confusion which threatened bankruptcy, and it was strongly felt to be a necessity to establish a more stringent control over the departmental expenditure than had previously existed. With this view an order was prepared by General BALFOUR and his colleague, and signed by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, by which all the accounts of the Supply and other departments were placed under the control of a Central Department of Military Finance, assisted by the Audit Board. This Finance Department was to control every kind of military expense, whether relating to pay monies or material, and to check every attempt on the part of any branch of the service to exceed the authorized limits of expenditure. It was to be responsible for inquiring into and reporting on the performance of the duties of all disbursing, accounting, and controlling officers; to scrutinize every requisition for stores, to supervise all contracts entered into by the Supply Departments, to check all estimates, and propose such modifications as might be thought necessary; and, in fact, to exercise that supreme control over all other departments which in every economical establishment, whether public or private, the holder of the purse-strings inevitably enjoys. The establishment of this great reform was the salvation of India. Before General BALFOUR's plan was introduced, the Finance and Supply Departments had never been separated in the Indian army; but in England we have long had an independent Financial Staff under the direction of the Financial Under-Secretary, and no one doubted that General BALFOUR would do all that in him lay to strengthen the hands of a department which was absolutely analogous to that which he had himself, with such good results, created in the administration of the Indian army.

Notwithstanding the confidence reposed in a reformer so thoroughly committed to sound principles, the mystery maintained as to the projects which he and Sir HENRY STORKS were hatching caused some little uneasiness, and this showed itself more than once in unavailing questions in the House of Commons. It was known that the great struggle here had always been to make the purely military element which culminates in the Horse Guards supreme over the impertinent interference of civilian financiers—in other words, to make the army an *imperium in imperio*, as nearly as possible free from all practical Parliamentary control. Whether General BALFOUR would be swayed by professional instincts or more worthily guided by the experience he had gained in India, was the problem to be solved. Until the other day this was doubtful, but the correspondence we have referred to discloses the startling fact that Sir HENRY STORKS and General BALFOUR have framed a set of regulations which would have the effect of annihilating every financial check, and leaving military commanding officers, whether in peace or in war, with the aid of subordinates in the Supply Department, and a Controller-in-Chief (all intended to be soldiers), to order what they please, to spend what they please, and finally to audit their own accounts. The regulations thus framed are, or purport to be, printed at the close of the correspondence with the Treasury; though it is plain from Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's answer on Tuesday to Colonel JERVIS, and indeed from internal evidence, that the copy printed has been very considerably toned down since the inevitable rejection of the scheme by the Treasury. However, even as they stand, the regulations propose to place at the elbow of every General commanding, a Controller, also a soldier, who is to be entirely under the orders of the General. This Controller, on the General's order, may without waiting for the approval of the Secretary of State incur any expendi-

ture whatever, although contrary to regulations or omitted from the Estimates, and no one is to have a word to say on the subject except the Controller-in-Chief at the War Office, himself the head of the Department of Supply. A more complete rejection of Parliamentary authority and of every financial check could scarcely be imagined, and no doubt the result would be to produce the very bankruptcy which, by an exactly opposite course, General BALFOUR says he averted in India. A Minute by Mr. GALTON was printed with the Report of Lord STRATHNAIRN's Committee, in which, while approving the consolidation of the Supply Departments which Lord DE GREY had proposed in 1845, long before Lord STRATHNAIRN's Committee sat, he pointed out how essential it was to economical administration that the Financial Department should be independent of the spending branches over which the Controller was to preside, and insisted on the very principle which General BALFOUR had so successfully introduced in India.

With the case thus completely presented, the Treasury could scarcely go wrong. Accordingly they wrote a Minute laying down the principles that the Controller-in-Chief and the Financial Secretary should be independent and co-ordinate powers, subject to a common superior, and that the Controller-in-Chief should in no way interfere with the Accountant-General's or the Audit Department, and winding up with the suggestion that, at the earliest date consistent with the public service, the special rank of Under-Secretary of State should no longer be enjoyed by the Controller-in-Chief; and that, in place of this great officer and his assistant, General BALFOUR, there should be one Controller-in-Chief on a level in salary and rank with the Financial Assistant Secretary, who should be a civilian. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON is not supposed to be a strong Minister, and of late he has been little more than a puppet-king manipulated by his two reformers. But the proposed regulations were too much even for him to accept, and he has declared his approval of the Treasury modifications.

As might have been expected, no statesman of any mark in or out of the House has had a word to urge in favour of the condemned regulations. We say this, not forgetting Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's letter in the *Times*; for that letter, though purporting to be written as a sort of defence of Sir HENRY STOKES and General BALFOUR, really goes further than the Treasury Minute in opposition to their views. The STOKES-BALFOUR proposal was to make the financial work a subordinate branch of the department of supply. The Treasury insisted that the two departments should be placed side by side under a common superior. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN is not content with this, but would instal the financial man in the highest place of all, and put the Controller-in-Chief under his command. The argument that, unless one of these departments is under the other, you will have the same sort of dualism which now exists between the Horse Guards and the War Office, is founded on a misapprehension scarcely to have been expected from so able and experienced a public servant as Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN. In any administrative office you must have different branches, but so long as a single superior authority controls them all there is no mischief to be feared. Division of labour is not dualism. The evil now experienced arises from the fact that the combatant branch at the Horse Guards and the administrative branches at the War Office are not under a single head. If the dual government were abolished to-morrow, it would still be necessary to have a distinct fighting department; but if this, together with the supply department and the finance department, were placed under the orders of the Minister through his permanent Under-Secretary, dualism would vanish and resolve itself into a serviceable distribution of work. If this great reform of all, which we are glad to see Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN advocating—the subordination of the Horse Guards to the constitutional Minister—were effected, the General Commanding-in-Chief would be, as he ought to be, the adviser of the Minister on combatant affairs. The Controller-in-Chief would in like manner advise him on supply, and the Financial Under-Secretary on money matters. The permanent Under-Secretary, through whom the chiefs of each of the three great branches would communicate with the Minister, ought neither to be a purely military man, as at present, nor a purely financial man, as Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN suggests, but an administrator capable of holding his own with each of his three leading subordinates. Whether such an officer would be more easily found among soldiers or civilians may be a question; but there are not so many first-rate administrators as to justify a rule restricting the choice either to the military or the civilian ranks. These large questions, how-

ever, are not yet raised, and we must not allow Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's speculations to carry us away from the project which so nearly succeeded in rendering War Office Reform impossible.

The adverse decision of the Treasury is of course, for all practical purposes, an end of the really great career which was open to Sir HENRY STOKES and General BALFOUR at the War Office. They had the chance of distinguishing themselves by the introduction of great reforms into our army administration. They have used their opportunity to serve a project for intensifying the already intolerable control which the Horse Guards indirectly exercises over the War Office. If they had been left undisturbed, not a civilian would have remained six months in any position of importance, and the army would have governed the Minister of War through his exclusively military subordinates, and have risen superior to Parliamentary control. What it would have cost under such a system no one can guess, but happily the chief agents in the scheme have defeated themselves by excess of zeal. There is now little more to fear, for, though discussion may be burked in the present Parliament, military domination is the last thing which the new House is likely to endure. Whether Sir HENRY STOKES and his assistant will retire on the significant hint of the Treasury, or will cling a little longer to the rank and emoluments of a position which they have not known how to fill, is very immaterial. Their power for mischief is gone, and if any evidence were wanting of the narrow professionalism of their scheme and of its utter collapse, it would be abundantly supplied by the comments of the leading military organ, in which the Treasury and Mr. GALTON are loaded with equal and unsparing abuse. To us who were simple enough to look for great things from the accession to power of General BALFOUR, if not of his chief, this miserable termination of their career is very disappointing. The only consolation is that, if no good has been done, much evil has, thanks to the Treasury, been averted; and that whenever the day comes, as come it will, for discussing the whole question of army administration, the history of this abortive intrigue will furnish one more argument to those who will stand up for the supremacy of Parliament over the army of a constitutional country.

NOVA SCOTIA.

IT is of the essence of a Parliamentary constitution that subjects which ought not to be discussed should be introduced into debate, and that no proposal, however self-contradictory, should lose a hearing for want of a mover. Those who love liberty must be content to dispense with judicious reticence, even when silence would be really golden. After what passed in the House of Commons there was nothing more to be said on the Nova Scotian difficulty, and for this reason we suppose Lord STRATHEDEN endeavoured to improve on Mr. BRIGHT's able and temperate advocacy of the Repeal petition. Well as the case was put by Mr. BRIGHT, he succeeded only in showing conclusively that whatever grievance the colony may have suffered is one which this country did not occasion, and which it is wholly beyond her jurisdiction to redress. If, as the petitioners considered, the delegates of their Province had not fairly represented their views on the subject of the Federal Union, we may regret the circumstance, but our Parliament is clearly no longer competent to undo what has been done, without the concurrence of all the parties to the treaty of federation. The Nova Scotians have our sympathies, and, what will be of more value, they are certain to have the cordial assistance of the Home Government in every attempt to make the working of the Federal Constitution fair to the weaker members of it, and above all favourable to the Free-trade policy which Nova Scotia has had the wisdom to adopt. If they will be content to accept the new Constitution as a fact which the Mother-country is as powerless as any one of the Provinces to displace, very much may be done—and, indeed, something has already been done—to render it more beneficial to the Maritime Provinces, and to induce even the Nova Scotians to tolerate, and we believe before long to rejoice in, it. Of course people who are smarting under a sense of wrong, and who think, justly or unjustly, that their agents have betrayed their interests, will not all at once be reconciled to a bargain which it seems the majority of them never wished to enter into. But there is and can be no quarrel in the matter between the Province and the Home Government; and however much they may dislike Federation, all sensible and temperate men among the colonists will see that it is absolutely impossible for this country, by its own authority alone, to repeal the Act of Union. Under these circumstances, we

may fairly assume that, instead of prosecuting a hopeless repeal agitation, they will do all they can to make the best of what they now conceive to be a bad bargain, and will be content with the hearty co-operation which they will receive from this country in any efforts directed to such an object.

This being the real position of the case, admitted by everybody—admitted, oddly enough, even by Lord STRATHEDEN—and repeal of the Union being altogether out of the question, it is much to be regretted that any one should have been found to reopen the repeal petition. However, if the thing was to be done, no one will regret that Lord STRATHEDEN was the peer to do it. The object of all well-wishers of the colony must be to let the Nova Scotians see what can and what cannot be done for their relief, and, above all, to make it clear that the repeal prayed for by their petition is unattainable. The ingenuity of man would fail to devise any more effective demonstration of this unfortunate fact than was afforded by Lord STRATHEDEN's advocacy of the repealers' cause. No opponent would have had the heart to put the case in so telling a way against the clients of the noble lord. The only plea put forward in the petition for the relief which it prayed was that the people of Nova Scotia were not fully consulted before the passing of the Act, and that the assent of the Province had been given under a misapprehension. Lord STRATHEDEN began by stating that the question whether the people had been duly consulted or not was not the issue before the House. Having given up what would really have been a very strong ground for remonstrance if the time for remonstrance had not passed beyond recall, Lord STRATHEDEN proceeded to invent new reasons of his own which we are quite sure the honest and indignant petitioners would be the first to repudiate. He said, with a judicious gracefulness which no other man in England could rival, that he presented himself before the House of Lords to support the petition, not because Confederation was a bad scheme, nor because the Nova Scotians had been unfairly inveigled into it, nor because he could allege any specific grievance under which the colony suffered, but simply because the Nova Scotians were, with or without reason, discontented, and because the colony, being near to the United States, "was in danger of separation, not only from Canada, but from Great Britain." We must know less than we think we do of the people of this brave and loyal little colony if they do not with one voice resent the insult offered to them by their maladroit advocate. Many of them may be, and doubtless are, very angry at the way in which their delegates acceded to the Federation scheme. Their complaints on this score are not wholly without foundation, though the remedy they seek is out of their reach or ours; but if we are to believe what they say in their petition, and we do most thoroughly believe it, they are among the most loyal subjects of the Crown, and are incapable of harbouring the treasonable designs which Lord STRATHEDEN imputes to them almost as plainly as if he had proclaimed that repeal or rebellion was their ultimatum. If an enemy had said this, it would have been justly resented, and coming from a professed friend the assertion is only so much the more unpardonable.

But if Lord STRATHEDEN's observations were neither happy nor courteous, nor just to the petitioners whose cause he professed and perhaps intended to advocate, the sort of relief which he proposed to offer to his friends was almost more insulting to their intelligence than his introductory remarks had been to their loyalty. Standing up as the friend of remonstrants who claimed repeal and nothing else, he said that the two objects to be attained were to uphold Confederation and to keep Nova Scotia in the Empire. No one but Lord STRATHEDEN could have hit upon his wonderful device for refusing repeal, and at the same time satisfying repealers. To concede what they asked, he admitted, was out of the question, but nothing would be easier than to grant a Commission of Inquiry "to examine the causes of the alleged dissatisfaction, with a view to their removal." But we know perfectly well that the cause of discontent is that Nova Scotia has been united with the other Provinces, and wishes for a divorce. We know that this is a cause of dissatisfaction which we are powerless to remove. No Commissioners could make the facts clearer than they appear by the petition itself; and though they might, and very likely would, report that the dissatisfaction was, under the circumstances, not altogether unreasonable, they or the Legislature would be obliged to acknowledge, as Lord STRATHEDEN himself admits, that the power of pronouncing a divorce does not rest with us, and that the utmost we can do for the colonists now is to use our influence to make the Union as

palatable as may be to the present dissentients. Now all this may be said and done, and indeed has been said and is being done, without the machinery of a Commission at all. What purpose, then, is the inquiry to serve? We must let Lord STRATHEDEN answer this in his own words:—"Inquiry would give breathing time, and so long as it continued would render impossible the adoption of any dangerous resolution in the local Parliament at Halifax." This can only mean one thing. Lord STRATHEDEN thinks it a great stroke of policy to tell the Nova Scotians that England is unable to give them what they ask, but that she has no objection to mock them with a vain inquiry, for the sake of keeping them out of the rebellion they are supposed to meditate. Such a policy, if kept secret, would simply be dishonest, and unworthy of a great country; but such a policy openly avowed in the face of the people who are intended to be cajoled by it is sheer folly. Lord STRATHEDEN's case, as he epigrammatically puts it, is this:—"Inquiry involves the minimum of action where inaction would be fatal." It would be more true to say that inquiry involves the minimum of honesty where action is impossible.

Whatever is done or said in this unfortunate imbroglio, we can at least deal with our fellow-countrymen in Nova Scotia frankly as men, and not treat them as children to be coaxed into good humour by false pretences. If we cannot repeal the Act of Union, the Nova Scotians will not thank us for pretending that we mean to do so. And if a Commission, issued with a view to the removal of the existing discontent, is not intended in any event to be followed by repeal, it would be nothing less than a dishonest pretence. "We can't do less than inquire, and we must do something," is Lord STRATHEDEN's piteous cry. In truth, we can do much more than inquire. We can tell the Nova Scotians honestly, and convince them too, that though the thing they ask is not ours to give, we are capable of doing very much to improve their position within the Confederation; and we can make good these promises, provided no Commission is issued to excite hopes that cannot be realized, and to counteract the home influence over the Government of the Dominion. We can offer the disappointed colonists substance instead of shadow. Lord STRATHEDEN would give them a shadow, telling them at the same time, with incredible simplicity, that they must not take it for substance, as it is only thrown to them to keep them amused and out of mischief. Which offer a British colony will prefer may be pretty easily guessed.

THE SUGGESTIVENESS OF LANDSCAPE.

THE people are not yet extinct, we believe, who really think that they have said something to their own credit when they have assured you that they have so little ear for music as to be quite unable to distinguish one tune from another. The old and characteristically English notion about fiddling—which in Chesterfield's time seems to have been the usual name for all musical performance or predilection—being an unmanly business only fit for Italians, survives even now in the minds of many honest persons. Still it is infinitely less universal than it was a hundred or fifty or even twenty years ago, and it is the fashion to feign, if you cannot feel, a certain decent approval of the glories of musical sound. Something of the same process has obviously taken place in the enjoyment of fine scenery. It is, perhaps, unfair to assume that our grandfathers or great-grandfathers were less accessible than their descendants to the influence of external nature, simply because they talked and wrote so much less about it. Turner's pictures form a sort of new dispensation, but, after all, an age that produced and admired Gainsborough can hardly have been so absolutely wanting in sensibility of this kind as one often thinks. However that may have been, to admire fine landscapes is now at any rate considered as indispensable a trait, in a person with any pretensions to taste and cultivation, as to admire fine music. People crowd to Switzerland in droves to see the scenery, just as they crowd down to Sydenham in droves to hear Handel. Most likely there is as little discrimination in their zeal for Handel as there is in their enthusiasm about Mont Blanc. The majority of those whose enjoyment is quite sincere probably find it no more than an enjoyment of the physical sense. Harmonious sound delights the ear, but only faintly stirs the fountain of precise ideas. So with majestic landscape. The expanse and size of scene, and the exhilarating freshness of the air, go straight to the physical sense, but do they quicken any articulate intelligence? We do not mean that this delight of the sense is a poor thing not worth having. On the contrary, it is one of the joys that are all but best worth having; so is any pure joy of sense. But there is a certain waste, unless a man gets further than this, and discovers the hidden and minuter things which lie below or behind the physical impression; unless more definite voices speak to him intelligible words penetrating beyond mere sense into the regions of thought and distinct feeling. In short, to obtain from landscape, as from harmonious sound, all that there is in it within

the reach of the human mind, one must have taught oneself a certain skill in analysing the physical impressions, and distinguishing them among one another. In truth, this is no more than the ordinary process of knowledge in all cases, only most people have to learn that intellectual processes are of full application in æsthetic matters.

One of the main reasons, if there were no other, why people should take greater pains with themselves in the cultivation of the habit of a nice and appreciative sensibility in the presence of scenery, is that they would thus have so many more opportunities of pleasure than they can have otherwise. Those who are only reached on the side of sense with no impressions beyond those of sense, or at least none but the very vaguest, are not much moved except by what is grand and violently striking, just as half-musical people love loud head-filling noises, colossal choruses, or solos with excessively slow or else excessively rapid melody, and masses of vehement instrumentation. Unless they see the biggest mountains and the widest plains, tremendous height or tremendous distance, they are as the deaf or the blind. All scenes but such as these are dumb to them. One wonders if there are many men to whom every woman less fair than the sculptor's Venus is but loveless, or many women to whom every man less comely than Adonis is unattractive. Probably not many of either, and those not the wisest. To one who has studied the human face divine it not seldom happens that what directly and at first impresses him least in feature or expression by and by suggests a thousand things. Landscapes, too, have their physiognomies. And very often, to a man who has given his thought to them, those which to the vulgar eye seem least worth looking at become the best loved of all. Persons with crude notions about scenery are only happy when they are at the foot or the crown of a mountain, with a great view up or a great view down and around. They rather remind one of ladies who like sugary wines, who prefer sweet port to the most velvety claret, and very sweet champagne to very dry. Anybody of full sensibility will like the mountains and the vast views as much as his neighbours or more, but then he has an eye for ever so much besides which is to them insipid, wearisome, or even disgusting. A wide heathy down, for example, they find monotonous, unsuggestive, and absolutely ugly. They will prefer an honest Essex landscape, with no rise and fall to speak of, but fat and green, rich with promise of corn and mutton, and redolent of good augury for the markets. This is at least something which recalls mankind. The wild and barren heath recalls nothing to them, suggests nothing save a mean and profitless desolation. They do not care for, because they hardly notice, its manifold fragrances under the hot midday sun, or in the fresh south-west wind; they forget to watch its changes of shade and colour, from grey in the morning to brown at noon, and from brown to purple at evening, with its intermittent hours and days of deepest black. Yet, to one who studies his landscape as a critic studies the picture of it, all this and much more discloses itself. He can collect, too, an anthology of ever-growing moral impressions and images, such as more than anything else but the full play of his social affections enrich the character of a man. And so in other points where the untrained mind finds all barren and unpleasing. A man with the requisite sense sees as many things and has as much delight in a grassy bottom with the hawthorn showing here and there, or in a dell studded with yew and wild juniper, as one with less impressionable soul experiences amongst Italian lakes or at Sorrento. It may be said that this difference of susceptibility arises from original and irremovable differences of subjective quality; that men only transfer into landscapes, as into symphonies and sonatas, what was in their own minds; that the landscape is only the instrument and stimulus which sets all this a-working within. Of course this may be true enough as far as it goes. There are as many internal differences in the minds of men as there are among landscapes, but then these differences are capable of illimitable modification, and the habit of a nice and accurate analysis of the impressions which scenery makes on one is, or may be made, a peculiarly effective agent in this process. It will not make men more alike, except in making them all more able to extract a measure of inspiration, more or less, higher or lower, from all the combinations of colour and form and perfume which nature presents in such endless variety. Besides, it cannot be admitted that a man only puts into a landscape what was in himself before. It may be so, if he only looks and then looks away again; if he surveys the scene for five minutes or half an hour, and then forthwith passes on to his concerns, or to the next view put down in the programme of the guide-book. But this is to do justice neither to the scenery nor to himself. To realize the true enjoyment and instruction of landscape one must brood over it, placing oneself passively and often in the midst of it, as the landscape itself seems to shimmer passively under the noonday sun. You must learn the moods of your landscape and watch its transformations, and in time it becomes as good and profitable as a friend when face answereth to face.

It may be said that a passion for inanimate scenery, for heath and hill and long stretching down with the sea at its feet, may well engender some coolness and indifference towards a man's fellows, and that in acquiring a love for the stillness, the subtle responsiveness, and the beauty of nature, one grows somewhat fastidious in the face of the turmoil and distraction, the uproar and seeming vulgarity, of ordinary human life. Contrasted with the steadfastness of nature here, the existence of the crowd wears a look of meanness, as of straws and dust blown hither and

thither by horrid winds. After all, however, what is this but to say that, because you love Turner and Gainsborough, you shall detest your Hogarth? It is true that in Wordsworth one may detect some tendency of this kind. The absorption in which external nature held him engendered an air of coldness, if not quite of apathy, about the accidents of humanity. He certainly never cared as much about men as he did about mountains; never was as deeply stirred by thoughts of the one as of the other; did not find in the former the stimulus to sympathy and expansion which he found in the latter. Wordsworth's nature, however, was exceptional in this respect, as it was in amount of genius. In the majority of men with any pretence to a fine moral temper there is an instinctive effusion of feeling for their own kind. The study and companionship of external beauty ought to strengthen rather than weaken this. The pitilessness of nature, displayed just as much in her beauty and calm as in her storm and fury, is the fact which above all others inspires pity and sense of fellowship, by convincing us that men are in the presence of forces which are absolutely indifferent to their sufferings and their endeavours. Perhaps no one furnishes so striking an example of this order of sentiment as Victor Hugo. Nobody is so sensible as he is of the ruthlessness of nature even while she smiles, and nobody is so alive as he is to the miseries of man, and to the fact that our only resource is humane union and constant mutual helpfulness. He perhaps has dwelt more strongly than is altogether wholesome upon the impassive serenity of nature. This is not her only side. If she sometimes derides you by looking her loveliest when you are plunged in bitterness, let it be said also that by and by her steadfastness and permanence of relation begin to restore a serenity which is of the highest kind because it is the least narrowly egotistic. There are, no doubt, two sorts of men—one whom external nature in beauty or in horror most keenly touches, and the other whose sympathies are most directly reached and most generously stirred by the drama of busy human life. There are men who love their kind in the abstract, but flee from them in the concrete; there are others to whom nature is cold and unsuggestive and inhospitable. You have Wordsworth, and you have Dr. Johnson or Charles Lamb, who loves the tide of life that flows at Charing Cross. Perhaps it goes without saying that the best and happiest man is he who unites in himself a particle of either temperament—who is content or glad to be alone with the external world, and is not too fastidious nor too loftily cloudy to enjoy the life and spectacle of the crowd.

BUNCOMBE.

IT is a frequent and very obvious piece of advice to the clergy that they should abandon the use of ornate phraseology in favour of the simple vernacular. Call a spade a spade, it is said, and take for your model De Foe or Cobbett in preference to Dr. Johnson. Your congregations don't listen to you, because you attempt elaborate rhetorical flights which are quite above their heads. The advice is plausible, and yet an equally plausible reply is sometimes made to it. Can it really be said, we might ask, that the lower classes are repelled by fine language, and attracted by simple Saxon? If so, why do they delight in the bombast of certain favourite papers? There must be some people, indeed there must be a large number of people, who take the flowery leaders of a popular contemporary for eloquence. The "largest circulation in the world" is supposed to be kept up by the strange taste for this inimitable literary product. To persons of cultivated minds it is simply laughable, and we should guess that even its authors must have a quiet smile at their own astonishing eloquence. But, as a fact, it is popular; and, if people like tawdry rant, how can it be proposed to attract them by simplicity and directness of style? Compare the literature which is written for the most educated classes and that which imposes upon the vulgar, and ask, if it be necessary, which is the most inflated. Or attend a large public meeting, and see what class of orator is the most successful. Mr. Bright, it is true, excites enthusiasm by English of admirable simplicity, but Mr. Bright's style has been chastened by practice before a cultivated audience, and has therefore not been modelled exclusively to catch the cheers of the lower classes. The bombast of Mr. Mason Jones, or some orator of similar calibre, is for the time quite as effective, though its spirit is rather apt to evaporate when put into print. If, then, the object of a clergyman were simply to excite the attention of his audience, we should be tempted to advise a resort to tricks of style which attract the vulgar as much as they shock the more refined. He should roll out big tumid metaphors with unflinching audacity, pile one sounding epithet on another, and be as affected and as far removed from the natural as his conscience will permit. Of course this rests on the assumption—which is certainly incorrect—that the merit of a sermon is to be measured by its instantaneous effect. But we might possibly argue, with some force, that a preacher should sacrifice even his taste to the paramount object of really penetrating the stolid indifference of an ordinary congregation. A man who is in earnest will perhaps prefer stirring his hearers by vulgar means to not stirring them at all.

We must leave the full investigation of this question to the judgment of those more immediately concerned, but it suggests the wider problem as to the real meaning of that which the Americans have christened Buncombe. What are the conditions

favourable to this diseased growth? It is obviously the product of minds at a certain stage of cultivation, for we may either fall below or rise above it. The rudest classes are incapable of enjoying it. The only stimulant in the shape of language to which they are accessible is the use of highly-flavoured oaths. More educated persons of course despise it. The formal and pedantic style which sometimes arises amongst dons and professors is essentially distinct from the popular buncombe. Johnsonese is a very unpleasant dialect; it is stiff, pompous, and artificial; but it has, even in a high degree, the merits of precision and definite purpose; it is not a mere vague splutter of words, chosen for their sound, but corresponding to no particular meaning in the mind either of writer or reader. The social stratum most susceptible of buncombe is that which forms the main substance of American society. Americans are almost universally educated to the point of admiring ornament, but not up to the point of distinguishing gold from tinsel. Tocqueville invents an ingenious hypothesis to explain what he calls the democratic love of "le boursoufflé." Each individual, he says, in a democratic country is habitually engaged in contemplating a very small object—that is to say, himself. If he raises his eyes, he only sees the "immense image of society," or the still vaster form of the human race. There is nothing, as it were, to break the perspective. Society is not diversified by all kinds of minor associations, but it is one vast homogeneous whole; and there is thus a constant alternation between petty and distinct ideas and very vague and general notions. In this, as in many other instances, Tocqueville's method of regarding everything exclusively in relation to democracy has perhaps led him to a rather forced hypothesis. Undoubtedly the topic upon which American eloquence is generally employed lends some countenance to the theory. The marvellous destinies of the great American continent, the countless multitudes who are to enjoy the unspeakable blessings of the Constitution of the United States, and the strange inferiority of the slavish multitudes of Europe, are so many excellent texts for the popular orator. The individual Yankee may be glad to lose sight of his own insignificance in the boldest assertions about his race. A similar effect is produced on our own side of the water by the popular worship of the nineteenth century. The growth of science, and the progress of democracy, and other wonders of the present day, are good mouth-filling words to eke out windy sentences. The stilted rant which they so frequently produce seems to be the natural effect of a powerful excitement on a small mind. The facts to be considered are so indisputably great that they fairly throw an intellect of average dimensions off its balance. The man who knows enough to see that some very big things have been done, and who yet only half understands what has been done and how big it is, naturally pours out much inflated nonsense in trying to give vent to his feelings.

When, however, we try to connect this phenomenon with democracy, the logic does not seem to be clear. The amazing material progress of America, without a corresponding increase of culture, seems to account for it more naturally. In fact all buncombe is a form of vulgarity which resembles most closely the ostentation of a man who has sprung suddenly into wealth. The gentleman who "strikes oil" in America covers his house and his dress with barbaric ornaments; and as the whole nation may be said to have struck oil metaphorically, it is not strange that they adorn their language with a similar mass of tinsel. But we should be sorry to hold that the fault is one from which a democracy may not in time shake itself free. The most extreme and offensive forms of buncombe survive chiefly in the half-settled districts; and the really cultivated Americans—such men as Washington Irving or Hawthorne or Mr. Longfellow—write a style fully as pure as Englishmen of the same literary standing. We should prefer to say that buncombe is most freely evolved at certain stages of progress. It is the result of the sudden elevation of a class into a position for which they have not received the appropriate culture. We may observe a very similar process amongst lower social states. The native unadulterated savage is remarkable, it is often said, for his natural grace. His art may be very simple, nothing more perhaps than a capacity for scratching wood with a bit of sharp stone. But he does the most that he can with his tools, because he works with perfect simplicity of purpose. He is not trying to imitate something alien to his habits of thought, but trusts entirely to his eye, and has always the merit of proportioning his means to his result. But his instinct disappears as soon as he is introduced to Europeans. He puts on a cocked hat, buttons a dress-coat across his breast, or passes his legs through the sleeves, and fancies that he is elegantly dressed. His natural art is displaced in favour of a feeble imitation of European models; and he loses as much in real grace as a monkey playing tricks on an organ instead of amusing himself in his native wilds. In order to preserve his artistic powers, it is as necessary that he should be ignorant of the methods appropriate to different stages of civilization as that he should be skilful in his own. In short, this, like all other kinds of vulgarity, is the necessary result of an unintelligent imitation of language or manners or art, by persons who have not assimilated the ideas of which they are the natural expression. This, for example, is the simple reason why a poet like Burns should be so rare a phenomenon. The class from which he sprang may perhaps be at an intellectual level as high as that of the ancient composers of popular poetry; so far there is no reason why they should not produce ballads equal to *Cherry Chase*, or English prose equal to

that of *Pilgrim's Progress*. There must be in all probability many mute inglorious Miltons who have in all respects the natural capacity, and the necessary insight and sensibility. Only, as soon as a man feels himself to be above his class, he sets about imitating the most distinguished writers of his time, and produces perhaps a feeble echo of Tennyson, instead of forcibly expressing his own thoughts in his own language. The peasant poet is now almost inevitably spoilt, just as the ordinary peasant has ceased to be picturesque because he wears a seedy reproduction of London clothes instead of clinging to the characteristic costume of his province.

Buncombe, then, may be described, not as a necessary product of democracy, but rather of a rapidly changing state of society. When things have come to a state of equilibrium, each class will have its appropriate costume, both mental and physical. But when a large number of persons suddenly discover that they ought to be much wiser and more eloquent than is actually the case, they show all the awkwardness of a clown introduced into good society, by indulging in very grotesque and gorgeous ornaments. And the only way in which they can be thoroughly reformed is by receiving that amount of general education which will enable them to pay due respect to the best models. Perhaps it is a too sanguine expectation that within any moderate time the English shopkeeper will be able to distinguish between buncombe and real eloquence, and to prefer simplicity to tinsel. It may be still longer before the gentlemen whose profession it is to flatter a mob will not seek to impose upon them by using the most many-syllabled words and the sentences most heavily weighted with epithets that they can discover. Only we may take some comfort from the fact that, side by side with inflated nonsense, good vigorous English has always an influence. Probably it may often be condemned by the taste of hearers who mistake simplicity for want of polish; we may fancy that we are too squeamish for plain language, as, on much better grounds, we are becoming too decent to put up with the national oath. But swearing, though banished from good society, still produces an effect where it survives, by the admirable energy which, in spite of this profanity, cannot be denied to the British formulae of condemnation. And in the same way, however much some minds may be rendered effeminate by false refinement, good strong English is always a most powerful weapon, and will end by establishing its superiority over windy bombast.

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF.

THE Paris Universal Exhibition was a means of teaching, with a completeness unknown before, the art of blowing one's own trumpet. We may venture to remark that, although several foreigners have attained considerable proficiency in this art, our own Cole C.B. exhibited a mastery, alike of theory and practice, which must be a subject of just congratulation to his compatriots. It ought to be remembered that Mr. Cole, in endeavouring to incite Englishmen to compete for the French Emperor's "New Order of Reward," had to contend with a principle congenial to the English mind which an old-fashioned book expresses in the words, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth." Many manufacturers may be found willing to proclaim to heaven and earth the merits of their calicoes or carpets, who nevertheless would scruple about placing under the consideration of an "international jury" a narrative demonstrating that during fifty years they and their predecessors in business had shown themselves wise, just, kindly, and beneficent in all their intercourse with their work-people. We would not undertake to say that a millowner who has endeavoured to fulfil the responsibilities of his position has been looking for his reward in heaven, and if he said so himself we should hesitate about believing him; but it probably never entered into the millowner's mind, until he read one of Mr. Cole's missives, that he was deserving of a prize of 10,000 francs, or at least of an honourable mention, for having developed a spirit of harmony among those who have co-operated with him in the production of calicoes or carpets. We know, however, that Mr. Cole has undertaken to educate the national mind, and it may be confidently anticipated that in one or two more decades we shall have brought ourselves to a universal competition in the virtues and graces of social life, and shall have fully understood and determined to act upon the maxim that unless we praise ourselves we are not likely to be supposed to have any sort of merit, and still less to get a prize for it. Thus we shall be fully prepared to use on all available opportunities Mr. Cole's schedules, by which we may "indicate the specific meritorious qualities to which we lay claim."

The record of proceedings in reference to the New Order of Reward, like the records of all Mr. Cole's other undertakings for the national good, has been printed in *extenso* at the national expense, and now appears in the shape of a blue-book. The English Commissioners for the Exhibition were obliged reluctantly to conclude that the competition for the New Order of Reward, so far as this country was concerned, was "surrounded with insuperable difficulties." The chief difficulty appears to have arisen from those remains of modesty and self-respect which, in spite of a succession of Great Exhibitions, still linger among the manufacturing and trading classes of the community. "For myself," writes Mr. Titus Salt, "I can enter upon no competitive rivalry for well-doing." He sends to the Commissioners particulars of his establishment called *Saltaire*, near Bradford, "on the distinct understanding that they are not

given in competition for any prize." Other employers of labour, however, were not so scrupulous. Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co., biscuit-bakers of Dockhead, appear capable of praising themselves or their wares with equally composed countenance. The style of Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co.'s communications to the Commissioners is suitable to the matter of them. "An excursion to the seaside annually is an institution with us anticipated with much interest." An excursion to the seaside can only be called an institution for the sake of using a long word. The sobriety and good conduct of the excursionists at Dover and Ramsgate were favourably referred to by the chief magistrates of these places who "presided at the evening meals." If Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. were capable of saying that "the Mayor took the chair at tea," they would not probably be capable of competing for the New Order of Reward. Simplicity of style is apt to accompany sobriety of thought. Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. give a tea-party at Christmas to all in their employ, and they actually call this entertainment a tea-party, instead of inventing for it some finer name. They supply their workpeople gratuitously with the *British Workman* and *Band of Hope Review*. They pay wages on Friday, and allow a half-holiday on Saturday. These are the principal grounds on which they rest their claim to distinction as having "developed a spirit of harmony among their workpeople, and provided for their material, moral, and intellectual well-being." It should be mentioned that the boys of the establishment are supplied every Monday morning with a clean jacket, apron, and cap; but this regulation was perhaps intended to provide for the material well-being of the consumers of the biscuits.

The compiler, whoever he may be, of the lengthy narrative submitted to the Commissioners by Messrs. Ransome and Sims, of Ipswich, states fairly at the outset that considerations of delicacy will not be allowed to interfere with the important object aimed at by the founders of this New Order of Reward. The concern was established in 1785, and from that time to the present it has been conducted with such prosperity as greatly to facilitate the maintenance of a good understanding between employers and employed. The firm has always shown itself sensible of the duties which devolve on those capitalists who, for their own profit, create around them a community of labourers. They have performed these duties earnestly and judiciously, and it is a pity that they should have been persuaded by Mr. Cole to make themselves ridiculous by publishing an elaborate description of all the provident and benevolent schemes which they have originated. It is a sufficient comment on all claims to distinction founded on such a basis to say that the authors of the schemes have only done their duty. If it were proposed at some future Universal Exhibition to hold a competition among Irish landlords to determine who had best developed a spirit of harmony on his estate, the absurdity of such a suggestion would be too much for Mr. Cole himself. Yet there is no good reason why the Duke of Devonshire should not be invited to follow the example of Messrs. Ransome and Sims. And if the practice is good for Ireland it would be good for England also. Why should not every nobleman or squire who owns a considerable estate be requested to describe his course of management, with a view to entitle himself to a place in a New Order of Reward? He might show how he had built cottages, and restored and enlarged the parish church, and established a school; and he might enlarge upon the exertions of his wife and daughters in teaching in the school, and distributing tracts and medicine to the poor parishioners. He might do all this, but of course he would not, because such a proceeding would be abhorrent to the nature of the aristocracy of the land. Yet Mr. Cole and his associates suppose the aristocracy of the mill to be capable of recounting those deeds of themselves and their wives and daughters which, if they were not so recounted, might be called charitable and pious; and it is wonderful to find from this blue-book that the supposition is not absolutely groundless. The narrative of Messrs. Ransome and Sims quotes from a report of a committee of a Society for Mental Improvement formed among their own workmen. This committee expresses its desire "to render our employers that inward satisfaction they must feel, and which they richly deserve, from having set on foot and forwarded so liberal an object" as the Society. Certainly, when Messrs. Ransome and Sims transmitted a paper containing this passage to the Commissioners, "considerations of delicacy" must have been effectually subordinated to the welfare of mankind. It may perhaps indicate a want of appreciation of the New Order of Reward, but we cannot help hoping that we shall never see, among the marvels of ingenuity displayed by Messrs. Ransome and Sims at Cattle Shows, a machine for eradicating from the minds of agricultural philanthropists the scruples which have hitherto possessed them as to the propriety of self-laudation. We read, again, in the narrative of Messrs. Ransome and Sims that the firm—that is, themselves—issued addresses to the workmen expressing "with frankness, firmness, and lucidity" their views on the question raised by Trades' Unions.

"The Councillor of State, General Commissioner for the Universal Exhibition," must have been considerably bewildered if he read all the statements with enclosures which were addressed to him by English competitors for places in the New Order of Reward. But we may venture to believe that he did not read them. Among the claimants is the firm of Henderson and Co., whose statement shows that Mr. William Henderson must possess wonderful industry, while Mrs. William Henderson exhibits powers of sustained exertion which, to a foreigner unused

to the energetic British female, must appear absolutely tremendous. To say that a workman at the mills which are governed by this active couple cannot call his soul his own would be to put the case in the most mild and unexaggerated form. An operative who has had his social condition alleviated, and his moral and intellectual condition improved, and who has had his standard raised, and his days made brighter and happier, by the indefatigable activity of Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson and the other partners in the firm and their families, and who belongs to the Sick Club and the Clothing Club, and the Night School and the Bible Class, and the Choral Society and the Sunday Choral Society, and who takes part in an excursion in summer and a *fête* in winter, at which Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson, together with their family and a party of friends are present, might perhaps begin to think, if he retained the power of thinking at all, that the unrelenting, all-pervading beneficence of his employers was becoming slightly tiresome. "The entire organization and management of the several schools, choral societies, savings-banks, and lying-in club have rested with Mrs. William Henderson," so that it would appear that in this establishment the spirit of harmony has been developed by letting a lady have her own way. We feel sure that the Councillor of State, General Commissioner, &c., would have desired, if he had read this passage, to raise Mrs. William Henderson to a high place in the New Order of Reward. If the material, moral, and intellectual well-being of workmen cannot be provided for by such exertions as those of Mr. and Mrs. William Henderson, we do not see how it can be done, unless indeed by letting them alone, and leaving them to manage their own business in their own way. The firm of Messrs. Crossley and Sons, who, like Messrs. Henderson and Co., are manufacturers of carpets, arrived lately at the conclusion that something totally different from the operations of benevolent busybodies was necessary to produce a spirit of harmony between themselves and the workers in their factory. They have converted their firm into a joint-stock company with limited liability, and have offered shares to the people employed upon their works. Several other firms in various lines of business have adopted the same course, and the descriptions given of their arrangements form a really interesting and valuable portion of Mr. Cole's blue-book. This is not the place to discuss the relative rights of capital and labour, but it is evident that, if workmen begin to think themselves entitled to a share of profits, it will become impracticable to maintain a spirit of harmony by inviting them to an excursion to the seaside in summer and a tea and supper in winter, even though the heads of the firm, with their wives and families, may be present at these festivities, and behave in the most affable and condescending manner. The pictures given us, by Mr. William Henderson and other aspirants for the New Order of Reward, of the societies over which they preside, partake charmingly of that simplicity which used to be called pastoral. The firm of Messrs. Thomas Adams and Co., of Nottingham, have happily avoided "considerations of delicacy" by employing the resident chaplain of their establishment to describe it. The style of the reverend writer will be sufficiently indicated if we mention that he gives us some "affecting facts, beautifully illustrating the feeling of harmony existing between employer and employed." One of these "affecting facts" must be stated in the exact words of the reverend trumpeter in ordinary. The people of Messrs. Thomas Adams and Co. have not only reciprocated the kind and generous feeling of their employers, but they have tried "in their own little way" to emulate them:—

Eight years ago they were anxious to undertake some object of charity which their own large hearts but small means might enable them to foster and take care of themselves. Accordingly it was discovered to them that there was a school for poor Indian children on the Red River closed for want of funds; this they at once took up, and for seven years sent out between 20*l.* and 30*l.* annually, until the school became self-supporting.

It is to be hoped that the Imperial Commission felt, or at least expressed, a proper degree of interest in the spiritual welfare of poor Indian children on the Red River. What that Commission thought of the English as painted by themselves under the superintendence of Mr. Cole, its members, we are sure, were too polite to suffer to appear. They must, however, have seen reason to admit that *l'effet des sentiments de reserve extrême* had been considerably mitigated by the tempting aspect of the New Order of Reward; and if Mr. Cole perseveres, as he undoubtedly will do, we may expect to see at the next Universal Exhibition held in Paris prizes offered for promoting a spirit of harmony in the household and on the farm as well as in the factory. By a happy alliance between the Emperor Napoleon and Providence virtue of every kind will henceforth be assured of its reward, both in this world and in that which is to come. The holder of a prize or honourable mention will possess a sort of *prima facie* title to salvation, and if only we take care to do our alms in public, we shall be in a fair way to gain the favour at once of the Tuileries and of Heaven.

LA FEMME PASSÉE.

WITHOUT doubt it is a time of trial to all women, more or less painful according to individual disposition, when they first begin to grow old and lose their good looks. Youth and beauty make up so much of their personal value, so much of their natural *raison d'être*, that when these are gone many feel as if their whole career was at an end, and as if nothing was left to them now that they are no longer young enough to be loved as girls are

loved, or pretty enough to be admired as once they were admired. For women of a certain position have so little wholesome occupation, and so little ambition for anything, save indeed that miserable thing called "getting on in society," that they cannot change their way of life with advancing years; they do not attempt to find interest in things outside themselves, and independent of the mere personal attractiveness which in youth constituted their whole pleasure of existence. This is essentially the case with fashionable women, who have staked their all on appearance, and to whom good looks are of more account than noble deeds; and, accordingly, the struggle to remain young is a frantic one with them, and as degrading as it is frantic. With the ideal woman of middle age—that pleasant woman, with her happy face and softened manner, who unites the charms of both epochs, retaining the ready responsiveness of youth while adding the wider sympathies of experience—with her there has never been any such struggle to make herself an anachronism. Consequently she remains beautiful to the last, far more beautiful than all the pastes and washes in Madame Rachel's shop could make her. Sometimes, if rarely in these latter days, we meet her in society, where she carries with her an atmosphere of her own—an atmosphere of honest, wholesome truth and love, which makes every one who enters it better and purer for the time. All children and all young persons love her, because she understands and loves them. For she is essentially a mother—that is, a woman who can forget herself, who can give without asking to receive, and who, without losing any of the individualism which belongs to self-respect, can yet live for and in the lives of others, and find her best joy in the well-being of those about her. There is no servility, no exaggerated sacrifice in this; it is simply the fulfilment of woman's highest duty—the expression of that grand maternal instinct which need not necessarily include the fact of personal maternity, but which must find utterance in some line of unselfish action with all women worthy of the name. The ideal woman of middle age understands the young because she has lived with them. If a mother, she has performed her maternal duties with cheerfulness and love. There has been no giving up her nursery to the care of a hired servant who is expected to do for twenty pounds a year what the tremendous instinct of a mother's love could not find strength to do. When she had children, she attended to them in great part herself, and learnt all about their tempers, their maladies, and the best methods of management; as they grew up she was still the best friend they had, the Providence of their young lives who gave them both care and justice, both love and guidance. Such a manner of life has forced her to forget herself. When her child lay ill, perhaps dying, she had no heart and no time to think of her own appearance, and whether this dressing-gown was more becoming than that; and what did the doctor think of her with her hair pushed back from her face; and what a fright she must have looked in the morning light after her sleepless night of watching. The world and all its petty pleasures and paltry pains faded away in the presence of the stern tragedy of the hour; and not the finest ball of the season seemed to be worth a thought compared to the all-absorbing question of whether her child slept after his draught and whether he ate his food with better appetite. And such a life, in spite of all its cares, has kept her young as well as unselfish; we should rather say, young because unselfish. As she comes into the room with her daughters, her kindly face unpolluted by paint, her dress picturesque or fashionable according to her taste, but decent in form and consistent in tone with her age, it is often remarked that she looks more like their sister than their mother. This is because she is in harmony with her age, and has not therefore put herself in rivalry with them; and harmony is the very keystone of beauty. Her hair may be streaked with white, the girlish firmness and transparency of her skin has gone, the pearly clearness of her eye is clouded, and the slender grace of line is lost, but for all that she is beautiful, and she is intrinsically young. What she has lost in outside material charm—in that mere *beauté du diable* of youth—she has gained in character and expression; and, not attempting to simulate the attractiveness of a girl, she keeps what nature gave her—the attractiveness of middle age. And as every epoch has its own beauty, if women would but learn that truth, she is as beautiful now as a matron of fifty, because in harmony with her years, and because her beauty has been carried on from matter to spirit, as she was when a maiden of sixteen. This is the ideal woman of middle age, met with even yet at times in society—the woman whom all men respect, whom all women envy, and wonder how she does it, and whom all the young adore, and wish they had for an elder sister or an aunt. And the secret of it all lies in truth, in love, in purity, and in unselfishness.

Standing far in front of this sweet and wholesome idealization is *la femme passée* of to-day—the reality as we meet with it at balls and fêtes and afternoon at homes, ever foremost in the mad chase after pleasure, for which alone she seems to think she has been sent into the world. Dressed in the extreme of youthful fashion, her thinning hair dyed and crimped and fired till it is more like red-brown tow than hair, her flaccid cheeks ruddled, her throat whitened, her bust displayed with unflinching generosity, as if beauty was to be measured by cubic inches, her lustreless eyes blackened round the lids, to give the semblance of limpidity to the tarnished whites—perhaps the pupil dilated by belladonna, or perhaps a false and fatal brilliancy for the moment given by opium, or by eau de cologne, of which she has a store in her carriage, and drinks as she passes from ball to ball; no kindly drapery of lace or gauze to conceal the breadth of her robust

maturity, or to soften the dreadful shadows of her leanness—there she stands, the wretched creature who will not consent to grow old, and who will still affect to be like a fresh coquetish girl when she is nothing but *la femme passée*—*la femme passée et ridicule* into the bargain. There is not a folly for which even the thoughtlessness of youth is but a poor excuse into which she, in all the plenitude of her abundant experience, does not plunge. Wife and mother as she may be, she flirts and makes love as if an honourable issue was as open to her as to her daughter, or as if she did not know to what end flirting and making love lead in all ages. If we watch the career of such a woman, we see how, by slow but very sure degrees, she is obliged to lower the standard of her adorners, and to take up at last with men of inferior social position, who are content to buy her patronage by their devotion. To the best men of her own class she can give nothing that they value; so she barter with snobs, who go into the transaction with their eyes open, and take the whole affair as a matter of exchange, and *quid pro quo* rigidly exacted. Or she does really dazzle some very young and low born man who is weak as well as ambitious, and who thinks the fugitive regard of a middle-aged woman of high rank something to be proud of and boasted about. That she is as old as his own mother—at this moment selling tapes behind a village counter, or gathering up the eggs in a country farm—tells nothing against the association with him; and the woman who began her career of flirtation with the son of a duke ends it with the son of a shopkeeper, having between these two terms spanned all the several degrees of degradation which lie between giving and buying. She cannot help herself; for it is part of the insignia of her artificial youth to have the reputation of a love affair, or the pretence of one, if even the reality is a mere delusion. When such a woman as this is one of the matrons, and consequently one of the leaders of society, what can we expect from the girls? What worse example could be given to the young? When we see her with her own daughters we feel instinctively that she is the most disastrous adviser they could have; and when in the company of girls or young married women not belonging to her, we doubt whether we ought not to warn their natural guardians against allowing such association, for all that her standing in society is undeniable, and not a door is shut against her. We may have no absolutely tangible reason to give for our distaste beyond the self-evident facts that she paints her face and dyes her hair, dresses in a very *décolleté* style, and affects a girlish manner that is out of harmony with her age and condition. But though we cannot formularize reasons, we have instincts; and sometimes instinct sees more clearly than reason.

What good in life does this kind of woman do? All her time is taken up, first in trying to make herself look twenty or thirty years younger than she is, and then in trying to make others believe the same; and she has neither thought nor energy to spare from this, to her far more important work than is feeding the hungry or nursing the sick, rescuing the fallen or soothing the sorrowful. The final cause of her existence seems to be the impetus she has given to a certain branch of trade manufacture—unless we add to this, the corruption of society. For whom, but for her, are the "little secrets" which are continually being advertised as woman's social salvation—regardless of grammar? The "eaux noires, brun, et châtain, which dyes the hair any shade in one minute"; the "kohl for the eyelids"; the "blanc de perle," and "rouge de Lubin"—which does not wash off; the "bleu pour les veines"; the "rouge of eight shades," and "the sympathetic blush," which are cynically offered for the use and adoption of our mothers and daughters, find their chief patroness in the *femme passée* who makes herself up—the middle-aged matron engaged in her frantic struggle against time, and obstinately refusing to grow old in spite of all that nature may say or do. Bad as the girl of the period often is, this horrible travesty of her vices in the modern matron is even worse. Indeed, were it not for her, the girls would never have gone to such lengths as those to which they have gone; for elder women have naturally immense influence over younger ones, and if mothers were to set their faces resolutely against the follies of the day, daughters would and must give in. As it is, they go even ahead of the young, and by example on the one hand and rivalry on the other, sow the curse of corruption broadcast where they were meant to have only a pure influence and to set a wise example. Were it not for those who still remain faithful, women who regard themselves as appointed by God the trustees for humanity and virtue, the world would go to ruin forthwith; but so long as the five righteous are left we have hope, and a certain amount of security for the future, when the present disgraceful madness of society shall have subsided.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

MR. GLADSTONE showed, by presiding at a late meeting to discuss the relations of labour and capital, a becoming sense of the paramount importance of the questions involved. In considering the prospect of a satisfactory settlement, it was natural to Mr. Gladstone to hold the sanguine faith which it would have been proper for any statesman in his position to profess. No chairman could have recommended more eloquently or with higher authority the cultivation of friendly feelings between masters and workmen, and the recognition of the right of the

workmen to form an independent judgment on all proposals which might be submitted either by employers or by economists. Any judicious orator would have enunciated the same commonplaces; but it is the peculiar gift of Mr. Gladstone to believe what he says when it is familiar, as well as when it happens to be paradoxical. Although the result of appeals to the candour and reason of Trades' Unions has not been encouraging, there is some ground for the hopeful spirit in which Mr. Gladstone regards the controversy. As he truly observed, all classes have a common interest, and the issues in dispute admit for the most part of a scientific or demonstrative solution. The complete triumph of the agitation for the repeal of the Corn-laws was rendered possible by the nature of arguments which were conclusive as soon as they were understood. In almost all political controversy, both parties argue from their own theories of expediency, but the advantage of Free-trade is as capable of proof as a problem in arithmetic. The contest between capitalists and workmen, though it is less simple, is closely connected with economical laws which one of the disputants is interested in expounding and enforcing. It is fortunate for Mr. Gladstone that his mind is so constituted as to overlook actual impediments to a settlement which he believes to be near because he sees that it is attainable. The differences of opinion which were expressed in the subsequent discussion had probably little effect in disturbing his cheerful confidence. Sir J. K. Shuttleworth maintained, with some exaggeration, that Trades' Unions were a form of serfdom; and a working-man propounded, as the only remedy for strikes, a diminution of the greed of employers. If the millennium of industry is to be deferred until capitalists cease to wish to make the most of their investments, workmen are likely to remain serfs, as far as serfdom is identical with membership of Trades' Unions. For the present, the opinions of the working-classes are distinctly favourable to the combinations which, according to their representatives, have, on the whole, produced an increase of wages and a reduction of hours of labour. The inevitable tendency of the system to create privileged bodies of workmen has only developed itself in a limited number of trades, and the sufferers from arbitrary rules probably sympathize with the leaders of the clubs rather than with the employer whose interest is identified with their own.

The same difficulty will prevent the complete success of all schemes of co-operation or extended partnership. The owner of shares, either in a co-operative undertaking or in an ordinary trading establishment, is, to the extent of his holding, a capitalist. It is probably desirable that, as far as possible, the workmen in every business should be partly remunerated by a share of profits; but, as soon as they acquire a beneficial interest in the business, they have a direct motive for preventing an increase in the number of participants. The firms which have tried the experiment have got rid of strikes for wages; and there has not been time to ascertain whether resistance would be offered to an increase in the number of hands. The share of profits allotted to workmen is either a bonus, or a substitute for a part of the wages which must otherwise be paid. If it is a gratuitous concession, it is a loss both to the capitalists and to workmen who might be willing to accept their employment on less onerous terms. An unusual benefit will for a time be considered as a boon, but it will soon be excusably regarded as a right. The working partners will not fail to learn that they have a property to be secured against further subdivision, and they will insist that supernumeraries shall content themselves with simple wages. Half the regulations of Trades' Unions are devised for the avowed purpose of restricting the supply of labour, and in proportion to the improvement which takes place in the condition of the privileged workman will be the difficulty of finding a place among the aristocracy of labour. The guilds which were only abolished in most parts of Europe in the last or the present century may perhaps have promoted the prosperity of their members, but their operation was highly oppressive to the majority of the people. It is not desirable that all industrial societies should be shaped after a single pattern; and co-operative organizations, whether they fail or succeed, will supply valuable experience. Mr. Mundella's Councils of Arbitration have done much good at Nottingham and in some other places, and it is said that the plan has hitherto been uniformly successful. It is satisfactory to find that one palliative has been discovered for the evils of strikes, although discussion and non-compulsory arbitration seem to be the most obvious of remedies. There is probably much advantage in providing both employers and workmen with an excuse for concession. It is easier to withdraw an unjust claim in deference to the opinion of an impartial or mixed tribunal than to yield to the mere remonstrance of an opponent.

On the whole, the proceedings at the Society of Arts did credit to the meeting and to the chairman, except when Mr. Ruskin thought fit to interpose some fantastic propositions in the irritating form of interrogatories, as if for the express purpose of rendering the discussion ridiculous. Students of political economy, he complained, looked on man as a predatory animal, while Mr. Ruskin, who is the very opposite of a political economist, contended that the animal was affectionate. It is not necessary to inquire whether a being is influenced by sentiment which certainly never makes bargains on sentimental principles. Professors of political economy will scarcely trouble themselves to answer Mr. Ruskin's ironical questions, which deserve notice only as platitudes and fallacies. Mr. Ruskin hints, in his facetious way, that capital is useless or unnecessary, because, as he mysteriously asserts, the accumulation of capital was in certain ages and countries

absolutely forbidden. "Whence," he continues, "is all capital first derived?" and Echo answers, "Whence?" The unhappy political economist who is set up, like the infidel in a sermon, to be pelted with innocuous sneers, is evidently intended to confess that capital is derived from labour; and the catechist would probably clinch the discussion by the inference that labour cannot be the offspring of its own parent. Little quips and quibbles of the pseudo-Socratic kind are always pleasing to a certain class of rhetoricians. One of Mr. Ruskin's queries relates to capital which is expended in comparatively useless employments, such as in training acrobats or making fireworks. Is such capital, he asks, lost or not? And the answer is that, for reproductive purposes, it is lost, though it is another question whether it is wasted. Whether the pleasure conferred by the acrobats' feats or the fireworks is equivalent to the sacrifice of money is not an economical question, nor is it easy to understand why political economists, who as a class are indifferent to harlequins and skyrockets, should be required to answer so irrelevant an inquiry. With his usual ignorance of the rudiments of the science, Mr. Ruskin proceeds to assume that the purchasing community is a great capitalist employing both masters and workmen. The purchaser provides the manufacturer with a motive, but not with a farthing of capital, and by his other name of consumer he is generally contrasted with the producer; but Mr. Ruskin probably supposes that he is enforcing some profound truth by putting the cart of consumption before the horse of production. Some of Mr. Ruskin's puzzles are inscrutable in their object, if not in their terms, as when he asks in a bantering tone what is the effect of the natural law of wages on twenty-nine out of thirty workmen who desire work when there is only enough for one. The natural law of wages is much the same with the natural law of equitation, when thirty men would like to ride, and there is only one horse for all. A severe satire, if not an entire system of communistic despotism, is implied in the final question, whether the rule that a man who will not work shall not eat applies to all classes of society. As far as Mr. Ruskin can be said to have a meaning, he intends to suggest a doubt as to the justice of possessing private property. A man who owns a loaf, or the price of a loaf, may, under the present constitution of society, undoubtedly eat without working. The only possible mode of preventing the anomaly is to deprive him of the unconditional possession of food, or, in other words, to throw all property into common. Legislators have for the most part been of opinion that, as a whole, property tended to encourage labour; and it is probable that the existing system will survive for some years longer. These questions were, according to Mr. Ruskin, propounded "in a most loving spirit on behalf of the workmen of England," and they may perhaps represent the socialistic opinions of a portion of the body, though a hard-headed artisan, even of the revolutionary sort, would probably dislike a mawkish admixture of namby-pamby love with a grave discussion. The only use of introducing a string of communistic questions into a debate on the relations of labour and capital was to prove that no revolutionary theories are too wild to be held by persons of considerable capacity and to be published on the most unsuitable occasions. There is no use in discussing capital and labour, if property is to be treated as an abuse, or, in Mr. Ruskin's elaborately comic phrase, if capitalists are not a necessary adjunct of capital. There is a great amount of capital in England, and if the government of the country were in Mr. Ruskin's hands, it might once for all be taken from its owners without losing its reproductive qualities, if any person had a sufficient motive for employing it profitably. Sentimental philanthropy will not trouble itself with the further inquiry whether it is probable that capital would be replaced when it was known that the honey would be taken as soon as the hive was full. To economists, and to ordinary politicians, communistic rhetoric is as the idle wind; but among the leaders of Trades' Unions Mr. Ruskin may probably have disciples.

SMALL BOROUGHES AND THEIR BOUNDARIES.

THE Lords have, after some natural grumbling, passed both the Boundary Bill and that Scotch Reform Bill which so unexpectedly carried with it the massacre of seven English boroughs. One cannot exactly envy an assembly which is thus driven, pistol at breast, to pass measures which it cannot possibly discuss. More than one noble lord proposed to show fight, but Lord Redesdale alone actually showed fight. Lord Lyveden and Lord Denman both threatened to bring up the question of the seven doomed boroughs at some stage or other of the proceedings. But Committee, bringing up of Report, third reading, have all passed by without the matter being again discussed. One thing is certain, that it must be discussed again before long. The revival of the question of redistribution, inevitable in any case, is rendered still more inevitable by the incidental result of the Scottish measure. Various principles of redistribution have been proposed, but the destruction of the particular seven boroughs which were chosen followed no intelligible principle at all. It was simply a piece of tinkering for a momentary object.

Let us not be supposed to undervalue the tinkering process. It is a method of reform which often has its advantages. It often happens that a little tinkering does practically better than a "great and comprehensive measure." We can, indeed, even fancy people saying that all our reforms for six hundred years have been greatly of the nature of tinkering. We have patched

up our political fabric bit by bit, as we saw a hole here or there, without any thought of theories, principles, or general symmetry. Many of our happiest changes have been brought about by the tinkering process. The greatest of all was perhaps the Toleration Act. Certain special exemptions were made from the effect of a series of intolerant statutes which no one thought of repealing. But those exceptions, by some lucky chance, gave full liberty of conscience to nearly every religious sect in England. A great and comprehensive measure would never have been passed, but a little judicious tinkering gave practical toleration to all who had at that time any chance of getting it. On the strength of all this, we hold the tinkering process in high honour, and we believe that we shall do well to go on patching up our old pots and kettles for six centuries more. Still it cannot be denied that the process may be carried too far, and that, even in its best form, it has a somewhat ludicrous side. For instance, we have had a good deal of tinkering in the process of our Reform debates, and the climax certainly came when it had to be debated whether Scotland should have ten, or seven, or six more members, and when the question at last took the shape of a dispute as to the personal merits of the boroughs of Wells and Evesham.

The question is settled for the present, but it must revive again, and it would be worth looking at it again, if only as a matter of history. The small boroughs have been all along the main difficulties in the way of any scheme of redistribution. There are three intelligible ways of dealing with them, each of which has something to be said for it, and also something to be said against it. It was possible to leave them as they were, or to alter them as little as possible. The real, though hardly the ostensible, ground on which this course might reasonably be defended was, that it was expedient that some members should be chosen by small towns, that it was impossible that all the small towns should return members, that it did not matter which towns were chosen for the purpose, and that the existing selection did as well as any other. Those who felt the strange anomalies of the existing selection wished, some to merge all the small boroughs in the counties, some to group the existing boroughs and other market towns also, so as to give that class of towns their fair share, and not more than their fair share, of representation. Of these three possible courses the first was the one on which the wisdom of Parliament fixed when it passed the Bill of last year. No borough was either disfranchised or grouped; only some of the smallest of those which returned two members were cut down to one. But the Scotch question raked up the whole matter again. Some new members, six, seven, or ten, were wanted for Scotland. Six, seven, or ten members were to be taken from England. Six, seven, or ten of the smallest English boroughs were therefore to be disfranchised. The question then arose, which boroughs should be chosen for destruction. And this question has again opened the whole question of the anomalies of our existing borough system.

We cannot help suspecting that one great inducement to the course actually taken last Session doubtless was that, by preserving all the small boroughs, the necessity of any searching inquiry into their anomalies was evaded. The instructions given to the Boundary Commissioners showed that there was a distinct intention not to enter into any such inquiry. All that the Commissioners were to do was to find out the cases in which it was desirable to increase any existing borough by the addition of an adjacent urban population. They were forbidden to entertain any questions either as to diminishing the boundaries of any borough, or as to extending them in any other way. They therefore could not inquire into those really great anomalies of the system which this little incidental disfranchisement has again forced upon our notice. Those anomalies are necessarily forced upon our notice by any scheme either for disfranchisement or for grouping. We need not show that it would have been unfair and impossible to group even the existing boroughs, still more to group them with any towns now unrepresented, without going fully into the local statistics of every place. But it is equally true, though perhaps not quite so obvious at first sight, that any scheme of disfranchisement involved these elaborate inquiries just as much as any scheme of grouping. It would seem a very simple matter to disfranchise every borough with fewer than 5,000 or 10,000 or 20,000 inhabitants. But such a simple process would by no means have brought about the result which those who supported such a course would have wished. The great anomalies of Cricklade, New Shoreham, and other boroughs of the same kind, would have been left wholly untouched. Disfranchise all boroughs under 10,000 or 20,000; still those boroughs would have survived, as being boroughs above 10,000 or 20,000. That is to say, the anomaly would still go on by which large rural districts, small counties in fact, are called boroughs and get the borough franchise. We have often asked why a householder in the Rape of Bramber should get a vote on easier terms than a householder in any other part of Sussex. Simply to disfranchise all the boroughs under any possible limit of population would have been to leave the borough franchise to a beggarly little town like Cricklade and to the villages round about it, while it was taken away from towns of ten times the size.

All these questions arose again in that debate in the House of Commons which ended in the fight between Wells and Evesham. It was determined to disfranchise the seven smallest boroughs. But which were the seven smallest boroughs? The rough and ready test was taken of disfranchising the seven which

showed the smallest population according to the existing returns. But those existing returns prove nothing, because the word borough means so many different things. There can be no doubt that the town of Wells is bigger than the town of Evesham, that either Wells or Evesham is bigger than Calne, that Wells and Evesham, and we suspect Calne also, are bigger than Cricklade. Yet Wells fell rather than Evesham; Evesham, if the question had arisen, would have fallen rather than Calne; while it came into nobody's head to lay a finger on Cricklade with its imposing returns of a population over 20,000 or 30,000.

There can be no doubt that, on any sort of principle, it is simply absurd to go picking and choosing in this kind of way. On any sort of principle, Wells, Evesham, and a crowd of other boroughs, must stand or fall together. One rule would spare all, another would disfranchise all, another would group all. But it was specially absurd to make the nominal population the only test. It was as much as to say that boroughs were to be spared or destroyed, not according to the relative importance of the towns themselves, but according to the extent of the rural district which is tacked on to each. This point was started in the debate by Mr. Neville-Grenville, who, as a Somersetshire member, stood up for Wells. He showed that though the borough of Evesham slightly exceeded that of Wells in population, yet it was simply because the area of Evesham was about three times the area of Wells. That is to say, Wells is a considerably larger town than Evesham; only Evesham has a large rural district tacked on to it. Calne again, with a larger nominal population than even Wells or Evesham, has a much smaller number of electors. That is, doubtless, the town is still smaller and the attached district still larger. So it is at Wallingford, so it is at most other small boroughs, till we reach the grand cases of Cricklade and Shoreham. Wells, in fact, was sacrificed because the population of the borough is more purely urban, and therefore better entitled to a borough representation, than almost any other borough of the same nominal population.

This is just the sort of question which is never likely to get attended to in a debate raised incidentally on another question. The Commons hurry through the discussion. The Lords grumble because they are not allowed to discuss it all. But it is just the sort of question for a Boundary Commission to go thoroughly into. Yet it was just the question which the actual Boundary Commission was forbidden to go into at all. On a motion for disfranchising certain boroughs mentioned by name, neither House was likely to go off to the general question of rural boroughs, or to the general principle of disfranchisement or grouping. But all of these were points on which a real Boundary Commission ought to have been ordered to report. As it is, we can only divert ourselves with the very odd arguments used on both sides in the House of Commons. Sir Lawrence Palk argued on behalf of Wells that it is "a cathedral city of great antiquity." This appeal on behalf of the seculars was at once met by the monastic zeal of Sir John Pakington, who daringly answered that, if Evesham "cannot boast of a cathedral, it can of one of the most beautiful abbeys in England." We should be sorry to suspect the good town of Evesham of any Anabaptist tendencies, but it is certain that if it makes the boast which the member for Droitwich puts into its mouth, it belongs to the class of those who "do falsely boast." Perhaps, after all, it was only the Mayor of Evesham, and not the town in general, that added this to the curious statements made by His Worship on another memorable occasion. Mr. Gladstone had never been at Evesham; we know of no particular call of duty likely to take him there; but Sir John Pakington, a Worcester-hire man, must surely have visited a borough in his own shire. How then about the beautiful abbey, one of the most beautiful in England? Anybody who has been both at Wells and at Evesham must know that Wells Cathedral is still standing, while Evesham Abbey, saving its bell-tower and a small piece of wall, has long ceased to exist? But one might ask both disputants whether Sir Lawrence Palk, in his zeal for cathedrals, would enfranchise Ely and Saint David's—whether Sir John Pakington, in his zeal for abbeys, would restore Saint Alban's and enfranchise Romsey. Sir Lawrence Palk talked of Wells as a city "of great antiquity"; Mr. Disraeli told us in return that "Evesham is one of the most ancient towns in England." Sir Lawrence was safe, as "great antiquity" may mean anything; but in the face of the Roman antiquity of London, York, Colchester, Lincoln, and a crowd of other places, it was ludicrous to call the little town which grew up round the cell of Saint Egwine, "one of the most ancient towns in England." Mr. Gladstone again called Evesham a village. Sir John Pakington in answer claimed for it the merit, doubtful in a sanitary point of view, of being "a town with close streets and houses." Mr. Disraeli pleaded also for Evesham that it has been "the scene of some remarkable historical incidents." In Mr. Disraeli's idea, we presume, the career of the martyr of Evesham, perhaps the establishment of the House of Commons, is only an historical "incident." But on the ground of being the scene of "remarkable historical incidents," why not enfranchise Runcymede and Naseby?

Now why cannot a question like this be discussed on rational grounds? Why should it be made a reason for prolonging the Parliamentary existence of a borough that it is "of great antiquity," that "it is the scene of remarkable historical incidents," that it can boast—especially when the boast is a false one—of possessing "one of the most beautiful abbeys in England?" Abbeys and historical "incidents" cannot well be invested with the borough franchise; and antiquity concerns

the matter only in an indirect way. It is certainly a stronger measure to take away, either from an individual or from a body politic, a privilege which has been long enjoyed, than it is to refuse the same privilege in a case where it never has been enjoyed. That might be a real reason for retaining both Wells and Evesham while many other places of the same class are shut out. But the comparative antiquity of Wells and Evesham could prove nothing as to their respective claims to representation. As for Wells being a cathedral town and a county town, that was more to the purpose. The presence of the cathedral, the residence of the Bishop and the caputular clergy, the holding of assizes and sessions, do all undoubtedly help to raise any town above the level of an ordinary market-town like Evesham. They make the town a centre and a place of resort, they add to its wealth, and they confer a certain feeling of actual dignity which is at least as important as the presence or absence of historical incidents and beautiful abbeys.

It is a serious evil when large questions turn up incidentally on occasions when they cannot be thoroughly discussed. It is absolutely certain that the question will turn up again, and that it will turn up again all the more because of the way in which it has now been burked. The probability is that this hasty disfranchisement will decide the day in favour of further disfranchisement. It is, apparently at least, the easiest mode of doing the work. It looks like the simplest way of redressing the anomalies which the last piece of change has made still more glaring. But unless it is done more carefully than it has been done this time, the anomalies, instead of being removed, will undoubtedly be added to.

REVENUE OFFICERS AND THEIR VOTES.

THIS is the age of sentimental grievances. And the grievances are rather those of the sympathizers than of the wronged. Many a man passes through life as unconscious that he is aggrieved as M. Jourdain was that he talked prose, until some utter stranger awakens him to a sense of his wrongs. The Irish Papist is only a type of the sufferer whose ills stimulate the effusiveness of a wanton and reckless commiseration. But as no one can be pronounced happy till his death, so no one can be pronounced wretched until he has found speakers and pamphleteers to proclaim his miseries. Of all people in the world, it might have been supposed that the persons employed in the collection of Her Majesty's Revenues were the least exposed to suffering, and the least desirous of being pitied. Who can remember the period in modern history when a Commissioner of Customs was not a power in the State? Who does not know the mysterious divinity that gilds the glory of the provincial exciseman even in its humblest incarnations? Who has not witnessed the deference with which the position of a gauger is regarded, or the mixed awe and reverence which awaits the steps of the district tax-collector? To speak of the personages who inspire such feelings as men to be aided and pitied, is clearly an abuse of terms. What is the universal symbol of lowliness? Is it not payment of tribute? What is the universal sign of power? Is it not the receipt of tribute? And is not the consciousness of power evinced by the ambition of innumerable competitors to obtain it? What M.P. has not experienced the insatiable desire of his constituents to get their sons into the Customs and Excise? In vain have the avenues of the most humble class of appointments been barricaded with examinations of the most puzzling and heterogeneous character. In vain have decimals, vulgar fractions, rule-of-three, and Mrs. Markham's History been thrown in the aspirant's way. All these impediments have been defied by thousands and surmounted by hundreds. Nay, it is whispered that candidates for sixty pounds a year in the Long Room have in a moment of desperate energy implored to be examined in a Chorus of Sophocles, and Latin longs and shorts. The inference is clear. The object which so many ardent Britons seek to attain at the cost of so much begging and so much cramming cannot be supposed to be devoid of pleasure and profit; and if the profit is small, the dignity is great. It may not be thought at all a fine thing to have got a clerkship in a City Bank with eighty pounds a year. But it is considered a very fine thing to have got a clerkship in the Treasury with the same salary. And the same respect which the non-official world shows to its official compeers of one class is equally exhibited in another and a lower class. The man who wears the Government livery, especially that of a Revenue Department, is looked up to in England, though he is not looked up to as much as he would be in France. Altogether, we should view the entire class as entitled rather to the congratulations and the envy than to the pity and condolence of outsiders.

In fact, however, it does not so regard itself. It appears to have been long consumed by a secret sorrow, which has at length found vent in words. The grievance is that its members are not allowed to vote at Parliamentary elections. It was thought more than eighty years ago that the badge of Government service would be fatal to the independence of voters who belonged to the Revenue Department, and they were liberated from a responsibility at once irksome and invidious. Until very lately, this deprivation of the privilege of the suffrage seems to have been borne with perfect equanimity. Now, however, this exception seems to be resented as an injury rather than esteemed as an immunity. The advocacy which the victims of this supposed grievance have found in Parliament has failed to enlist the support of those whose experience best fits them to pronounce judgment on the claim. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli are equally

opposed to a relaxation which seems unnecessary, and which might prove to be hurtful. The objections of the Parliamentary leaders are confirmed by the objections of the heads of the Revenue departments. The Commissioners of Customs and of the Inland Revenue are equally hostile to an innovation which they believe would derange the machinery of their respective offices. But though their feelings are equally strong, the expression of them is not equally forcible. The Commissioners of Customs tell the world that they do not like the contemplated change, but they assign no other reason than that it would lead to political combinations within the department and imputations of political intrigue on the chiefs. The Commissioners of Inland Revenue speak more fully and explicitly. They address themselves to the question, What greater inconvenience is caused by giving a vote to the officers of the Excise than to those of the Treasury, the War Office and the Admiralty? Their answer is this. Officers in the Excise Department have to exercise an onerous supervision over distillers, brewers, maltsters, spirit-dealers, and tobaccoists throughout the whole of England; to be on the look-out for infractions of the Revenue laws; to lay information of frauds and contraventions; and, in some cases, to receive a share of the fine imposed on conviction. Necessarily there grows up a feeling of suspicion between men whose interests it is to cheat the revenue and men whose business it is to protect it. But, as things now stand, it is a suspicion devoid of personal rancour and animosity. An unscrupulous dealer or distiller thinks it a fine thing to outwit the exciseman, but at the same time recognises the duty of the exciseman to catch him if he can. Both act in a certain defined and, it may be termed, professional area. Each is working in his own special vocation, with avowed objects and unconcealed weapons. "But," argue the Commissioners, "change these conditions; let the Excise officer assume, in addition to his present duties, those of a politician, and see the results." If he becomes a voter, he becomes a partisan. If he is once a partisan, he employs all the means and agencies of faction, or he is believed to employ them. If he is on one committee, and the brewer, maltster, or spirit-dealer of the district is on a hostile committee, his future course of action towards the latter is supposed to be tainted with political virus. If he gauges his liquors, or ransacks his house, or puts the distillery under seizure, his severity is imputed, not to his conscientiousness as a public servant, but to his zeal as a political antagonist. Even now many cases occur which render the conduct of Excise officers, when dealing with impecunious or unscrupulous traders, liable to the suspicion of private pique. Sometimes the suspicion is so deeply rooted that it is found necessary to remove them from one district to another, and even then the reputation of their antecedents hampers the performance of their duties in their new sphere. If this is the case when the officers are forbidden to take any part in politics, how much more when they are electors, members of political clubs and political committees! How hard will it be to convince the Radical distiller that the Tory Excise officer, or the Tory brewer that the Radical exciseman, is not actuated by the most malignant passions of party! Neither will the imputations under which he labours be confined to acts of menace or revenge. Having the power to reward as well as to punish, he will be suspected of collusion when he is seen to pass with perfunctory notice the still or the brewery of a political adherent. On whatever side he votes and speaks, he will equally damage the credit of the department, and mar its efficiency. Every translation from district to district will become a subject of grave and painful thought; for to the present elements of suspicion will be added those which relate to the political sympathies of the officer and the state of parties in the district from and to which he is to be removed.

All these arguments are pressed by the Commissioners with urgency and force. We cannot say that they are not worthy of reflection. It may seem indeed a hard judgment to pronounce that a man cannot perform the duties of a Revenue-officer and of an ordinary voter without compromising himself in one capacity or the other. That men in the position of the Commissioners could exercise the right of suffrage without damage to their official character is probable enough. But even they express their satisfaction at being exempt from a privilege to which suspicion so generally attaches. What, then, would be the results to be apprehended from the universal diffusion of the suffrage among men of a different class who instinctively regard an election as something between a cock-fight and a horse-race, on which much strategy ought to be expended, and from which much money ought to be won? We all know the heat, passion, combativeness, and trickery which a certain class of electors habitually practise at Parliamentary elections already. Only imagine the stimulus which would be given to all these, if the influence of a powerful Executive Department were supposed to operate upon the issue of every contest. Imagine the jealousy, the accusations, the recriminations to which such a suspicion would give rise; the appeals to the Heads of the Department, and the angry denunciations on the floor of the House of Commons! To say that such a state of things is wholly unexampled would not be true. There is a patent and striking example, not on record, but in view. Every four years the people of the United States plunge into the whirlpool of the great Presidential contest. The result of this contest gives thousands of official prizes to the party of the conqueror. Places in the Excise, the Customs, the Post Office, and the police are transferred from Democrats to Republicans, or from Republicans to Democrats, according to the party of the victors. But, although

the contest takes place only once in four years, the preparations for it occupy the intervening three. All the official hangers-on of parties are playing their party game, from the head of the Customs at New York down to the humblest postman in an outlying district, every month of every year. It may be said that, after all, neither the issues of public policy nor the graces of public virtue are much affected by this interference. This may be. The practice is part of a general system, which is familiar to the whole body of the American people, and which only a few of their best and most enlightened citizens have sagacity or fastidiousness enough to condemn. But it is not our practice, and it is not part of our system; and whatever arguments may suffice to justify its toleration in a country where it has been long known certainly cannot suffice to justify its introduction into a country where it is unknown.

THE COMPULSORY CHURCH RATES' BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE House of Lords has certainly not been inclined to take an optimistic view of the Compulsory Church Rates Abolition Bill. Some of its members even went out of their way to proclaim their capitulation a surrender. Lord Russell on one side, and Lord Salisbury on the other, did all they could to make it appear that the effect of the Bill will be very little different from that of a Bill of total abolition. This is a rhetorical way of stating things, and, being rhetorical, is naturally only true in part. As a question of abstract principle, it would no doubt be difficult to distinguish between Mr. Gladstone's proposal and Mr. Hardcastle's. No matter by what name we choose to call it, a payment which there is no means of enforcing remains a voluntary payment. To deprive the Church of the power of enforcing a rate is virtually to deprive her of the power of making a rate. She may do something else instead of making a rate, but it will be something else, not the same thing. The special glory attaching to a Church-rate over every other method of raising money for religious purposes was that there was no option about paying. There might be difficulties in the way of levying the rate, and in this stage of the process the fact that in the eye of the law Dissenters count as Churchmen was apt to make itself felt very unpleasantly. But, this obstacle once surmounted, the tables were turned, and the bright side of the Establishment theory came uppermost. Now this possible compensation is withdrawn. The Dissenter may still take his place in the vestry, but he can no longer be made to pay the rate. He ranks as a Churchman all through the preliminary stages of the process, and then, just when the iron is about to enter into his soul, the new Bill steps in and takes him out of harm's way. The Church of England may still be an Establishment, but it is an Establishment with its teeth drawn.

Of course from the good old Church and State point of view this is a woful change. In ceasing to be a sentimental grievance to Dissenters, Church-rates naturally cease to have any sentimental charm for the clergy. If, however, we avert our eyes from the principle of the Bill, and fix them exclusively on its practical results, we shall see that there is one sensible difference between abolishing Church-rates altogether and abolishing the compulsory payment of them. In the former case there is a sacrifice of hard money, in the latter case there is not. If it had been Mr. Hardcastle's Bill that had become law, the customary form of payment would have been altogether disused. Voluntary liberality might have made up for the loss, but it could only have done so by the introduction of a new system. The force of habit would have been no longer on the side of payment; and it is difficult to over-estimate the difference which this would have made in many parishes. As it is, the rate will continue to be levied as a matter of course, and in a very short time the majority of the ratepayers will have forgotten, if indeed they ever know, that their obligation to pay it is less stringent than it was formerly. Indeed, Church-rates will probably now be collected in some parishes where they have lately been unknown. There are a good many Dissenters who have no abstract objection to the principle of a religious Establishment. They are ready to recognise a sort of secondary claim on the part of the parish church. Their first duty is to their own chapel, but when this is discharged they have different feelings towards the parish church from what they have to a chapel belonging to another denomination. Men of this type are extremely likely, now that the point of honour is got out of the way, to pay Church-rates readily. They might not be equally inclined to give a purely voluntary contribution for the same purpose, but the quasi-legal character which must still attach to a payment which is called a rate will act as a sort of salve to their denominational conscience. Thus, after all, the Bill is in a very real sense a compromise. No doubt, in the sense in which Lord Cairns used the term, it is nothing of the kind. It does not give back anything to the Church in return for the power that is taken away. But an arrangement by which less is accepted than was at first asked may equally be called a compromise. In the latter case, as in the former, there is valuable consideration exchanged. On the one side something is retained which has been threatened; on the other, something is not insisted upon in order to get the rest at once. The Church keeps her existing machinery, though she gives up the right of forcibly working it. The Dissenters are relieved from the obligation of paying the rates, and in return for this they consent to the Church keeping a machinery the possession of which confers both a

formal superiority and a solid advantage. In measuring the value of a compromise, the fairest way is to consider who would have suffered most if it had been rejected. In the present instance, the loss would have been all on the side of the Church, since the Dissenters, by persisting for a very few years more, would, beyond a doubt, have succeeded in obtaining the abolition of Church-rates altogether.

By a curious inversion of what might seem the natural function of the House of Lords, the Bill has been deprived, during its passage through the Select Committee, of all the safeguards with which those who acted for the Church in the House of Commons had succeeded in surrounding it. As it came up to the Lords, there was a provision that if a churchwarden does not pay his rate a treasurer may be appointed to administer the money raised. This clause was struck out by the Committee, and the consequence is that a Dissenter may have the management of a fund to which he has not contributed, and to raising which he has been bitterly opposed. By another clause, which has also been struck out, it was provided that, when once a rate has been granted, only those who have paid it this year shall have a voice in levying or refusing it next year. The House of Lords has restored to the Dissenter the power of coming in to oppose a rate as many years running as he likes; so that in the event of an increase in the Dissenting population of the parish, or of a quarrel between them and the Rector, those who have easily levied a rate from the first may be incapacitated from doing so for the future by a sudden inroad of men who have had nothing to do with the church or its affairs for any number of years past. Lastly, there was a provision empowering the churchwardens to recover by legal process any sums of which payment had been promised. This clause has also disappeared, and a prudent churchwarden will now not spend any portion of a Church-rate that has not been actually paid into his hands. It is to Lord Cairns's intervention, it seems, that these omissions are attributable. The Conservative Lord Chancellor has done his best to make the Bill palatable to Dissenters. He has been more watchful over their interests, more tender towards their feelings, than their own advocates in the House of Commons. It is a new thing to hear Nonconformist newspapers thanking God for a House of Lords, but, as far as Church-rates are concerned, this is exactly the attitude they have assumed during the past week. Mr. Disraeli is evidently making friends, through his Chancellor, of the Mammon of Unrighteousness, that when the Ritualists fail, he may be made welcome in Dissenting parlours.

Lord Cairns's defence of the changes for which he is responsible was extremely inconclusive. His objections to the exclusion of those who have not paid this year's rate from any voice in levying the next were, first, that it would be a direct invitation to Dissenters to oppose the making of the original rate; and next, that under such a condition the rate would be voted by a continually diminishing constituency. Both these points were successfully disposed of by the Bishop of Oxford. The exclusion which Lord Cairns is so afraid of perpetuating can at any moment be terminated by the parishioner's own act. He is disqualified from voting about the next rate so long, but so long only, as he is a defaulter with respect to a previous rate. Whenever he wishes to regain his voice in the vestry he has nothing to do but to pay a sum equivalent to the amount of the rate thus levied. There are no reasons, therefore, why the constituency should continually diminish, except such as will be equally operative when the provision is omitted. If the number of persons willing to pay Church-rates grows constantly less, nothing can prevent the process of levying them from becoming ridiculous, however large may be the number of those who are authorized to take part in it. Lord Cairns's second objection is founded on a misconception of the present disposition of Dissenters in the matter. No doubt if they were bitterly hostile to the new scheme they would do all in their power to defeat it once for all. But here we have a scheme with which they have declared themselves satisfied. In the words of the Bishop of Oxford, who is certainly not a too favourable witness where Dissenters are concerned, "the clause was thoroughly considered by the Dissenting members of the House of Commons, who in this matter seem to have kept faith in the most praiseworthy manner with those who had the management of the Bill, and they agreed that it was a clause to which Dissenters had not any right to object." This is certainly not the temper which is likely to send men into a vestry eager to do all they can to make the Bill a nullity. Lord Cairns's unwillingness to allow the ratepayers to elect a treasurer for themselves where the churchwarden declines to bear his share of the burden, has no better foundation. He argues that it is essential to the success of the Bill that the old machinery should be left absolutely untouched. Up to a certain point we agree with him, but some provision ought still to be made for exceptional cases. Nothing is more likely to make ratepayers indisposed to contribute again than the knowledge that the funds raised by them will be administered by a man who is opposed to all the objects upon which they are to be spent, and therefore is wholly uninterested in laying out the money to advantage. Who would subscribe to a painted window which was to be put up under the superintendence of Mr. Rochfort Clark? If there is no security that those who expend the rate will have the confidence of those who pay it, the latter will certainly prefer putting their money beyond the churchwarden's reach by turning it into a voluntary gift. In this way all the advantages of the Bill will be lost, and the tradition of a rate will die out. That the missing

clauses should be replaced in the House of Commons is not to be expected. Men are not likely to insist upon making concessions which have been declined by those to whom they were offered. But the Bishop of Oxford, backed as he was by Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury, ought to have had weight enough with the Lords to induce them to restore the Bill to its original shape. That he failed to do so is probably owing to the legal objections of the Lord Chancellor being backed by the ecclesiastical authority of the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London. We venture to think, however, that the reasoning of these prelates is subversive of the main principle by which the framers of the Bill were guided. Former compromises had proposed to exempt men from payment, and by consequence to exclude them from management, provided they declared themselves Dissenters. When this plan was rejected on the ground that people disliked being "ticketed," it was proposed to exempt from payment, and to exclude from management, all who wished to be so relieved. Now the Archbishop of York strikes out the exclusion altogether, and retains the exemption. When the Prayer Book is revised, a clause ought certainly to be inserted in the Litany on behalf of the Church—From my professed friends, Good Lord, deliver me!

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.

x.

MR. POOLE has never painted a more thoroughly successful work than this of the present year, "Custance sent Adrift by the Constable of Alla, King of Northumberland." The subject is from "The Man of Law's Tale," in Chaucer, and the following quotation is given in the Catalogue:—

But in the same schip as he hire found
Hire and hire yonge sone, and all hire gere
He shulde put, and croude hire fro the lond,
And charge hire, that sche never eft come there.
Hir litel child lay wepyng in hire arm,
And in hire arme sche lulleth it ful faste.
And unto heven hire eyghen up sche caste.

Custance is in the boat in the immediate foreground of the picture, and behind her, already at some distance, is the rugged coast of Northumberland. Without any desire to depreciate either the conception or the painting of the figure, which is as good as need be and perfectly keeps its place, we may say truly that the success of the picture is due mainly to the poetry of the whole scene, and that its power over the spectator comes from the artist's complete mastery of the landscape effect. Suppose a detached study of the figure of Custance, we should find no fault with it, but it would not impress us greatly. When this figure, however, is set in a boat drifting away from an inhospitable shore over an ever-widening breadth of unquiet sea, shining and tumbling in the moonlight, it gains a deeper meaning and we are all vividly impressed. Who that has seen the picture has forgotten it? This power of fixing themselves in the memory characterizes all intensely poetical works, and we have no doubt that Mr. Poole's "Custance" will be remembered for years to come. We have never seen moonlight on the sea so splendidly and powerfully painted, or so truly both as to the movement of water and the hues of light. Most pictures of moonlight look cold and metallic on the walls of an Exhibition, but this one seems like a window opening directly on the sea. We must add, however, that though the picture itself is in no little danger of being forgotten, the general public will never be able to remember the name of it, which is too uncommon to be easily recalled. The connexion of the work with a quotation from Chaucer is also rather a misfortune for it, because the general public never reads Chaucer. Everybody we meet remembers the picture well; but nobody remembers either the name or the quotation.

Mr. Poole's other picture, "A Border Raid," is of far inferior artistic interest. Mediæval warriors are returning to a castle after a raid, and they bear a fallen comrade on a stretcher. In this instance Mr. Poole's materials are too evidently *made-up*, whereas the "Custance" gives no such impression. The "Border Raid" could affect only the most inexperienced spectators—spectators who are wholly unacquainted with the habits of artists, and the secrets of picture-making.

Mr. Calderon exhibits a diploma picture, with one word for a title, "Whither." A mediæval gentleman, in whom some visitors will recognise an excellent portrait, is leading a young lady across a narrow wooden bridge. The gentleman wears a red mantle, and has a sword in his hand. The bridge has a mysterious and forbidding aspect, for there is a door upon it with projecting framework and many iron spikes, to prevent people from getting round the door. The suggestion is that either he intends to frighten his young wife horribly, or to slay her in some private place he is leading her to. Although diploma pictures are rarely works of importance, this one is technically equal to the best things of the master. It is full of clever painting, and what is still more valuable, of clever arrangement of material. When costumes and accessories are very skilfully done it not uncommonly happens that the human faces, being far more difficult, are relatively much weaker and so produce the effect of failure, but it is not so here; the portrait of the gentleman is a capital face, and the more trying one of the lady is also a success. The reader may have observed how skilfully the dark wood is introduced. Mr. Calderon is not a master of landscape; we remember some striking failures in his backgrounds, and this year there is a bad background to his "Enone," but the figure

of Enone herself is fine, especially for the large arrangement of the flowing lines of the drapery. This figure is quite outside of Mr. Calderon's usual range of subject, and belongs strictly to the most recent school of classic art—a school in many respects more promising than the classical schools which preceded it, being founded, we think, upon ideas more closely in sympathy with the antique mind. Mr. Calderon has another picture, "The Young Lord Hamlet," which for vivacity at least is equal to anything of his that we remember. The scene is a pleasant terrace on the sea-shore, where ladies are sitting in brilliant dresses, and on the open lawn Yorick is on all-fours with young Hamlet on his back, beating him vigorously with his own bauble, whilst a little dog accompanies them noisily. There are several points of movement and expression in this picture which prove the capacity to seize and retain very transient cadences of line. For instance, there is a laughing lady who holds a baby, and her face, for which of course no model can have posed, is a complete success; so is the face of Yorick, with its good-humoured expression of submission to the child's tyranny; and the attitude of the little dog is capital. The colour is brilliant, but in some passages it is crude, and there is some weakness in the painting of the shrubs.

The reader may remember that Mr. Calderon made an experiment in body-colour painting three years ago, and exhibited it at the Dudley Gallery, where it was a decided success. This year he sends a work of the same class to the Academy, having the title "With Slumber and soft Dreams of Love oppressed." The title does not seem very appropriate, as the young lady is perfectly wide awake. It is simply a study of a girl, in an easy attitude, with drapery and leaves and flowers, all very nicely arranged and charmingly coloured. The manipulation is as nearly as possible the same as for oil-painting, requiring only greater rapidity and decision.

Mr. Leighton exhibits five pictures this year, which show neither advance nor decline, and reveal to us no new phase of the artist's mind. He is now thoroughly accomplished in the kind of art he has chosen, and will probably never paint better. He may remain for many years as nearly as possible on this level, and then undergo the usual fate of humanity by declining like his famous predecessors. The only chance of improvement for an artist in Mr. Leighton's position is some new intellectual development outside of art, yet influencing and acting upon art; and even then it is probable that the effect would not be so much improvement, as prevention or procrastination of decline. No contemporary English painter has enjoyed better opportunities or made better use of them; he was, to begin with, a thoroughly educated artist and gentleman, and since entering upon the regular practice of his profession he has never lost sight of some high artistic aim. Mr. Leighton has not been overwhelmed, as too many contemporary artists are, by the great flood of *bourgeois* ideas which is constantly invading the world of art, supported by the tremendous power of the purse. He has kept himself safe from this hitherto, and paints always as artist and poet, never as a furnisher of successful tradesmen's drawing-rooms. Of his present contributions it is unnecessary to say much specially. We have an "Actæa" to begin with—a nymph reclining on the seashore with the usual Leighton face, fair, delicate, and with a certain disdainfulness on lip and brow, and the usual Leighton figure, healthy and clear-skinned, but with a beauty belonging rather to our Northern race than to any Greek ideal. The background is very soberly and well managed; there is a rather dull and opaque surface of sea, becoming dark blue on the horizon, with hills of distant islands rising beyond it. Close to the shore are dolphins, playing, and in the sky a cumulus and a rain-cloud. Another figure by the sea, in another picture by the same artist, is "Ariadne abandoned by Theseus," and released by death. She is reclining on the rocks above the sea, whose dark expanse of deep blue rises high in the picture, whilst the dull reddish sky and distant shore occupy a mere strip of the canvass. Mr. Leighton's "Acme and Septimius," with the quotation from Martin's Catullus—

Then bending gently back her head
With that sweet mouth, so rosy red,
Upon his eyes she dropped a kiss
Intoxicating him with bliss—

is curious and interesting for the poetical earnestness with which the artist has treated the subject. Kissing scenes are always rather dangerous ground, because the vulgar public and the vulgar artist can never think of kissing without ridiculous associations, and the illustrations of the subject which occur to their minds are rather connected with such incidents as that well-known one in the career of Verdant Green when "Oxford College had made quite a man of him," than with the blissful and earnest kissing of such enamoured lovers as Acme and Septimius. The pair are seated on a marble seat, with their backs to a dark tree, against which their heads are relieved; there are roses and a lemon-tree, and in the distance that necessary completion of every lovely scene, a blue hill.

Mr. Prinsep's "Greek Widow at a Tomb" is an affecting picture. A woman in white drapery is pouring oil into a lamp, on the tomb of her husband, in a gloomy place amongst the cypresses, in the late evening. People who do not at once enter into the feeling of the picture will see some awkwardness in the position of the arms, which is certainly not quite convenient; but this apparent awkwardness, like the same characteristic in many other pictures where strong feeling predominates, is either an essential part of the expression of the feeling, or may at least be overcome by it. In real life people often forget to be graceful when under

the influence of bitter emotion, and so this very forgetfulness comes to be a part of the expression of emotion.

One of the most perfectly successful pictures in the present Exhibition is Mr. Mason's "Evening Hymn." Five or six girls are coming home from school in the evening, and singing. There is a yellow sky, after sunset, with red near the horizon; the landscape is rather extensive, and includes the church and a distant river, seen between near trees. Two young shepherds and a dog are stopping to see the girls pass. These girls are dressed in the simplest prints, and one cannot say that the shepherds are anything but ordinary English shepherds, yet so great is the art with which the attitudes are chosen and the group arranged, that the picture awes us by a very strong impression of grandeur and nobleness. As mere painting, too, the work is thoroughly admirable. There is no better work of that class in the whole Academy; it is wonderful how grand the commonest dresses, such as these of the poor girls here, may become under the hand of a true artist, when treated with this fine taste and subtle and delicate indication. This picture of Mr. Mason's, Mr. Poole's "Custance," and Mr. Pettie's "Pax Vobiscum" are in our opinion the three most perfectly successful pictures in the present Exhibition, each in its own way. Mr. Mason was as nearly as possible elected to the Associateship very lately, and we should think that when the next election takes place the Academy may admit him without hesitation.

RECITALS.

WE believe that Franz Liszt, now Abbé Liszt, chief apostle of the "Art-work of the Future," inventor of Richard Wagner, household pianist to His Holiness Pío IX., composer of oratorios, cantatas, "idealistic symphonies," &c.—the man who, through his social influence as a "virtuoso," which all over Germany is enormous, though, happily, elsewhere impotent, has done more harm to music than any of his contemporaries or predecessors—was the first to dignify a particular kind of musical entertainment with the pompous nick-name of "Recital." As Liszt, however, played everything, his own music included, from memory, the title was, after all, not so inappropriate; but it has now come into general use, and whether the "virtuoso" exhibits with or without book, it is all one—his performances, as a matter of course, are "Recitals." We have had "Recitals" year after year, in London, from every sort of player, big, middling, and diminutive, from pianists of the first class, from pianists of the second and third classes, and from comparatively obscure teachers, who ask their friends and pupils a guinea, or half a guinea as may be expedient, for performances which ordinary musical amateurs would not pay a shilling to hear, or which, in fact, if the case were put to them, they would rather give a shilling not to hear. During the winter, spring, and summer, our "Recitals" have been legion. Madlle. Madeleine Schiller, a young and very promising artist, has recited no less than six times. Mrs. Joan Macfarren has recited, and her "Recitals" have derived no small share of interest from the annotations appended to each piece by her relative, Mr. G. A. Macfarren. Mr. Walter Cecil Macfarren, who recites annually for the edification of his immediate circle, the Misses Kingdon, Misses Gordon and Roberts (Kate), Miss Clinton Fynes, and other aspiring young ladies, have recited. Mr. Sidney Smith, composer of popular pieces for the drawing-room, has recited some of his own compositions, together with, "*par une bonté toute particulière*," an occasional sprinkling of the "classical." Herr Schloesser, an enthusiastic Schumannite, has disposed of his idol, *quoad* the pianoforte-side of his productivity, in four "Recitals." Signor Tito Mattei has equally recited, and among other things a pianoforte-concerto by Signor Li Calsi, the orchestral accompaniments represented by a second pianoforte. Mr. Horton C. Alison has recited. Herr Coenen—who though he can play well enough with two hands, like any ordinary mortal, occasionally (like M. Wehli) employs the left hand alone—has recited; and Mr. Ap Thomas has recited on the harp some dozen times without stint. These, and many more, have recited, according as the spirit moved and the hands obeyed, several of them playing what are conventionally denominated "transcriptions"—in other language, arrangements or derangements of compositions never intended for the pianoforte, still less in the grotesque shape they are made to assume. If the rage continues, we may look to Herr Immanuel Liebich for a "recital" of his Musical Box, where, unless the "Pianautomaton," or "Electric automaton piano-player," of M. Trastow, be brought into play, we must surely stop; for lower than the "Musical Box" it would be impossible to descend in "Recitals" proceeding from animated fingers.

But from among all the serried company of pianists, &c. who have recited during the current season, we are only able to pick out three whose performances, having a direct purpose, possessed a claim to public recognition. The exceptional three are Mr. Charles Hallé, Madame Arabella Goddard, and M. Antoine Rubinstein. The "Recitals" given by these professors had specific objects in view. Mr. Hallé wished to make the musical world familiar with all the pianoforte compositions of Schubert that have found their way into print; Madame Goddard was desirous of introducing the whole of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, together with his "Posthumous" Preludes, Studies, and Sonatas; while M. Rubinstein especially aimed at exhibiting himself. As these renowned artists have little or nothing in common, we shall consider them separately.

To begin with the eldest of the three—Mr. Hallé, who was more or less of a great man when Antoine Rubinstein and Arabella Goddard, the former by some years older than the latter, were what the Germans call "wonder-children," children able to do with ease that which nineteen adults out of twenty, after long years of laborious application, are unable to accomplish even indifferently. Mr. Hallé from the first was addicted to what is termed "classical," but which, age having nothing to do with it, might just as well be simply denominated good, music. In Paris, before the revolution of 1848, he was famous at the Conservatoire and elsewhere for his performances of Beethoven's concertos; and when, in that year, after one or two short visits, he settled in England, what had previously been his chief thenceforth became his undivided pursuit. Mr. Hallé never shone brilliantly as a player of fantasias, and the choice which has influenced his long and honourable career evinced hardly less discretion than good taste. Though for many years habitually living at Manchester, where he has done more for music than any professor of ability who ever took up his residence in a country town, he is one of the most frequent and one of the most welcome apparitions at the Monday Popular Concerts, and in the summer season makes the metropolis his home. During his visits to London it has for a good many years been Mr. Hallé's custom to give afternoon performances on Fridays at St. James's Hall, under the name of "Pianoforte Recitals." In the beginning these Recitals were exclusively devoted to Beethoven, the whole of whose solo pianoforte sonatas, on three different occasions, he has played in chronological order. At other times, while making Beethoven the leading attraction of his programmes, he has introduced the works of other composers and proved himself as intimately conversant with J. S. Bach, Handel, Mozart, Clementi, Dussek, Weber, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Stephen Heller, &c., while showing an indifference to P. Emmanuel Bach, Woelfli, Steibelt, Pinto, Hummel, F. Hiller and Sterndale Bennett, which is inexplicable in so accomplished a musical bibliophilist. Not a single series, however, has been otherwise than instructive; and perhaps the one just expired may compare in sterling interest with any of its precursors. The eight programmes comprised—from the works of Schubert—the ten published sonatas; the so-called "*Fantaisie-Sonate*" (in G); the *funf Clavierstücke*—which, though independent pieces, are (four among them at least) generally believed to have been intended as integral parts of another sonata; the great Fantasia in C—in which the theme of "The Wanderer" is used as basis for some ingenious variations, and to which the adventurous Liszt added orchestral accompaniments (as though Schubert could not, had he pleased, have done that for himself); the two sets of "Impromptus"; the "*Moments Musicaux*," the *Adagio et Rondo* in E, and certain dance pieces, which, probably, no one would have been more surprised than Schubert to find set down for performance in a series of "Recitals" like Mr. Hallé's. Most interesting among these works (which, nevertheless, it must not be supposed include anything like the whole of Schubert's compositions for pianoforte alone†) were the sonatas, some, though not nearly all, of which had been already played in public by Mr. Hallé and Madame Goddard; and not the least welcome were the sonatas in E flat, B major, and C minor, wholly unknown to the large majority of the audience, and as characteristic examples of Schubert as anything that came from his untiring pen. While putting Beethoven in the same programmes, Mr. Hallé evinced sound judgment in confining himself to the minor pianoforte compositions of that unequalled master; for beautiful and ingenious as several of them are, and original as they all are, the sonatas of Schubert would not have enjoyed a fair chance of appreciation in juxtaposition with those of his great contemporary, by the side of whom, it has been aptly said, Schubert was as a woman to a man. The miscellaneous pianoforte works of Beethoven, however, offer a rich mine of wealth, and fairly stood their ground alone against the sonatas and the other pieces of Schubert combined; for, charming as are the "Impromptus" &c. of the lesser master, none of them can compare with the variations in C minor and the variations on a waltz by Diabelli, with the composition of which and others of the same stamp the giant solaced his leisure hours. But the leisure of Beethoven was often more productive than the serious labour of other men; and these two sets of variations, to speak of nothing besides, have scarcely their parallel in music. Mr. Hallé's playing need not be described again. It is masterly, in its way, as amateurs well know; and above all, it is distinguished by a mechanical finish that any pianist might envy. It is, moreover, the playing of a thorough musician, and an artist to the core.

Madame Arabella Goddard's Recitals, though only three in number, were quite as interesting as those of Mr. Hallé. Often as some of the most popular of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte* have been heard in our concert-rooms, probably not more than a fourth of them had been publicly played till now. Madame Goddard's scheme included the whole of the eight books, each containing six songs. To these she added the *Barcarole* in A, which originally appeared in an Album published by the late Maurice Schlesinger, and which is as beautiful as any of them, besides the three Preludes, three Studies, and two Sonatas only very recently given to the world. A descrip-

* Just as Robert Schumann suggested might be the case with a set of "four Impromptus."

† A glance at the comprehensive Catalogue of Dr. Theodore Kreisler von Hellborn is enough to show the contrary.

tion of the 48, or 49, published *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn would exceed our limits; nor, happily, is it necessary; they are all more or less familiar to amateurs who prefer good music to bad. To hear them, however, from beginning to end, disposed in groups of four, not according to the order in which they are printed, but with a view to contrast of style and relationship of keys—played, too, with the perfection of refinement which Madame Goddard brings to them, one and all, to the most difficult as well as to the easiest (and the *Lieder* traverse the entire ladder of difficulties)—was unexampled. The experiment might have been considered doubtful by those who have no implicit faith in the plastic genius of Mendelssohn; but it was crowned with success, and will doubtless be repeated. The new Preludes and Studies, fresh proofs of the versatility of their composer, admirable as music, and of the highest utility as mechanical exercises, materially enriched the first and second programmes. The entire six were heard with marked satisfaction; but two of the Studies more particularly (in F major and A minor), examples of those animated and ingeniously elaborated quick movements in the production of which Mendelssohn displayed such endless variety, were singled out from the rest for special approval, and, executed with the dazzling fluency peculiar to Madame Goddard, were unanimously called for again. Of the greater sonata, in B flat, we spoke on the occasion of its first performance at the Monday Popular Concerts, in the early spring. The work gains by familiarity, the second movement, in B flat minor, especially—one of the most individual and charming of the Mendelssohnian family of *Scherzi*. The smaller sonata, in G minor—written at the age of twelve—is little short of a miracle. The lovers of Mendelssohn's music are deeply indebted to Madame Goddard for so unexpected and ample a supply of it in the height of the "fashionable" season.

M. Rubinstein's three Recitals were, in their kind, unique. The programmes embraced all sorts and degrees of music, from J. S. Bach and Handel to Mozart, from Mozart to Beethoven, from Beethoven to Mendelssohn, and from Mendelssohn to Herr Rubinstein himself, who, among other specimens of his creative power, edified his hearers with a prelude and fugue unlike any other prelude and fugue with which the art is endowed. Shade of John Sebastian Bach! what a fugue! If, as the Augustan poet maintains—

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult—

surely the converse holds as well. A fugue is a grave matter, and, like Thyestes' banquet, disdains to be treated otherwise than gravely; but the fugue of M. Rubinstein is a comic travesty, very hard to play (a feat, indeed, which possibly no other than M. Rubinstein would have the temerity to risk), but still harder to listen to. The other pieces in the *suite* to which this singular fugue belongs are more musical, because less pretentious. It is when venturing on such ground that the "virtuoso" proper is frequently bewildered, aiming at that for which he has no vocation, and aiming at it in the vain-glorious spirit which, while affecting to despise whatever does not directly appertain to "virtuosity," is none the less anxious to show that to "virtuosity" nothing can come amiss. M. Rubinstein's fugue is much the same species of concoction as, in another sphere, an orchestral symphony of his master and prototype, Abbé Liszt. Nor is the prelude much better. At the same time the delivery of each by the composer was a marvel of facile execution. M. Rubinstein is undeniably a prodigious executant, and if he could by any magic acquire the art of keeping himself within reasonable bounds, he would be one of the most astonishing performers of the day. As it is, the result of his too manifest exertions is terribly unsatisfactory. It is by sheer accident that he plays a piece uniformly well; and this but rarely happens. It happened occasionally in the course of his three Recitals, and afforded such unalloyed gratification that the rarity of the occurrence was all the more disheartening. Among the pieces which M. Rubinstein played thus well were two *nocturnes*—graceful, quiet, unobtrusive trifles—by John Field; Mozart's lovely rondo in A minor; a gigue by Handel; and some of his own less ambitious compositions. These were, one and all, given to perfection—faultless alike in tone, gradation, mechanism and style. But the remainder were vexatiously unequal—here and there very good, here and there indifferent, here and there outrageously bad. M. Rubinstein's own "study" in C major, for instance, was neither more nor less than a joke upon the audience—not alone the "study" itself, but the cool effrontery with which it was delivered. Then the liberties taken with two out of three of the sonatas of Beethoven—the great sonata in C minor (the 31st and last) and the E major, Op. 109—were intolerable to those who care to think how much more there is in a single phrase of Beethoven than in all the perpetrations of all the "virtuosi" that ever existed. The other sonata (the D minor, Op. 31) was far preferable, because treated with becoming reverence, though, on the whole, certainly not played as the composer himself would like to have heard it. In one or two of Chopin's pieces M. Rubinstein showed both great power and great expression; but in the B minor *scherso* he again ran wild. This unhappy *scherso* reminded us of Mazeppa, and Herr Rubinstein of the wild horse to whose back Mazeppa was strapped, without a chance of escape. In Mendelssohn's fairy-like *Præsto Scherzando*, too, we had again the wild horse and Mazeppa. On the other hand, some of the seventeen *Variations Sérieuses* of the same composer were very finely played, while the rest were literally caricatured. The dreary *Études Symphoniques*, and the cumbersome *Scènes*

Mignonnes, or *Carnival*—a proof, if proof were required, that Schumann was wholly destitute of humour—are more after M. Rubinstein's own heart, and for the greater part were admirably given. But enough has been said, without referring to the "transcriptions" of the overture to *Egmont*, the "Wedding March" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the quick march from the *Runs of Athens*, with each of which, for no apparent reason, M. Rubinstein's admirers were in extasies, to support our opinion that the impetuous Wallachian pianist, if in some respects one of the most wonderful, is in others one of the most irregular and unsatisfying of executants. That he is richly endowed is unquestionable; but in taking Abbé Liszt instead of M. Thalberg for model, he has overshot his mark. M. Thalberg is one of those who do nothing without careful premeditation; Abbé Liszt is a man of exactly the opposite stamp; and M. Rubinstein, who is far from equalling either of them, would have shown more wisdom in adopting the soberer precedent—*qui nil molitur ineptè*.

REVIEWS.

MILTON'S PROSE WORKS.*

MILTON'S Prose Works are just at present enjoying the honours of one of those revivals which from time to time contribute to the fortunes of standard authors. One of the most ardent reformers of the day has declared that it is the intention of his party to revive the policy of Milton and Cromwell. Another well-known writer appeals to Milton's gifts as a proof of the superiority of the modes of education pursued in the seventeenth century to those of our own age; and a third popular author lectures upon him at length. It certainly is not surprising that ardent and enthusiastic writers in our own age should sympathize with the most eager enthusiast produced by the most exciting period of our history, especially when we consider that Milton's whole mind was perhaps more powerfully possessed than that of any other writer before or since his time by what, to use the language of our own day, we may call enthusiasm for progress and civilization. Moreover, he exhibited this passion in a shape far more exalted and poetical than that with which we are familiar in these days. For the last three generations a poetical element has been mixed up with conservatism. The temper displayed by Burke and Walter Scott, to take two glaring illustrations, has found or imagined a strong contrast between the picturesqueness and romance of the ages of war and conquest, and the sordid, mechanical, ignoble temper which presides over an age of commerce and manufactures. In Milton's day there were not even those pretences for such a contrast which are supposed to exist, and which to a certain extent do exist, at present. The reforming side of the question had as much to attract men of exceptional cultivation and refinement as the conservative side, if not more. Hobbes, the shrewdest of men, describes the study of the classics at the Universities by large numbers of the gentry as one of the principal causes which produced the civil war; and, unless a man was of a very ecclesiastical, and even prelatical, turn of mind, literary cultivation was more likely to make him sympathize with Eliot and Hampden and Falkland and Clarendon (in his early phase) than with any other party in the State. In an age when people wrote so much less than they do now, and when so very much smaller a proportion of what they did write had reference to their general views and opinions, the occasional utterances upon such subjects which did proceed from men of eminence had a peculiar importance and significance; and it is principally on this account that Milton's occasional bursts of eloquent patriotic anticipation are so memorable, and find such emphatic echoes in the minds of men of an analogous way of thinking in our own days.

These considerations explain the way in which we in these days so often see Milton described. The famous passages in the *Areopagitica*, certain parts of the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and well-known passages in the tract on *Reformation in England*, do, no doubt, prove that Milton had raised in his own mind a splendid vision as to what the world in general, and England in particular, might and ought to be; and as to the unspeakable glory and magnificence which were to overpread the earth when the great enemy Popery, in all its shapes, was broken down, and when the reign of liberty and true Christianity, as he understood them, had begun. It is almost superfluous to enter on matter so generally known as this. We shall perhaps contribute more towards a general acquaintance with the less known side of the fame of one of the very greatest of English writers if we give some general account of his works—the more obscure as well as those which are in the hands of every one who cares for the best-known monuments of English literature. They fall into five main divisions. The first consists of the first and second *Defence of the People of England* in answer to Salmasius, *Eikonoklastes*, and the *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, the *Areopagitica*, and the tracts on a *Free Commonwealth* and on *Reformation in England*, to which may be added the tract on *Education*. The second consists of the *Reason of Church Government urged against Prelates*. The *Apology for Smectynnuus*, the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, and the other works on the same subject, form the third. The long work on *Christian Doctrine* is the fourth; the *History of*

* The Prose Works of John Milton. 5 vols. Bohn's Edition.

Britain, and a variety of minor tracts, the fifth. We will try to notice a few points in connexion with each.

The *Defence of the People of England* against Salmasius is, it must be confessed, a weariness to the flesh at the present day, whatever it may have been two hundred years ago. It is abusive to an extreme degree; abounding in such amenities of controversy as, "You brute beast, for you deserve not the name of a man" (i. 32), "Most people think you a knave, yet I will make it appear that you have only put on a knave's vizor for the present" (37), "What a piece of folly and impudence is this in you" (39). Moreover, it proceeds upon the supposition that the reader has before him the book of Salmasius, and compares the two, sentence by sentence, as he goes on. It is besides, like all Milton's controversial writings, filled to an immense extent with elaborate discussions about particular texts of the Bible, and authorities quoted from ancient writers. In a word, it is seventeenth-century controversy, and is not sufficiently deliberate, nor does it turn upon sufficiently broad questions, to be otherwise than intolerably tedious at the present day. There are, however, many passages which are both worthy of Milton's genius and eminently characteristic of his temper. For instance, Salmasius had quoted, in a sufficiently priggish manner no doubt, the words of the Fifty-first Psalm, "Against thee only have I sinned" to show that David regarded himself as accountable only to God. Upon this Milton remarks, "As if David, in the midst of his repentance, when, overwhelmed with sorrow and almost drowned in tears, he was humbly imploring God's mercy, had any thoughts of this kingly right of his, when his heart was so low that he thought he deserved not the right of a slave"; and further on, after speculating on David's meaning, he adds, "Whatever he means, the words of a psalm are too full of poetry, and this psalm too full of passion, to afford us any exact definitions of right and justice, nor is it proper to argue anything of that nature from them." Salmasius had referred to the primitive Christians as preachers, both by practice and precept, of the doctrine of passive obedience. Milton deals with this with the greatest indignation. "I will make it appear, in the first place, that for the most part they could not" (take up arms against the Emperors). "In the second place, whenever they could, they did; and, thirdly, that whether they did or did not, they were such a sort of people that their example deserves but to have little sway with us." He then proceeds to prove his three points with a great deal of one-sided vigour, and also with a good deal of truth, though with some sophistry. He produces no instance in which any early Christian writer vindicates the right of resistance; indeed, whatever may be the value of the argument, Salmasius was probably right as to the fact; but Milton was a controversialist who would not allow that his enemy could be right upon any point whatever, either of fact or of principle. Perhaps the most characteristic passage in the book is Milton's dissertation upon the law of England in regard to the punishment of kings, which begins with the observation, addressed to Salmasius, "What the devil is it to you that the English do amongst themselves?" (158). He goes through a variety of points raised by Salmasius about classical kings, English kings, and the coronation oath, in the midst of which he refreshes himself by observing that nothing can make Salmasius other than what he is—"a most loathsome beast" (167). At last he alleges a series of precedents, beginning with the case of Vortigern, who was condemned for an incestuous marriage by St. German, and Moreantius, who was exiled for Oudeheus, the Bishop of Llandaff, in the year 600, and so coming down to Bracton, Fleta, and the *Mirror*. He does not, by the way, observe that Fleta simply copied Bracton. Hence he passes to other authorities, with which he deals neither like a lawyer nor like a philosopher, but with that odd mixture of positive law and general theory which was characteristic of the age. Upon the whole, the first part of the *Defence of the People of England* appears to us a tiresome and furious performance.

The second part—in which, amongst other names, Salmasius is called "a grammatical louse" (232)—is famous, amongst other things, for Milton's account of himself which was called forth by Salmasius's brutal taunts on his blindness. The passage is at once too long and too well known to quote, though our readers may thank us for reprinting a line or two:—

Indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity, who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas for him who insults me, who maligns, and merits public execration. For the divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack, not indeed so much from the privation of my sight as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings which seem to have occasioned this obscurity; and which when occasioned he is wont to illuminate with an interior light more precious and more pure (239).

The description of his personal appearance (235), and of his birth, education, travels, and literary works (254–60), are perhaps better known than any other part of his prose works, except the famous bits of the *Areopagitica*. His characters of Bradshaw (266) and Cromwell (286) are perhaps less well known, but no one who is not acquainted with them can understand the enthusiasm and eager passion with which the Republican cause inspired some of the noblest and greatest men that England ever produced. Salmasius nearly disappears from the scene, and the book concludes with a very vigorous and high-minded song of triumph over the prospects and the heroes of the Commonwealth. It is, however, here and there more or less stilted, and has a good deal of commonplace about luxury in it.

The *Eikonoklastes* follows the order of the *Eikon Basilike* so

closely as to be much less interesting than would be the case if it contained more of Milton's own and less about Charles I. It is one of the many monuments of the intense, burning animosity which divided the two great parties of that day, and prevented each of them from admitting any part of the good which was in the other. Milton hated kings in general, and Charles in particular, and would give him credit for nothing. Even when he refers to Charles's fondness for Shakspeare, it is almost more with a sneer than with any expression of sympathy. "I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakspeare" (326). It is, however, impossible to read his criticisms on the execution of Strafford (331–7), on the arrest of the five members (337–41), and on the other leading points in the civil war without feeling that Milton was substantially right in his estimate of Charles's insincere, weak, and tyrannical character, and of the absolute necessity under which the Parliament lay of either teaching him that they were his masters if matters came to an extremity, or allowing him to ruin their liberties for ever. Though the controversial form into which it is thrown, and the constant reference to the book attacked, make the *Eikonoklastes* disagreeable reading, there is a great deal to be learnt from it as to the feelings of the time. The Queen in particular appears in a very unpleasant way as one of the causes of the quarrel, the Bishops being another. A few lines near the end are the keynote of the book:—

It were a nation miserable indeed, not worth the name of a nation, but a race of idiots, whose happiness and welfare depended upon one man. The happiness of a nation consists in true religion, piety, justice, temperance, fortitude, the contempt of avarice and ambition. They in whomsoever these virtues dwell need not kings to make them happy, but are the architects of their own happiness; and whether to themselves or others are not less than kings. But in him which of these virtues were to be found that might extend to the making happy or the well-governing of so much as his own household, which was the most licentious and ill-governed in the whole land? (483).

The accusation of licentiousness is often brought by Milton against the King (chap. xxvii. p. 473), and that there is some foundation for it is highly probable, if it be true that Jeremy Taylor's wife was his natural daughter. Here and there fine passages occur in the *Eikonoklastes*. Take, for instance—

Truth is but justice in our knowledge, and justice is but truth in our practice. . . . Truth is properly no more than contemplation, and her utmost efficiency is but teaching, but justice in her very essence is all strength and activity, and has a sword put into her hand to use against all violence and oppression on the earth (484).

Of the other political tracts which occur in Milton's prose works, the *Areopagitica*—perhaps the most eloquent of English prose compositions—is too well known to justify comment; and the same may probably be said of the tract on *Education*, the only possible commentary on which is that it proposes, as the proper curriculum for boys in general, a course which one boy of extraordinary genius followed at the expense of losing his eyes. It is, however, like everything else that Milton wrote, splendid, wonderfully high-minded, and pre-eminently worthy of study at a time when we have fallen so much under the dominion of fallacies which imply that, because in imagination you can draw a distinction between education and instruction, therefore education ought to be uninstructional, and boys should be taught nothing at school which will be of use to them afterwards. The tract on *Reformation in England*, one of Milton's earliest works, and the pamphlet on *Church Government*, which is an attack upon Episcopacy, have lost a good deal of the interest which they may have once possessed, and may not unfairly be described as dreary. Though there are some fine things in them, they are youthful performances. For instance, in the tract on *Reformation in England*, Milton blames Constantine for his Arianism (ii. 381), which, or something very like it, he himself advocated in his later books. In another place (389) he attacks "the libertines" who "suggest that the discipline sought would be intolerable; for one bishop now in a diocese, we should then have a pope in every parish." He adds, "It will not be requisite to answer these men, but only to discover, for reason they have none but lust and licentiousness, and therefore answer they can have none" (p. 389). Yet he himself came afterwards to say, "New presbyter is but old priest writ large."

The tract called the *Present Means of a Free Commonwealth*, addressed to Monk just before the Restoration, is curious. It contains Milton's scheme of reform. England was to be governed entirely by "a standing council in every city and great town . . . continually to consult the good and flourishing state of that place with a competent territory adjoined" (i. 107). There was also to be a standing council for national and foreign affairs in London, consisting of persons elected for life to that office. His panacea for the evils of the nation was local government in all matters, administrative and judicial, carried to the highest pitch. He seems to have taken as his chief model the case of the United Provinces.

The latest of Milton's political publications is a tract upon *Heresy, Schism, and Toleration*, which was published in 1673, the year before his death. It advocates toleration for all Protestants, "Lutherans, Calvinists, Anabaptists, Socinians, Arminians"; but not for Papists—first on political grounds; secondly, because they are idolaters (ii. 513–4). In a tract on *Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes*, published in 1659, he maintains in unqualified terms that the civil magistrate ought not to use force in matters of religion.

The *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce* was an early book, and is in many ways remarkable, though it certainly has not convinced, and probably will not convince, mankind. The general turn of the argument, throwing aside endless disputing over texts, is that marriage is a state of life which, to fulfil its objects, requires the most intimate of all conceivable kinds of union; and that, unless husband and wife are so united as to form really and substantially one person in heart and soul, they are, properly speaking, not married—at least the great object of marriage is not fulfilled. It is, however, impossible for any judicial process to ascertain whether such a state of things exists or not. No one can know the fact except the parties, or rather except the husband, for Milton looks on the subject almost entirely from the man's point of view. Hence, if a man finds that his marriage, so called, is not, in fact, answering the purposes for which marriage was ordained, he ought to be at liberty to put an end to it. This is argued out at great length, and in an immense variety of forms, and with wearisome reference to a number of Scripture texts and precedents, the gist of the whole being that it is far better to sanction by law a reasonable amount of liberty than to produce all sorts of license by overstraining the law. There are several remarkable bursts of eloquence in the book, but it never deals with the real difficulties of the subject, and in particular with the two great facts—first, that an immense proportion of human beings in all ranks of life are stupid, brutal, selfish, and the creatures of habit, and that to make laws for them as if they were all capable of the highest and purest motives is absurd; secondly, that men and women are unequal, and that marriage, unless it is indissoluble (exceptions excepted), will be a bad bargain for the wife. If men might divorce their wives as soon as they liked some one else better, we should soon have practical polygamy. The old wife and her family would be put, so to speak, on half-pay, and a new one introduced. Milton never deals with this at all. His arguments are entirely textual and ethico-legal, and are besides completely one-sided.

The *Christian Doctrine* is a body of divinity containing Milton's reflections on theology. They are not, we think, very valuable in any respect. Milton had by no means freed his mind from the scholastic language and verbal philosophy of his day. It is true that he perceived its weakness and emptiness at particular points, and in reference to particular questions, but he does not appear to have taken a sufficiently broad view as to the objections which may be made to it. He holds notions of his own about essences, and hypostases, and so forth, just as strongly as those whom he attacks. Thus he says, "It is impossible for any *ens* to retain its own essence in common with any other thing whatever; tried by this essence it is what it is, and is numerically distinguished from all others" (iv. 97). So, too, he has his own ways of adjusting predestination and free will, and his own particular theory about "contingent decrees" (iv. 33). The greater part of the book is a cento of texts very dreary to read. Perhaps the most interesting passage in it is the chapter on the Scriptures (ch. xxx. p. 437), as to which, curiously and characteristically, he comes to the conclusion that, as far as external evidence goes, the Old Testament is much better authenticated than the New. On the latter he observes, "It is difficult to conjecture the purpose of Providence in committing the writings of the New Testament to such uncertain and vague guardianship, unless it were to teach us by this very circumstance that the Spirit, when it is given to us, is a more certain guide than Scripture, whom therefore it is our duty to follow" (iv. 449). After some further remarks, he concludes, "Thus, even on the authority of Scripture itself, everything is to be finally referred to the Spirit and to the written word." His preference for the Old Testament is strikingly shown in a passage in the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, in which he protests at great length and with extreme vigour against the common and obvious interpretation of the text, "Moses for the hardness of your hearts," &c., upon the ground that it is dishonourable to Moses and to the Jewish law. It is easy enough to trace in every part of Milton's theology the workings of a temper of mind which since his time has produced the enormous changes which we see daily in progress all round us.

The *History of Britain* is as good an account of the Roman and Saxon times as it was possible to write in Milton's age, and with the conceptions of history which then prevailed. It is of course in places wonderfully eloquent. Take, for instance, the following few lines on Agricola's battle in the Grampians:—"The battle was a confused heap; the ground unequal; men, horses, chariots crowded pell mell; sometimes in little room, by and by in large, fighting, rushing, felling, overbearing, overturning. . . . It was certain enough there were who with a stern compassion laid violent hands on their wives and children, to prevent the more violent hands of hostile injury" (v. 218). On the whole, however, it is difficult to read the book without feeling, as Milton himself obviously felt, that it represented a great waste of good time and labour. The modern apparatus of criticism is necessary to make literature of this sort really valuable.

HEROD THE GREAT.*

M DE SAULCY'S *Life of "Herod the Great,"* to whom he justly denies that title in any true sense of the word, is based on the authority of Josephus. He reserves to himself, however, the right of correcting the Jewish historian where national

prejudices or personal interests have warped his judgment, and claims to have one special qualification for his task in having visited Palestine, and made his way through regions where no European traveller had for centuries set his foot. The work is interesting, though it is too much spun out, and does not contain much that will be new to the historical student. But we must enter a protest at starting against the unpardonable slovenliness of its arrangement. There is no apology for an index or table of contents, nor is there even any division into chapters. The volume consists of three "parts," without any distinctive titles; and the third part includes nearly three-fourths of the whole book. In short, whatever can be done to promote the inconvenience of the reader is done with perverse consistency throughout. If you have read the book through, and want any particular passage or reference, you must begin reading it through again to find it. The reign of Herod, properly so called, is comprised in the third part, though we are never told so. Some account of the circumstances which led to the Idumean dynasty being substituted for that of the Asmoneans—who had held supreme authority, civil and ecclesiastical, in Judea, since the time of Judas Maccabeus—was indispensable as an introduction to "the reign of the usurper who gave over to the Romans his adopted people." To most persons the period which intervenes between the wars of the Maccabees and the Christian era is the least known of any portion of Jewish history. We will, therefore, briefly retrace its leading events to the accession of Herod, partly with the help of our author, partly from other sources.

In the year 141 B.C. Simon, a younger brother of Judas Maccabeus, took the fort of Zion, in Jerusalem, from the Syrians, and the people gave as a reward to him and his family the hereditary dignity of prince and high-priest "until a true prophet should arise." Simon was murdered six years later, and John Hyrcanus succeeded him, and ruled for thirty years. He conquered the Idumeans and compelled them to adopt circumcision, and formed a close alliance with the Romans. His son Aristobulus was the first to assume the title of king; he was a cruel and unscrupulous tyrant, and put many of his relations to death. He was succeeded by his brother Jannæus, who followed the traditional policy of his family in supporting the Sadducees against the Pharisees; a civil war broke out which cost the lives of 50,000 men, and at its close no less than 800 Pharisees were crucified, and their wives and children massacred before their eyes, while the victorious Jannæus gave a great feast to his concubines, and 8,000 Pharisees fled to Syria and Egypt. But on his deathbed he advised his wife, Salome Alexandra, to follow the counsels of the Pharisees, who alone had the confidence of the people, and under her sway they were restored to power. With her death, 70 B.C., the independence of Judea drew to its close. A bloody conflict broke out between her two sons, Hyrcanus and Aristobulus, and both invoked Roman aid. In the year 63, on the Great Day of Atonement, Pompey at the head of his army entered Jerusalem, and even penetrated into the Holy of Holies; 12,000 Jews were put to death. Had Judea become at once in name, as it did in fact, a Roman province, we cannot doubt, as Dr. Döllinger has observed in his *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, that its condition would have been more tolerable under a strict and well-ordered Government than for many years it actually was as a dependent kingdom, subject at once to the cruel despotism of Herod and the arbitrary suzerainty of Rome. Indeed, on Herod's death, the Jews petitioned Augustus to unite it with Syria into a Roman province, but in vain. But we are anticipating. Antipater, the Idumean, father of Herod, contrived, through the favour of the Romans, to pave the way for his own family ascending the throne. For a time Antigonus, son of Aristobulus, supported himself by Parthian aid, on the throne, and Herod fled to Rome. There he was crowned, 40 B.C., by direction of the Senate, and went with Caesar and Antony to return thanks to the gods on the Capitol. After four years of warfare, and a siege of five months, he took Jerusalem on the very same day on which Pompey had entered it twenty-seven years before. A hideous carnage, sparing neither sex nor age, took place in the streets, houses, and the very temple, and it was only by bribing his Roman soldiers that Herod was able to preserve his future capital from being turned into a heap of ruins. Antigonus was beheaded, the last of the eight royal high-priests of the Asmonean dynasty, who had for a hundred and twenty-six years ruled in Jerusalem, and forty-five of his leading adherents perished with him. His death marks the real commencement of Herod's reign, though he had received the crown four years previously at Rome. By his marriage with Mariamne, granddaughter on her father and mother's side respectively both of Aristobulus and Hyrcanus II., he sought to combine in his own person the claims of the Asmonean dynasty as well as his own. But in his jealousy of their influence he caused her, as well as her father, mother, grandfather, and both his sons by her, to be executed, and her brother Aristobulus, whom he had made high-priest at sixteen, to be drowned in a bath the next year. When his body was already putrifying, in his last illness, he ordered the execution of his eldest son, Antipater, who had been his instrument and adviser in all these cruelties.

It may readily be conceived that a foreign usurper who had won his way to the throne, through torrents of blood, by ousting the native dynasty with the aid of Pagan arms, would not be acceptable to his Jewish subjects. But this was not all. The Idumeans, as we have seen, were forcibly incorporated by Hyrcanus I. into the Jewish State, and compelled to undergo circumcision. But they were not Jews at heart. Herod had not

* *Histoire d'Hérode, Roi des Juifs.* Par F. de Saulcy. Paris: L. Hachette & Co. 1867.

scrupled to signalize his coronation at Rome by an act of idolatrous worship, and he made no secret of his Pagan leanings when established in his new kingdom. He sent rich presents to Pagan temples, and had the Olympic games celebrated, and the Pythian temple at Rhodes, which had been burnt down, rebuilt with Jewish money. He did indeed, also, rebuild the Temple of Jerusalem, but over its principal entrance was placed a golden eagle, in token of the Roman supremacy; and when a party of the Jews, headed by Matthias the Scribe, threw it down, the dying King ordered them to be burnt alive. In short, Herod only remained a Jew in name, and as a political precaution against the substitution of some other ruler in his place. At an enormous outlay he completed his new capital of Cæsarea, which the Jews looked upon as a polytheistic rival to the monotheistic city of Jerusalem. They hated him deeply as at once an usurper, a foreigner, an idolater, and a tyrant; and this hatred was not lessened by the conviction that resistance would be worse than hopeless. Herod, however, was by no means deficient in personal courage, or in that tact which can at least assume the semblance of whatever virtues it may be desirable to be credited with. When the people, who had been thoroughly demoralized by the destruction of 30,000 persons in a tremendous earthquake, were further alarmed at the threat of an Arabian invasion, he appealed, in a vigorous address recounted by Josephus, to their spirit, their patriotism, and their confidence in God. A brilliant victory, resulting in a wholesale slaughter of the enemy, ensued. Nor did he show himself less equal to the emergency when all his prosperity appeared for the moment to be shattered by the battle of Actium, and the final overthrow of Mark Antony, to whose fortunes he had throughout attached himself. He presented himself at Rhodes, before Octavius Cæsar, in the attitude of a subject, but not of a mere suppliant. After explaining his previous conduct in a tone of dignified respect, he concluded, according to Josephus, in the following words:—

Maintenant, César, si ton ressentiment contre Antoine te fait prononcer ma condamnation, pour me punir d'avoir eu tant d'amitié pour lui, tu as devant toi un coupable qui avoue son crime, et qui n'a nulle honte de proclamer hautement toute l'affection qu'il a eue pour ton adversaire. Si, au contraire, changeant de rôle, tu veux savoir quel homme je suis pour mes bienfaiteurs, et quel ami dévoué, mon passé est là pour te l'apprendre; mon ami aura simplement changé de nom, et je saurai prouver toute l'étendue de mon dévouement à celui qui voudra l'accepter.

It was just the sort of appeal which Cæsar was sure to appreciate. He replaced the crown on the head of Herod, bidding him henceforth manifest the same devotion to his own person which he had hitherto shown towards Antony, and sent him back to Judea more powerful than ever.

Soon after this, in a fit of jealousy, he ordered the execution of his wife, Mariamne, to whom he was passionately attached, and experienced, in the agony of remorse which followed, the nearest approach to any genuine feeling of which his selfish nature was capable. It is not wonderful that, in the frightful epidemic which devastated Jerusalem about the same time, he should recognise the divine judgment on his wickedness. We cannot follow M. De Sauley through all the details of his later history. At the age of seventy he fell a victim to the excruciating disease which terminated his life. Mortification set in, and as he felt his end approach, and was tortured—like Napoleon on his way to St. Helena—with the thought that his whole nation was rejoicing to be rid of him, his savage fierceness became almost maniacal. He repaired to Jericho, and there summoned all the principal personages in the country to attend upon him. By his direction they were shut up in the hippodrome. He then called his sister Salome and her husband to his bedside to receive his last instructions, which were hideously characteristic. The moment he was dead, and before his death had become public, they were to surround the hippodrome with soldiers, and order them to massacre all who were imprisoned there. "I shall thus," he said, "procure you a double satisfaction, that of having carried out my last wishes, and also having insured that there shall be a public mourning worthy of me." They promised to do as he desired, but immediately on his death liberated the occupants of the hippodrome, telling them the King wished them to return to their homes. We have seen already that he ordered on his deathbed the execution of his eldest son. His body was carried to a spot on the road to Herodium, where he had directed it to be buried. But no remains of any tomb are to be seen. M. De Sauley tells us that all his attempts to discover it have proved abortive. In the following words he sums up his estimate of Herod's character, which, however unfavourable, does not certainly err on the side of severity:—

Que fut Hérode? Un homme d'un grand talent, sans doute, au point de vue exclusivement politique; comme chef de famille, il manifesta, pendant toute son existence, le mélange le plus extraordinaire de qualités remarquables et de sentiments affreux. Cupide et généreux à la fois, tour à tour tendre et cruel au delà de toute expression, implacable dans la vengeance, ambitieux, intrigant, fourbe et sanguinaire, souple et rampant devant plus puissant que lui, toujours avide de se repaître des tortures qu'il infligeait à quiconque inspirait le soupçon le plus futile, meurtrier de son roi légitime, de sa femme, de ses fils, de sa belle-mère et de son beau-frère, vaniteux, débauché, impitoyable pour qui n'était pas un serviteur prêt à applaudir à toutes les infamies enfantées par son monstrueux esprit, Hérode fut, pendant soixante-dix années, péniblement et fastueusement prolongé la trame d'une vie où s'enchaînaient les crimes les plus odieux et, de loin en loin, quelques actions louables. Brave à ses heures, lâche et perfide presque toujours, pesant toutes ses paroles, et plaçant sa cause en rheteur émérite, toutes les fois qu'il avait attiré quelque danger à sa tête, Hérode fut, de tous les souverains dont les faits et gestes ont été recueillis par l'histoire, le moins digne assurément de ce beau titre de Grand que l'ignorance, si ce n'est la servilité

humaine, a attaché à son nom. C'est Hérode le Méprisable que l'on aurait dû l'appeler!

Que devait-il arriver à la nation juive sous le sceptre si lourd de cet usurpateur? Pressurés sans merci, insultés dans leurs plus chères croyances, livrés pieds et poings liés à l'étranger, par le tyran que cet étranger leur avait imposé, blessés au cœur par l'odieuse et implacable persécution des derniers rejetons de la noble race qui les avait autrefois soustraits à la domination grecque, toujours courbés sous la terreur, se méfiant jour et nuit de tout et de tous, les Juifs ne sentaient que trop, hélas! que leur nationalité allait expirer. Ils gémissaient en secret, et perissaient parfois avec le plus brillant courage, en essayant de la lutte ouverte contre leurs oppresseurs.

For ten years the Jewish kingdom survived him. Augustus divided it between his sons, giving to Archelaus Judea, Samaria, and Idumea, with the title however of Ethnarch instead of King, and assigning Galilee to Antipas. Archelaus, who followed the example of his father, became so detested by his subjects that Augustus at length banished him, on their complaint, to Vienne in Gaul. The country was then united to Syria as a Roman province, and governed by a procurator stationed at Cæsarea. For three years the shadow of the old kingdom was revived when Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, was made King of Palestine, A.D. 41. On his death, in 44, the government by procurators was resumed, and the last semblance of national rule exercised by worshippers of Jehovah passed away.

M. LITTRÉ'S HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

M. COMTE, says a tradition which floats in the Positivist circles of Paris, used to assert that of all men living two only were fitted to write history. Whoever knows anything of the moderation and modesty which stamps the apostles of the Comtist faith will have already guessed that one of these gifted mortals was the arch-Positivist himself. The second could be no other than his biographer and editor, M. Littré, the author of the interesting essays now before us. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the loss to literature implied in the circumstance that M. Comte refrained from using his moiety of the historic potentiality of our race. Illuminated by the bull's-eye of Positivist truth, many a hopelessly dark corner of contemporary politics would doubtless become a focus of light and comfort. Take, for instance, the distressing fact that civilization seems now more concerned with and dependent on the development of the arts and sinews of war than at any previous period. Every judicious Positivist knows how M. Comte proved that the extirpation of military habits and tendencies was one of the most certain and irrevocable characteristics of modern times, and how the roots of his demonstration were fixed, not in merely empirical truths, but in those great laws which prescribe to the inhabitants of this planet a specific—thanks to M. Comte an accurately ascertained—cycle of mental and social evolution. Now the rapid growth of warlike propensities, and, in particular, the conversion of contemplative Germany into a permanent camp, are, to the superficial eye, the *differentia* of a state of things more or less antagonistic to that revealed by M. Comte. Yet no pious Positivist can doubt that such discrepancies would melt away at the touch of a more accurate and more optimistic analysis. If M. Comte, Madame Clotilde de Vaux, or their fit representative, were here to manipulate with due dexterity the *fæsti* of Europe during the last quarter of the present century, all our swords would be easily identified with ploughshares, MM. Krupp and Chassepot would turn out to be secret emissaries of the Peace Society, and Count Bismark a mere plagiarist from the book of the Abbé St. Pierre.

Failing such consolation, we must be satisfied to hear that the only man out of 1,000,000,000 who is fit to remedy the failures of Gibbon and Thucydides has at last condescended to write, if not history, at least historical essays. Compared with the "caposcuola," the disciple is doubtless somewhat scholastic and dry. Even if we reject M. Comte's three stages of humanity, his Grand Being, who has to be propitiated by daily devotional friction of the three eminent corporal regions, and his political dreamland, half Utopia, half Bedlam, still we must grant that his great philosophical survey is full of deep and luminous suggestion, of Baconian enthusiasm, and lofty intellectual aspiration. Then amid the madness of his method we discern a sympathy, not only with the contemplations of philosophy, but also with the realities of life. It was as natural for M. Comte to have a stall at the Opera as it was for Mr. Buckle to boast that he had never been to the Derby. The "Philosophie Positive" does not smell of the lump. We could easily imagine it to have been written by a Parisian Aristippus who in the intervals of meditation might sip his *chocolat ambré* and smoke his weed in front of Tortoni's, or help Madame de Vaux to choose a new gown at Worth's or the "Compagnie Lyonnaise." In the writings of M. Littré, as in those of Mr. Buckle, there is none of this variegated, so to say diplomatic, temper. A man's style is not always, perhaps not often, the man; yet we cannot think of M. Littré otherwise than as a venerable draped sage, who knows nothing of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and never abdicates the dignity of his academic chair. Be this as it may, M. Littré is a disciple of whom any master may be proud. M. Comte called him a renegade, and M. Littré has in fact an independence of thought which separates him from most of his Positivist fellows. Because a British Comtist chanced to espouse the cause of Mr. Broadhead, the whole Comtist army fought for that elevated martyr, whose name now doubtless

* *Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Âge.* Par E. Littré, de l'Institut. Paris.

figures on the calendar of the sect as the name of a month or week, in company with Rossini, Archimedes, and Madame de Vaux. From this servile disposition M. Littré is remarkably free, and if in his philosophical tenderness for the Roman Catholic religion he follows the school more closely than we can, he has little or no hankering after that elevated tyranny which is the proper Comtist ideal of government. Of course he considers that history is, or might be, a positive science, and he goes so far as to say that the fall of the Roman Empire may be called an "historical experiment," which illustrates the result of a "mélange intime de la civilisation et de la barbarie." In physics and chemistry we interrogate nature through experiments disposed by ourselves in view of obtaining precise answers. In politics the course of events furnishes us with like opportunities of observation and study. We can predict the behaviour of metals and gases when exposed to certain solvents and reagents, and we may prophesy the future course of human passions, prejudices, and virtues. So says M. Littré, and his argument is important as a sample of the sort of logic which he brings to such questions. But, in point of fact, if the case quoted by M. Littré may furnish an Observation, it is utterly unlike Experiment. Observation and experiment are not, as he wants us to believe, equivalent words or notions; the merely spontaneous process of observation is wholly different from the deliberate and artificial devices whereby experiment questions nature. To this last category the complex chain of history called the Fall of the Roman Empire cannot possibly belong, and M. Littré's comparison is a warning instance of the confusions of thought and language into which able men are driven by the spirit of system. Besides, granted that this really was an *experiment*, it is clear that M. Littré has overlooked the dangers which come from generalizing from detached and ill-analysed instances. History and chemistry are utterly unlike each other, and so will remain until the end of time. The *réponses précises* of chemistry have been got by the constant repetition of experiments minutely, almost mathematically, resembling each other. Every chemist is sure that two equivalents of hydrogen combined with one equivalent of oxygen will always form water, but his belief depends on the fact that water has been produced and decomposed so many times, and by so many persons, that the theory can safely be accepted as absolutely true. Now, on the plan of M. Littré which he pretends to identify with that followed in the positive sciences, when once you have sent an electric spark through the two gases, and so produced a single drop of water, your scientific position is established without further scrutiny. He says, for instance, that, although the Emperors anxiously avoided conflicts with the barbarians, and refrained from extending their boundaries, nevertheless frontier war and conflagration ensued. From this single particular he evolves the induction that peaceable relations cannot long be preserved between a highly-civilized people and a neighbour who is less so. "L'expérience faite par les empereurs témoigne qu'une nation civilisée ne peut pas, même quand elle le veut fermement, rester en paix avec les populations barbares ou moins civilisées dont elle est limitrophe. Elle ne provoque plus, mais elle est provoquée." In such brisk fashion are we to jump to the laws of history. The method may be an immense improvement on the ignorant empiricism of Gibbon and Thucydides, but in what it may resemble recognised scientific procedure we are unable to discover. Comtists make the sign of the cross when Mr. Mill is quoted, but they do not exorcise Professor Tyndall. We therefore commend to them, as well as to all devotees of modern historical philosophy, the concluding passages of the Professor's third lecture on Sound. The laws of this phenomenon, says Tyndall, have been worked out by more than one series of reasonings and experiments; we believe in their stability because science can furnish us with "millions of experiences" to explain and illustrate them. To the labour of cross-examination our modern sociologists decline to descend. After Newton's death his disciples set to work to probe and verify his theories by a slow comparison of their steps and consequences with observed fact. When M. Comte was gathered to the bosom of the Grand Être his disciples asserted categorically that whoever disputed his scheme of social dynamics was behind the age, but in no instance have they attempted to show, by systematic analysis on the large scale, that the doctrine is true. They seem to fancy that, because an hypothesis is plausible and adequate to the interpretation of a circle of facts, it must therefore be a true theory. But the teaching of science is very different from this. In science, says an eminent French philosopher, "la probabilité est fort peu de chose."

M. Littré's argument brings him in necessary contact with Gibbon, to whom he refers in a way which we shall be charitable enough to take in proof that he does not know his author. He has no inkling of Gibbon's greatness as an historian. He coolly damns the *Decline and Fall* with a little faint praise for its learning, lights, and thought, and positively ventures to set it down as inferior in some respects to M. de Broglie's recent book on the epoch of Constantine. Gibbon's aim being encyclopædic, and that of the modern writer special, it results from the nature of the two cases that the Frenchman is here and there fuller in detail and reflection than the Englishman. Possibly Mr. Beales and Mr. Balie might hesitate to accept a complimentary assurance that they had surpassed Mirabeau and Beethoven. We cannot doubt that M. de Broglie, who, if not a man of genius, is a man of learning and sense, must recoil from the notion of a rivalry between himself and Gibbon. Dean Stanley has well called Gibbon's

work a reluctant or unconscious "history of the rise and progress of the Christian Church." Dr. Newman has spoken of it as the only English ecclesiastical history deserving the name. But M. Littré knows better. He complains that Gibbon has neglected the influence of the Christian Church, treating it as a theological excrecence on the body of the Empire, as an accident which only increased the general disorganization, and opened an additional door to the barbarians. He says, for instance, "il n'embrasse que moitié de son sujet, la décadence de l'Empire." It is always dangerous to assert that a given position is not contained in Gibbon, and in this case M. Littré is conspicuously wide of the mark. Not only are the ecclesiastical and theological episodes of the *Decline and Fall* amongst the most profound and brilliant portions of the work, but in them Gibbon particularly asserts the views which M. Littré fancies that he overlooked or denied. If we open Gibbon at random (which is all we can expect from the present generation), we shall light on countless passages that show how completely M. Littré has misunderstood the author whom he criticizes. Gibbon says, for instance, that it was the Church which "cemented the union of the Christian Republic, and gradually produced the similar manners and common jurisprudence which have distinguished from the rest of mankind the independent, and even hostile, nations of modern Europe." Again, speaking of the influence of the Bishops under the Empire, he remarks that the formation of the French monarchy itself was in some degree owing "to the firm alliance of an hundred prelates, who reigned in the discontented or independent cities of Gaul." If such quotations might be multiplied, so might the arguments in favour of Gibbon's theory, despised by M. Littré, that Christianity was an instrument of Roman decline.

M. Littré's disdain of Gibbon is part of his general dislike of the philosophers of the last century, whose minds, it seems, were not in the positive phase. He says that they saw in Christianity nothing but a superstition, in its triumph a misfortune, in the middle ages the abominable climax of that triumph, and that they wished the facts of the times concerned could have turned out otherwise than they did. The works of such writers can have neither character nor reality; the conflicts of Christianity and Paganism, the battles of the monks with the world, flesh, and devil, cannot be properly written except by an intelligent Catholic bigot. We should like to know the names of the historians who thus deliberately regretted the worship of Isis and Osiris, and the mysteries of Eleusis. It is traditionally related of Taylor, the translator of Plato, that he was found in the act of sacrificing an ox to Jupiter—or rather, that the ox, proving recalcitrant, was about to sacrifice Taylor. But we are surprised to find Gibbon, and other authors unknown, deliberately ranked in such imaginary company. Except that his unbelief is couched in an apparatus of "functions," "decompositions," "evolutions," "provisional eliminations," and other choice flowers of modern grammatical recreation, which, as Milton says, "would have made Quintilian gasp and stare," M. Littré speaks of Christianity as Gibbon and his school did. Each century has its own philosophic jargon, but whoever translates our author's essays into the language of Gibbon will find their opinions as to Christianity to be almost identical. M. Littré thinks that Christianity was the mere function of a certain condition of the human mind. Gibbon called Christianity a human, not a divine, religion. That the historian of the *Decline and Fall* had no active love for the Christian faith is certain; but it is absurd to say that he preferred the paganism of Greece and Rome. Whoever thinks that Gibbon underrated the civilizing powers of the Church must be ignorant of what Gibbon wrote. Perhaps M. Littré has only studied Gibbon's notes. The Church, like other earthly institutions, has a side open to the shafts of humour and scorn, and in this style Gibbon was the most consummate of all literary artists, ancient or modern. He delighted to point out how Athanasius appeared at midnight "in a loose undress" at the residence of a lovely orthodox virgin. He gloated over the "learned prelate lately deceased" who used to quote in conversation the indecent story from Procopius about the Empress Theodora's exhibition of herself in the amphitheatre of Constantinople. Hence M. Littré, mistaking sarcasms for convictions, may have concluded that Gibbon hated ecclesiastical things and persons. Mr. Mill has observed that there is no evidence that M. Comte understood a joke. Now, as Comtists often resemble their chief in this respect, we may conjecturally attribute to M. Littré a want of humorous perception. Under such conditions, he would be obviously incapable of understanding Gibbon, notes or text.

Although M. Littré depreciates Gibbon, his learned and suggestive essays are, in fact, a monument to Gibbon's praise. With all the aids of modern research to help him, M. Littré can suggest little that has not been already said by Gibbon. In regard to the Barbarians he takes, however, the Robertson line of argument, not admitting that the savages commanded by Fritigern and Alaric can be regarded in any other light than as workers of absolute mischief. He takes safer ground when he refuses to chime in with the lament of Grimm, who grieved that the West was not transformed into another Germany, and that a deluge of German speech did not overspread Europe, so as to deprive mankind of Dante and Molière in favour of a continuous flood of Teutonic gutturals and ideas.

THE WOMEN OF GOETHE.*

WE rejoice to learn that the cause which has for two years interfered with the publication of M. Adolf Stahr's annual volume of paradoxes has ceased to exist. The second volume of his book on the Women of Goethe bears obvious signs of having been composed during a period of convalescence; and now that the liveliest of German critics is himself again, we may expect him to return with renewed ardour to the task which he has left only half finished—the whitewashing of all the doubtful characters of the Roman Empire. His book about the Women of Goethe is a mere *παράρτημα*, and completely fulfils neither its immediate, nor what may be presumed to have been its ultimate, purpose. As a commentary on Kaulbach's famous illustrations it is imperfect; it is even more so as an attempt to bring before the reader the chief female figures in Goethe's works, grouped together according to any intelligible principle. Kaulbach certainly requires a commentary even in these the simplest and most straightforward of his recent productions. This great artist, as is well known, loves to indulge in every kind of enigmatical by-play; he cries aloud for annotation, and an uneducated or half-educated spectator is as little able to take in one of his pictures at ever so many glances as the casual reader of *Macmillan's Magazine* (if such a being exist) is qualified, without the obliging aid of an explanatory Jebb, to appreciate the underlying meaning of Tennyson's *Lucretius*. In his, upon the whole, magnificent illustrations of Goethe, Kaulbach has moreover frequently permitted himself a freedom of conception which puzzles the Philistine mind, desirous of finding chapter and verse for an illustration after the fashion of those worthy people who may be observed at church verifying a preacher's text by reference to their pocket bibles. How, for instance, could the fact that in Kaulbach's well-known picture Faust meets Margaret going into, not coming out of, the Cathedral, fail to perplex the orthodox reader, unless apprised by M. Stahr (on evidence quite satisfactory to that penetrating commentator) that the first meeting of the pair in the tragedy must have been preceded by another? Of the illustration to *Tasso*, again, the scene lies before, not in, the action of the drama; in that to *Iphigenia* two scenes are mixed up—in both cases with excellent reasons, but reasons which require critical appreciation and explication. Thus M. Stahr's commentary on Kaulbach, though incomplete, is by no means superfluous, or to be classed with the endless "Women of Shakspeare" and such-like padding, which Heine and others have condescended to manufacture for the spirited publishers of *éditions de luxe* and Eton leaving-books. But in the second volume of the present work, the companion and offspring of M. Stahr's tour of convalescence to Italy and the Lake of Geneva, he leaves Kaulbach and Kaulbach's pictures altogether in the lurch, and discovers in the recent publication of an edition of Goethe accessible to those who hitherto had to fetch their supply from the circulating library, sufficient reason for adding supplementary discourses on the women of *Wilhelm Meister* and the *Elective Affinities*, instead of filling up the gaps of his commentary on the illustrations. Thus several pictures (among them the *Heidenwäldchen*, which eminently needs elucidation) are left to explain themselves; and M. Stahr's book remains a fragmentary contribution to a most interesting subject, and can itself not be criticized as a whole, but merely in detail.

In general, there is a remarkable accordance between the point of view from which M. Stahr regards the connexion between Goethe's life and works, and that adopted by a writer whose biography is no less popular in Goethe's country than in our own—Mr. G. H. Lewes. It is hardly necessary to add that this accordance is that of two independent writers; for though M. Stahr is a bookmaker of bookmakers, he is also a scholar and a critic of research and originality; and his *Weimar und Jena*, in which Frau von Stein was first sacrificed and Christiane Vulpius first vindicated, preceded the first publication of Mr. Lewes's book. Only in the case of Minna Herzlieb, Goethe's last (or at all events penultimate) passion, and the original of the Ottilie of the *Elective Affinities*, M. Stahr owes and makes acknowledgments to the discoveries of Mr. Lewes; but his criticism of the character is far more exhaustive, and to our minds far more satisfactory, than that of the English writer, who in this instance might surely have entered into a more thorough analysis of the characters upon which the estimate of Goethe's artistically most finished novel must in the main depend.

But neither of Ottilie, nor of any other of the women of Goethe, can it be truly said that they are portraits. They are all—with one or two exceptions which prove the rule, such as Helena and Iphigenia—real, living women; but they are not copies of actual individuals, though they have many of the features of such. Neither M. Stahr nor Mr. Lewes is guilty of that degradation of literary criticism which inferior writers are in the habit of mistaking for reverential accuracy. The key to Goethe's employment of his personal reminiscences lies, as M. Stahr points out, in the idea expressed in those lines of incomparable beauty which, under the title of *Dedication* (*Zueignung*), he prefixed to the complete edition of his poetical works. The gift which the Muse bestowed upon her votary was that of her veil, woven out of the odorous air of the morning and the brightness of the sun—the veil of Poetry in the hand of Truth. Goethe's poetical figures—both men and women—

are real human beings, over which this transparent veil is cast, the veil "which softens every wave of life," till "the day grows lovely, and the night serene." Not one of his actual experiences was nakedly thrust before the public eye; round the poetical embodiment of each floats this mysterious envelopment, which changes actual figures into poetic forms; and though a critic is not only justified in tracing, but called upon to trace, their literary genesis, it is only a vulgar and trumpery mind which is satisfied by the supposed discovery that Leonora d'Este is the Duchess Louise or Leonora Sanvitale Charlotte von Stein. Those worthies who imagine that a poet produces immortal creations by changing names and stringing together personal allusions should content themselves with elucidating the obscure passages of Peter Pindar, instead of rummaging among the cast-off clothes of a great poet, writing "keys" to Goethe's dramas and novels, or "explaining the allusions" in the sonnets of Shakspeare. They will never, till the day when their pens cease to dribble, understand what Goethe meant when he said that everything in one of his great works *had* happened, but that nothing *had* happened as it happened there.

We observed above that at least two exceptions may be instanced among the women of Goethe's works in which the poet has not cast the veil of poetry round a figure of real life. Of his *Iphigenia* he said himself that the work is purely moral; "it sadly lacks sensual force, life, motion, and everything which determines a work as a genuinely dramatic one." As M. Stahr well puts it, in his *Iphigenia* Goethe attempted the experiment "to eliminate from a poetic subject-matter all original actuality, every element of what is temporal and national, everything genuinely characteristic, by the smelting process of idealism; and to such a degree to disembody this subject-matter that there remains behind only the pure fund of ideal humanity—i.e., pure beauty itself." The result is that, in the words of another critic, "we receive the impression of a deeply poetical life, but of a life which is artificially removed into an atmosphere foreign to itself; it is as if a peculiar effect of light fell upon a marble group of dazzling whiteness through the painted windows of a Gothic cathedral, so that we see the blood pulsating, and expect every moment to witness a metamorphosis into life. But the metamorphosis never takes place, and as we continue to contemplate the group, a mysterious horror overcomes us, and suddenly all becomes strange." The simile will be recognised as less hazardous than it seems at the first glance by those who have witnessed the representation of *Iphigenia* on the stage. Madlle. Johanna Wagner, not many years ago, made the noble experiment of appearing in this character, and we can still recall the shudder of awe which ran through the audience as the living statue gave forth the sublime utterances of an unearthly wisdom. Kaulbach, as M. Stahr points out, had a difficult task in finding a moment suitable for plastic representation in this undramatic drama, and only succeeded by a combination of two scenes. We may, in passing, note our surprise that M. Stahr should have omitted to point out how the transition from the *naïveté* of Greek tragedy, in dealing with mythical subjects like that of Iphigenia, began with that very Euripides whose work he naturally contrasts with that of Goethe. It is true that it is in the later plays of Euripides, rather than in the *Iphigenia in Tauris* itself, that this tendency becomes more marked; but even in this play Euripides permitted himself a significant modification of the ancient myth.

The Helena of the Second Part of *Faust* is a pure abstraction, but it should never be forgotten that the character was not originally intended to be made such. A long series of years had intervened since the period when the youthful Goethe first conceived the idea of his *Faust* upon the basis of the popular tradition embodied in the ancient puppet-play, where Faust forces Mephistopheles to procure for him Greek Helen, the fairest of women. As late as the year 1800, when already engaged upon the re-modelling of the entire First Part, he expressed his regret to Schiller that he must turn Helena into a mere "mask and face" (*Fratze*). The Helena of the Second Part is a mere allegory, representing Classicism as opposed to Romanticism (symbolized in the person of Faust), and giving birth, after her union with him, to Euphorion, who, as Goethe allowed to be known, was to typify the brief union of both literary tendencies in Lord Byron. Mr. Lewes's remark that "the kiss of Gretchen is worth a thousand allegories" has probably satisfied the critical aspirations of most English readers. Yet it has always appeared strange to us that in a country whose own literature has displayed so remarkable a love of allegory (a taste which the English inherit from their ancestors before the Conquest) so little appreciation should have been shown for the most magnificent effort in this line to be found in the literature of the last two centuries. Or is it that an allegory, to satisfy the English mind, must be either religious or political? A literary allegory is surely both as legitimate and as interesting as a literary satire; and the *Helena* appears to us to hold the same relation towards such a work as the *Faerie Queene* as is occupied by the *Dumciad* or *Mac Flecknoe* towards *Absalom* and *Achitophel*.

An endless variety of topics is suggested by even an incomplete gallery of female portraits from Goethe. If M. Stahr's commentaries do not find as many readers as Kaulbach's illustrations have already attracted admirers in this country, the former will at all events be warmly discussed by those who may peruse them. They will also, we trust, contribute to destroy some of those absurd notions which still prevail on the subject of Goethe's views with regard to the female character. How often, for instance, is it glibly asserted that, however much Goethe's female characters

* *Goethe's Frauengestalten*. Von Adolf Stahr. 2 Bde. Berlin: Guttentag, 1865 and 1868.

differ in other respects, they all agree in their frailty! To assert this of the creator of Dorothen, of the two Leonoras, of Natalie, is only to show how little assertion is affected by evidence. We could wish that M. Stahr had not dwelt so appreciatively upon characters of another kind, or taken such unnecessary trouble to point out the personal attractions of Adelheid (in *Götz*) and Philine (in *Meister*). These touches most readers are able to perceive with half an eye, but we have long been aware of M. Stahr's extreme conscientiousness in this direction. On the other hand, he shows a sound moral judgment in his incidental references to vexed questions in Goethe's own life. Where is the use of disguising the real character of Goethe's relations to the sex of which he was at once the conqueror and the captive? "It is," he observes himself, "an agreeable sensation, when a new passion begins to rise in us before the echoes of the last have quite died away. So one loves at sunset-time to see the moon rising on the opposite side, and takes pleasure in the double splendour of the two heavenly lights." M. Stahr can afford to be more just in the case of Frederica of Sesenheim than he was of old in that of Frau von Stein. Mr. Lewes's readers will do well to contrast with Stahr's account the narrative of the termination of the Sesenheim episode in the *Life of Goethe*, which appears to us ungenerous, if not unjust. For even if the deserted maiden may have for a moment listened to the passionate declarations of another (and Mr. Lewes himself allows that the story of Lenz's offers remains obscure, while it is certain that she nobly resisted the attempt of her new admirer to ruin Goethe's reputation), is it not unkind to the memory of one who was bitterly wronged to conclude that she acquiesced in this wrong as a right, because "a word of blame never escaped her." Such a construction of a silence resembling the silence of Viola savours too much of special pleading to be entirely worthy of a biographer who rarely condescends to such an expedient. Frederica's lifelong resignation entitles her to different treatment. "Of Goethe," says a notice quoted by M. Stahr, "she never spoke but with respect; in answer to bitter allusions to her relation with him she averred with touching modesty that he was too great, and his career too lofty, for it to have been possible that he should have made her his wife." The truth remains, that Goethe jilted Frederica, and that a Nemesis soon afterwards overtook him, when, after (to use his own peculiar expression) planting one or two more cherry-trees, he was three-fourths jilted by Lili, although in this case also he was not an entirely passive victim.

THE DREAM NUMBERS.*

THE series of Mr. T. A. Trollope's books reminds us somewhat of Mr. Pecksniff's course of architectural design. That distinguished architect confined himself very much to studies of Salisbury Cathedral, made from every conceivable point of view, and it is only in Italy that Mr. Trollope feels himself happy and really at home. He has given us impressions of Italy, journeys in Italy, sketches from Italian history, romances of Italian life in the past and the present. It must be owned that a division of labour that leaves each writer of fiction his own particular field has advantages that recommend it both to the author and his readers. The author concentrates and economizes his power until he becomes especially strong on his own especial ground. Mr. Trollope is devotedly fond of Italy and everything Italian. He has lived there much, and seen something of those classes of society which ordinary travellers merely rub shoulders with in the streets, or glance at out of their carriage windows. Writing his tales of Italian life, he writes about matters in which, so far at least as accessories go, he is much more at home than his readers. He can assume the didactic tone about things not generally known, and he manages to convey, in the more palatable form of a story, those odds and ends of information which fall barely within the province of a guide-book. He lays his scenes, moreover, in the very country of romance—a country where the commonest sights and sounds have a romantic tinge, and he is sure to awake the associations and touch the fancy of a limited number of readers. But, on the other hand, he must be content to renounce the hope of writing a very popular novel, or of attracting the sympathies of the masses. It is next to impossible to wrap yourself up in the incidents of the story, to forget the unreality of its characters, and to lose the sense of your own individuality, when strange names and unfamiliar scenes are always rousing you to ask where you are. And if such a novel must almost necessarily be wanting in much that appeals to the many, there are no small difficulties in artistically arranging it so as to make it attractive even to the few. Mr. Trollope, for instance, takes you on almost virgin ground, and he has to stop to act the cicerone everywhere and about everything. He carries his readers away to provincial towns, mountain villages, and remote farmhouses; he goes there to illustrate the character of a country of which they can know very little, and to portray the manners and customs of the inhabitants, of which he assumes them to be utterly ignorant. All this gives a certain value and interest to the book; but, on the other hand, it often sadly interrupts the flow of the story. The action of the piece is continually being stopped, that the author may explain the scenery and the dresses. The consciousness of superior knowledge becomes a snare to Mr. Trollope, and makes him provokingly elaborate and painstaking over the

more trivial details. It would have been much more effective had he dashed in the picture with a few bold touches, instead of working it out with a Dutchlike fidelity and care. But at least Mr. Trollope's novels have one merit not very common in works of the sort. Reading them, you pick up a good deal of information that you would be much puzzled to find anywhere else.

Mr. Trollope's title, *Dream Numbers*, is suggested by the common Italian superstition that numbers which have been dreamed time after time must portend a prize in the approaching lottery to those who have faith and courage to back them. But the title ought more properly to have headed a chapter than given a name to the book. The winning of the great prize is nothing but an episode, although the money comes in opportunely to help to smooth true love's troubled course for the hero and heroine. The scene is laid in the Duchy of Lucca. Regina, the heroine, is the only child of Giovanni Bartoli, a wealthy farmer, whose standing is situated on the banks of the Serchio, three or four miles from the little capital of the Duchy. Regina is handsome and haughty. She is much more refined than her plain father; she knows that she is the heiress of his wealth, and she keeps at a contemptuous distance the many lovers who present themselves for her hand. Her father's modest ambition is to see her marry some well-to-do gentleman of the town, and the one he specially favours is Meo Morini, the son of his lawyer in Lucca. Regina is indiscriminately cruel to her lovers, but this Meo she holds in utter aversion. His chance at best was but a poor one, but it receives the finishing blow when she makes the acquaintance of a certain Carlo Caroli. Carlo is a handsome mountaineer who has just come from his native valley to manage a wheelwright's establishment in the neighbourhood, which is owned by a widow, a distant relative of his own. The widow is rich and susceptible, very good-looking, and very good-natured. She makes it plain enough that she is not unwilling to transfer both herself and the business to the new foreman—an excellent match for a penniless adventurer. Carlo, however, has plunged at first sight over head and ears in love with Regina. The impression is mutual, and in a very short space of time he has got over so much ground as to venture to give passionate avowal to his feelings, while the haughty beauty passively abandons her hand to his kisses. Her father suspects something of what is going on, and, as he is a plain speaker and a plain dealer, he threatens to make things excessively disagreeable. Fortunately, the river Serchio comes to the assistance of the lovers. It bursts its banks, floods the valley, and, isolating Regina in the tottering farmhouse, cuts her off from assistance. Carlo of course appears on the scene in the nick of time. He crosses the raging flood, climbs the window, and saves the life of his beloved at the peril of his own. Equally of course, she pledges herself inevitably to him as his reward, and her father, in his own way, is scarcely less warm in his expressions of gratitude. Still, however, he is bent on bringing about the match between his daughter and the young Morini; but then follows a series of startling incidents, which rapidly modify his views. Carlo falls under suspicion of a robbery committed on his confiding mistress, the widow; and circumstantial evidence seems very strong against him. But Regina, her father, and the widow, all who know him best, stoutly maintain his innocence throughout, and the result justifies their confidence. The robbery had been planned by a young usurer, who fancied Carlo his rival with the widow, and Morini, who suspects his success with Regina, shows himself so keen in bringing the theft to the knowledge of the police as thoroughly to disgust the honest farmer. But the farmer believes in money with the settled convictions of a man whose consequence rests upon that and that alone. Carlo has none, but fortunately, at the critical moment, the dream numbers have made him a capitalist. His old mother has dreamed a dream, and dreamt it three times running, and each time three numbers have been borne in upon her brain. She decides after much hesitation to back them heavily, and, for a *terno*—the combination that gives the lucky winner a thousand times his stake. She gains 10,000 scudi. The avaricious priest of her parish gets scent of the gold, works on her superstition, literally frightens her to death, and robs her of the money. But, by a string of lucky incidents, the theft is discovered, and traced home to him. He is compelled to disgorge, and all ends happily in a double marriage, for Bartoli consoles himself for the loss of his daughter by uniting himself to the wheelwright's widow.

The story is a simple one enough. There is nothing very sensational about it, with the exception of the miraculous dream; and that, with the incidents arising out of it, is, as Mr. Trollope assures us, an instance of the truth that is stranger than fiction. It strikes us that Mr. Trollope might have advantageously transferred some of the pains he has bestowed on externals and accessories to the delineation of his characters. Farmer Bartoli and the more simple ones are lifelike enough, but in his more ambitious attempts he shows a marked want of individuality and originality. Carlo, the hero, is very good and very noble, much superior to the vulgar superstitions and weaknesses of his class, but he is insipid, as good people too often become when they are the handiwork of man. Nor is Regina very attractive, notwithstanding her good looks and a refinement quite beyond her station and opportunities. Like Carlo, we admire her on a first introduction, when we are told how handsome she is, but she does not improve on acquaintance. We never feel much interest in the fate of the lovers, and, indeed, we have no evil forebodings about it, for all along we can see the reflection of their future happiness falling on

* *The Dream Numbers*. By T. A. Trollope. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

the darkness of their path. The villains in the story are numerous enough, but their vice is scarcely more *piquant* than the others' virtue. We expect much of Italian cunning, but Mr. Trollope's creations have the fangs without the guile of the serpent. We have the conventional lawyer, virtuous after a principle of his own, too shrewd to be a rogue because he is convinced that in the long run, and except in very exceptional cases, honesty is the best policy. His son is too young to have learned that useful lesson, and commits himself accordingly. He has all the inclination to be a villain, but is so exceedingly shallow that even dull farmer Bartoli sees to the bottom of his simple little plans. The gentleman who plots the theft that is to blast poor Carlo's character has the makings in him of a thorough-paced scoundrel; but he sets about his work so very clumsily that we see instinctively he has mistaken his line when he left the paths of virtue, and are not surprised when his career of crime is cut prematurely short. There is the villainous priest too, but Mr. Trollope says that his doings are matters of history. We think that without trenching on the impossible, or even the sensational, Mr. Trollope might have magnified Carlo's perils, and subsequent triumph, by making his enemies draw their toils round him with greater skill. But it may be more artistic and more true to nature to depict men who have enjoyed but slight opportunities of cultivating their evil gifts as only acting after their limited lights.

Not being worked up to feel any very thrilling interest in the plot, we ought to reconcile ourselves more easily to having to linger among pages of dull dialogue. But it is taxing his reader's patience unmercifully when Mr. Trollope compels them to sit out, for example, the droning gossip of two old women as they discuss nothing in particular. We can admit with a clear conscience that he has rendered its prosiness with the most perfect success; but we are hypercritical enough to think that, for all the purposes of art, it would have been sufficient to indicate its gist in half a dozen of lines, and to have left the rest to the imagination. If we have not mastered thoroughly the salient features of all that came out at the discovery of the robbery of the widow, so as to have them at our fingers' ends when the mystery is cleared up, at least it is not Mr. Trollope's fault. Although we are present at the discovery of her loss, and hear and see all that happened there from first to last, he forces us to go straight from thence to Lucca with Morini, and hear him tell the whole story over again. People are continually repeating themselves all through the book, and we have seldom met with a novel that would be so obviously improved and brightened up by being cut down by one of its three volumes. Notwithstanding the local colouring given to the story by Mr. Trollope's unimpeachable knowledge of what he is writing about, the conversations often rather suggest the idea of English people masquerading in Italian costume. It is a difficult thing to make foreigners talk naturally, to steer the happy mean between the absence of all foreign character whatever and the grotesque adaptation of foreign idioms. But we should be curious to know what in the soft Italian are the synonyms for such phrases as "drat it," "all my eye," "kindly cotton to them," to say nothing of the thoroughly British forms in which the proverbs are cast that Mr. Trollope's Lucchesi are so fond of indulging in.

There are many good descriptions in Mr. Trollope's volumes—such as those of the Serchio breaking through its embankments, the scenes in the lottery office under the old *régime*, the rooms of the commissary of police, the officials, and the people who crowd the ante-chambers. The terrorism exercised by the unscrupulous priest on the ignorant old woman, the long struggle in her mind until superstitious fear fairly conquers avarice, are forcibly depicted without being made exaggerated or unnatural. Indeed there is much in the volumes that is very well worth reading, and we only wish it were more equally distributed over them. Mr. Trollope's books are quite good enough to make it difficult to skip with an easy conscience. You always feel that you may be missing something you would have enjoyed. But, unluckily, novel-readers with consciences are rare, and Mr. Trollope would consult his own popularity were he to make more allowance for the natural impatience of those who feel that life is short and novels are many.

ACADIAN GEOLOGY.*

WHAT Sir Roderick Murchison's well-known labours did a generation back for the Silurian system of Western Britain the careful work of Dr. J. W. Dawson may be said to have done for the geological structure and remains of the Maritime Provinces of British North America. During the interval of a dozen years which have elapsed since the time of its first publication his book has served both as a manual of the chief heads of scientific inquiry either already determined or awaiting determination, and as a pioneer to further progress in the same path of discovery and research. The present edition is calculated still more effectively to further this design, bringing as it does the light of more advanced knowledge to bear upon the physical history and resources of a most interesting portion of the American continent. Besides its bearing upon theoretical or general geology, the work has a high local and economical value in regard to the mineral and other sources of wealth with which the Acadian soil is especially rich.

* *Acadian Geology; the Geological Structure, Organic Remains, and Mineral Resources of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island.* By John William Dawson, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

Dr. Dawson's statements and opinions upon this important branch of exploration are entitled to the greater weight from the circumstance that he has neither the least personal interest in the mines of the Acadian provinces, nor has had the inducement of public aid of any kind to bias his energy or zeal in favour of any one district over another. His substantial volume deserves to be hailed, both by his fellow-countrymen and by those interested in scientific and economic progress at large, in the same spirit in which it is offered, as a conscientious and hearty contribution to the honour and the advancement of Acadia from one of her sons.

The result of Dr. Dawson's design, if fully carried into effect with the scope and in the spirit indicated in its announcement, would be to embrace the whole seaboard as well as the scattered islands of our north-western domain in the systematic survey which has been for years in execution as regards the Canadian provinces, under the able management of Sir Edward Logan. Such a union for scientific purposes appears to him in the light of the only possible set-off against what he regards as the fatal effects of the recent policy of political confederation. Into the political contingencies of that scheme of union we forbear to follow the writer, willing as we are to allow their due weight to the convictions or the speculations of an enlightened as well as a patriotic son of Nova Scotia. The change of nomenclature introduced during the progress of the present work as a result of this act of the Imperial Legislature necessitated a slight explanation of the geographical terms employed. The whole of the British provinces—Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island—are now included in one Dominion, under the general name of Canada. What was before known as Upper Canada is henceforth styled Ontario. Lower Canada becomes Quebec. Stubborn geological facts supporting the author in his method of contrasting the lower provinces collectively with the remaining provinces of the Dominion, he has felt himself constrained to adhere in the main to the earlier distinction of names. Whenever in his pages the names of Canada and Acadia are used in contradistinction, the former must be taken to include the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, the latter the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island. In other words, for the purposes of this volume the Dominion of Canada is to be regarded as divisible into the two natural regions of Canada proper and Acadia.

The old and musical name "Acadia," or "Acadie," by which this part of the American continent and the adjacent islands were known to the French colonists, notwithstanding its classic look and sound, is undoubtedly of native origin. On the authority of scholars in the Micmac and Malicete languages, no less than on his own, Dr. Dawson is able to set the true etymology of the name at rest. The word in its aboriginal form, *Kady*, *Cadie*, or *Quoddy*, is equivalent to "region, field, ground, or source." Joined to an adjective, or to a noun with the force of an adjective, it denotes that the place referred to is the appropriate or special place of the object expressed by the noun or noun-adjective. Adjectives of this kind in Micmac are formed by the suffix "a" or "na" to the noun. Thus, *Segubba* being a "ground nut," and *Segubba* "of or relating to ground nuts," *Segubbaakady* is the "place or region of ground nuts." "Acadia," consequently, is tantamount to a place of plenty, and has reference to the natural wealth and beauty of the district to which it extends. Its application may have been due in the first instance either to an extension to the whole region of the name of the bay (*Pasimaquoddy*) at its western limit, or, more plausibly, to the frequency of names with this termination in the language of the natives. This primeval or prophetic estimate of the natural treasures of the district is fully borne out by the explorations and experiments of geologists, as embodied in Dr. Dawson's pages. Whatever artificial arrangements man may make, the unchanging laws of geological and geographical structure impressed upon it by the Creator must make this region distinct from Canada on the one hand and from New England on the other. The name Acadia must live, and it will yet figure, Dr. Dawson ventures to predict, honourably in the history of the Western world. His own work, we may add, will do much to extend the knowledge and enhance the prestige of his native land among the older regions of the earth, contributing, it may be, indirectly to the realization of his glowing visions of national development. "The resources of the Acadian provinces must necessarily render them more populous and wealthy than any area of the same extent on the Atlantic coast from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Mexico, or in the St. Lawrence Valley from the sea to the head of the great lakes. Their maritime and mineral resources constitute them the Great Britain of Eastern America, and though merely agricultural capabilities may give some inland and more southern regions a temporary advantage, Acadia will in the end assert its natural pre-eminence."

Dr. Dawson's excellent geological map serves to give at a glance a clear general view of the stratification of this portion of the earth's crust. The key to the prevalent structure of the whole will be seen in the three broad bands of Silurian rock which traverse this region, all running in parallel lines from north-east to south-west. The more inland of these is just shown in the margin of the map skirting the south side of the St. Lawrence. It is, however, the most important of the whole, extending far to the south-west, through Canada and the United States, and constituting, with the exception of the lately determined Laurentian series, the oldest portion

of the great Appalachian breastbone of North America. The second extends across New Brunswick into Maine, and thence southward along the seaboard of the Union. The third is the coast series of Nova Scotia, spreading to the north-east into Newfoundland, but disappearing to the south-west under the Atlantic. All these ridges of rock bear gold and other metals. They constitute three great lines of upheaval or ridging up of the earth's crust, in the troughs between them lying the Upper Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous areas of Acadia. But long before the vast physical changes of upheaval and disturbance which ushered in the Silurian period, the Acadia that was to be was being slowly built up out of great coral reefs at the bottom of a shallow sea swarming with strange forms of crustaceans and shell-fish. Of this sea or lagoon the north-western margin was formed by a rocky lifeless continent, in so far as we know, ranging westward from Labrador. Beyond this we are carried long ages back into the Huronian period, when volcanic fires belch forth their lavas, and showers of ashes and scorias are discharged. Fierce storms break up the rocky ridges evolved from the bed of what was a quiet sea, of whose shores we know nothing, but whose deposits to the depth of 15,000 feet make up the immense series of Laurentian rock. In those still primeval waters sandy and argillaceous sediments were deposited, and animals and plants of the simplest structure, the earliest organisms in which we trace the germs of life, built up reefs of coral—masses of fetid, muddy vegetable matter entombing their elegant spiral debris—"the whole to be in process of time converted by the wondrous alchemy of mother earth into crystalline gneiss, marble, and graphite." A fine block of this green Laurentian marble is probably well known to many of our readers in the Museum of Economic Geology, Jersey Street. The discovery of the *cozon Canadense* by Sir W. Logan has been held to carry back the known duration of organic or animal life upon our globe to an antiquity double that which was previously laid down as its highest limit. Rocks of this palæozoic period crop out here and there in the Acadian series, as in the harbour of St. John, on the north shore of the Bay of Fundy. Dr. Dawson represents himself to have searched in vain in the specimens in his possession for indications of the *cozon*, the characteristic fossil of the true Laurentian; but there are traces of vegetable tissue, probably fucoidal, in the graphite and graphitic shales, and in the rocks at Sand Point there are worm-burrows and similar markings, probably of organic origin. No representatives of the great deposits of iron ore found in the Laurentian of Canada and New York have yet been recognised in New Brunswick, nor do we know of anything corresponding to the auriferous veins of Madoc in Upper Canada (Ontario). But the serpentines and limestones of the series have attained a high economic value.

The Carboniferous system of this remarkable region is that which occupies the most prominent portion of Dr. Dawson's survey, extending to more than a half of the entire volume. This prominence, however, is fully justified by the importance of the subject-matter, as well as in an economic as in a scientific point of view. Of no geological period is the history better recorded in the Acadian provinces than the Carboniferous. For these formations in particular, as Dr. Dawson shows at length, they may be considered a typical region, presenting these accumulations in the greatest possible thickness and variety, and exhibiting in a very perfect manner, and with features not as yet paralleled in other regions, the terrestrial life of that very interesting era. An excellent summary will be found here of the flora of the coal formation in this district, in comparison with the same or allied varieties in other quarters of the globe. Of 196 nominal species on the list, probably 44 may be rejected as founded merely upon parts of plants, leaving about 152 true species. Of these 92 seem to be common to Nova Scotia and to Europe, and 59 to Nova Scotia and the United States. About 54 it would appear, so far as we yet know, may be set down as peculiar to the Nova Scotia beds. The coal flora of this tract, we may infer, is more closely related to that of Europe than to that of the American continent—a noteworthy coincidence with the similarity of relationship of the marine fauna of the same period. Besides the fossils of the Carboniferous limestone, and the land plants of the proper coal deposits, a full description is given of the air-breathing animals, of which a few varieties, and those but recently, have been recognised. Footprints on the sand have often been the first, if not the only, clue to our knowledge of several of these curious types of life. The first trace ever observed of reptiles in the Carboniferous system consisted of small but well-marked footprints found by Sir W. Logan in 1841 in the lower coal measures of Horton Bluff, in Nova Scotia. The priority of this discovery Dr. Dawson is studious of securing to his friend. The impressions, unmistakably distinct, appear to have been made by some variety of the reptiles described in the sequel to this part of the narrative, as, for instance, by *Dendropteron Acadianum*. Several other discoveries of the same kind have rewarded the labours of geologists in other portions of the system. Actual remains of reptiles have since been found in great variety and profusion, many by our author himself. In the summer of 1851, among blocks of carbonaceous shale at the Albion mines, he discovered a large flattened skull, the palate and teeth partially preserved. This animal, which has since received from Professor Owen the name of *Baphetes planiceps*, appears to have been allied to the great crocodilian frogs of the Trias of Europe, first known as *Cheirotherium*, from the remarkable hand-like impressions of their feet, and afterwards *Labyrinthodon*, from the beautiful convolutions of the ivory of their teeth. Other fossil species have been added

by the research of Dr. Dawson to our previously existing wealth of the remains of this period, and will be found figured in the excellent woodcuts which are scattered through his pages. Among these are the *Hylonomus Lyelli*, so called in honour of the eminent geologist whose labours on the spot have been of immense value to our knowledge of the Acadian series, and the *Hylonomus Dawsoni*, associated with the name of its discoverer by the first of living palæontologists. Another curious addition is that of *Pupa Velusta Dawsoni*, the first known representative of palæozoic land-snails.

Following the Carboniferous period, and preceding the Triassic, in order of time (Dr. Dawson's plan, however, adopting the reverse arrangement), we naturally look for the equivalent to the Permian system, represented in England by the great magnesian limestones, and their associated beds, and in Germany by the Zechstein and the various sandstones and shales above and below it. Strange to say, this whole system is entirely wanting in the Acadian formations. The same gap occurs, so far as we know, through eastern North America. It is only west of the Mississippi, in Kansas, and on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, that Permian beds have been recognised. Dr. Dawson's short chapter on "The Permian Blank" contains some highly-interesting speculations upon the causes of this geological anomaly. His account of the Triassic period, well represented by the new red sandstones of which Prince Edward Island is made up, as well as by the trap which occurs in occasional masses as far as Cape d'Or, is full of interesting matter. The post-Pliocene period, including the Drift, and bringing us on to the great Glacial epoch and the borders of human history, opens a boundless series of scientific problems, on all of which Acadia in its surface and its structure is made, under Dr. Dawson's interpretation, to speak in language full of interest and instruction. The traces of prehistoric man, his acts and habits, his origin and affinities, are points on which the remains of this outlying corner of the New World throw a peculiar light. Those who speculate upon the man of the Stone or Bronze age in Europe may learn, our author suggests, a lesson from a country in which the Stone age still existed 300 years ago. The Micmac or Malicete, belonging probably to a long-headed race that migrated from Europe or Northern Africa, whose ancestors may have confronted and hunted down the mastodon, still pitches his rude wigwam within sight of the largest cities of Acadia. He has entered, indeed, since three centuries ago, into the Iron age, and the stone weapons of his forefathers are as much objects of curiosity to him as to his neighbours of European origin from whom he gladly borrows now his arts and arms. His race is in rapid decay. But ere it perishes it is well that all we have to learn from him, as well as from the interesting region which once was wholly his, should be put on record in the pages of a work so marked with accuracy and fulness as Dr. Dawson's Geology of Acadia.

KINGLAKE'S INVASION OF THE CRIMEA.*

(Third Notice.)

AS soon as the allies determined to reduce with heavy metal the artillery fire of Sebastopol before assaulting the fortifications, it was necessary to land their siege trains, and to bring them up to the heights which looked down upon the town. It was not, however, the guns alone which were required. Large quantities of ammunition and stores were requisite, and their conveyance from the coast to the positions of the batteries would have been a work of considerable labour, even with all necessary appliances. The English were sorely pressed for land transport. They had but forty-six light country carts available for the carriage of their munitions of war, and these by the 12th of October were reduced to twenty-one. This was a totally inadequate power with which to commence the carriage of material for a heavy bombardment over a distance of from six to seven miles; and Balaklava, the port of disembarkation, lay at that distance from the camp. The French were more fortunate; they had an easy approach of no great distance from Kamiesch Bay to the position of the camp of their siege corps. The time occupied in bringing up the siege trains and stores allowed the Russian field army to recover from its temporary paralysis, and by the 7th of October it pushed its patrols forward, and they were felt by the English cavalry on the Tchernaya. The landing of the allied siege trains also gave to the garrison of the place what was so much desired—time. It daily became more bold, and established its outposts so far in advance of its fortifications that the allies could neither fix their batteries within a comfortable distance of the place, nor obtain the information as to the nature of the ground which they required for planning their approaches. The fortifications of the southern side of Sebastopol formed an arc, the chord of which was the roadstead. The Central Bastion, Flagstaff Bastion, the Redan, and the Malakoff were the most southern of the works situated upon this arc, and consequently most liable to the allied attack. The Central Bastion and Flagstaff Bastion were opposite to the French position, the Redan and Malakoff to that of the British. On the 7th October Lord Raglan assembled his divisional generals, and proposed to them to push forward some battalions of infantry, and by "drawing closer the investment" of the place to drive in the enemy's outposts and give more

* *The Invasion of the Crimea; its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan.* By Alexander William Kinglake. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

scope to the operations of the engineers. The divisional generals dissented from this suggestion. Lord Raglan did not assert his right to order them to execute his wishes, but contented himself with establishing batteries of long range guns alone at considerable distances from the fortifications. Lord Raglan, by submitting to be swayed by the opinions of his subordinates, probably increased the difficulties of the siege. On the nights of the 7th and 8th October the English broke ground, and began the construction of two Lancaster batteries at a distance of 2,800 yards from the place. The French, favoured by the ground, on the 7th October pushed nine battalions forward towards the Central Bastion, and sheltered them under cover of the ridge of Mount Rodolph. On the night of the 9th October they broke ground on the crest of Mount Rodolph, and by the morning of the 10th had executed some 1,000 yards of work on the summit of the hill, at a distance of about 2,000 yards from the Central and Flagstaff Bastions. The garrison inside Sebastopol were well pleased to see this work on the morning of the 10th. It was now evident that the allies had determined upon siege operations, that no immediate assault was to be dreaded, and that time, the great necessity, was gained. But the garrison did not allow the French works to go on without interruption. The working parties were incessantly harassed by sallies and cannonades, and on one day, the 14th of October, more than eight hundred shot were thrown against Mount Rodolph within a single hour. Still the French pushed on their work. The ground on which their lines were traced had a fair depth of soil; that where the English batteries were being constructed was rock, covered by soil to the extent of only a few inches. This made the construction of the British batteries a matter of extreme difficulty. Partly from this cause, partly on account of the presence of the hostile outposts, the English engineers could not establish their works at nearer distances to the fortifications than thirteen or fourteen hundred yards. On the nights of the 10th and 11th of October, they broke ground at these distances on the Green Hill and the Woronzoff Height. The former faced the Flagstaff Bastion and the Redan, the latter the Redan and Malakoff. By the evening of the 16th of October, both French and English batteries were ready to open fire, and it was arranged that the English infantry should storm the Redan as soon as the French were ready to assault the Flagstaff Bastion.

In order to distract the attention of the garrison and to assist the land operations, it was determined that, both during the bombardment from the trenches and at the time of the assault, the allied fleets should cannonade the sea forts of Sebastopol. The action of the vessels was seen by the admirals to be one from which little glory could be gained, but they conceived it their duty to assist in every way within their power the efforts of their comrades on shore. The sunken vessels at the mouth of the roadstead, and the strength of the stone forts which guarded its approach, put any naval attack, except in the form of a cannonade, out of the question. The French admiral was under the orders of General Canrobert, and when ordered by the latter to co-operate in the bombardment, had no choice but compliance. Admiral Dundas held a command totally independent of Lord Raglan, but the latter urged upon him the necessity of the assistance of the fleet, and even had he desired to do so, Dundas would have been a bold man to have declined.

Prince Mentschikoff, when he came into the north side of Sebastopol, had intended still to hold his field army aloof from the defence. Korniloff had prepared a written protest against this course of action, but before it was delivered Prince Mentschikoff yielded, and sent fourteen battalions to the aid of the garrison. Afterwards he also sent in a further detachment of 3,000 men. Had Sebastopol been invested, these reinforcements could not have been thrown into the place. As it was, by the 6th of October the strength of the garrison was raised to about fifty-three thousand men—a force at least as strong as that which the allies could, with due regard to the protection of their position, throw into the attack. The place no longer lay at the mercy of the allies. In fact, the besieged forces had the advantage, for their supplies were better, and they fought in an entrenched position. At the same time the Russian field army showed signs of an intention to act. Mentschikoff, reinforced, moved from the neighbourhood of the Katcha and Belbec to that of the Tchernaya, and occupied the village of Tchorgorm, close to the latter river. As soon as Colonel Todleben, on the morning of the 10th of October, perceived the French work on Mount Rodolph, he was assured that the allies intended to employ siege operations. He did not content himself with a passive defence, but resolved to concentrate a superior fire on the French batteries. The old parapets, which commanded Mount Rodolph, were cut for additional pieces, and five new batteries were established to bear upon the French trenches. The English works, which appeared on the 11th and 12th, were opposed by adding ordnance to the Redan and the Malakoff, and by enlarging a battery in rear of the Flagstaff Bastion, but the Russian ordnance in that part of the defences did not overpower the English. At the same time numerous rifle-pits were constructed for the protection of marksmen. The allies abstained for twenty days after their appearance before Sebastopol from attacking the place. As Mr. Kinglake observes, "In that interval great wonders had been wrought." Besides all that had been done to develop the resources of artillery, due care had been given to those other numberless works which were requisite for the defence of the place; and we may therefore convey some idea of the proportion in which the whole system of the defences gained strength during those twenty days, by showing

the increase of power which was given within that time to the armament of the Sebastopol batteries. On the 26th of September the land defences on the south side of the place were armed with 172 pieces of ordnance, which, if each gun were once fired, could discharge missiles weighing altogether some 3,000 pounds. The twenty days passed, and by the end of that time the garrison batteries along the lines of defence were in number 341, with calibres for throwing in one salvo about 8,000 pounds' weight of shot. Thus, then, it can be said that in almost all the ingredients of warlike strength the defenders of Sebastopol had gained, and gained largely, since the day when the invader surprised them by his daring flank march. They had been largely reinforced. They had recovered much of their self-confidence. They were now in free communication, not only with the interior of Russia, but also with a relieving army already on the flank of the invader, and preparing to manœuvre against him. Their fortress was at length well covered by an entrenched position, which, although four miles in extent, had yet been made strong at all points. Above all, they were assured that in the particular kind of strife to which they had the happiness to find themselves challenged—the strife, that is, waged by meeting earthworks and batteries with other earthworks and other batteries—they had, and must have for a long time to come, vastly more means of putting forth strength than those who undertook to besiege them. "On the evening of the 16th of October, the twenty days' respite afforded by the allies expired, and the garrison learned, by the sure signs which can so easily be read by those inured to war, that their fortress was destined to undergo a heavy bombardment on the morrow."

At early dawn on the 17th of October the garrison perceived that the allies during the night had cut embrasures in the parapets of their batteries. At half-past six three shells fired from the French works on Mount Rodolph gave the preconcerted signal for the bombardment. Some English guns quickly opened, and in a few minutes from all the trenches of the assailants and all the opposite batteries of Sebastopol there thundered one continuous cannonade. In the French, English, and Russian batteries there was the greatest gallantry and endurance displayed. The English batteries appeared soon to gain a little upon the Russian guns opposed to them; but the French works on Mount Rodolph, exposed to a converging fire, were already being heavily borne upon, when a great calamity occurred to them. In one of the batteries a powder magazine exploded; the explosion killed only some forty or fifty men, but its moral effect was enormous. The battery in which the magazine had been situated was immediately silenced. The Russians turned all their guns on the batteries which still maintained their fire. Before long a second explosion took place. The moral depression in the French works was thereby materially deepened, and at half-past ten o'clock General Canrobert was forced to order the French guns to cease firing. The cannonade from Mount Rodolph was discontinued. From that time the bombardment was maintained by the English batteries alone. In the meantime there was great loss incurred by the combatants behind the fortifications of the place. On account of its being absolutely necessary, for fear of an assault, to hold the reserves near at hand to the parapets, the troops formed for this duty suffered severely from the fire of the besiegers. There were also many casualties in the batteries. The gallant Admiral Korniloff himself was killed. The supreme naval command then devolved upon Admiral Nachimoff, and that of the land forces on General Möller.

While the land bombardment was going on the allied fleets were in movement to commence their cannonade of the sea forts of Sebastopol. It had been arranged by Lord Raglan and General Canrobert that the fleets should open fire at the same time as the batteries in the trenches, which was at half-past six in the morning, and in this arrangement Admiral Dundas had concurred. Late on the preceding night, however, Admiral Dundas received an intimation from the French Admiral Hammelin to say that the French fleet did not intend to open fire before ten or eleven in the forenoon. The reason of this alteration of plan was that the French ammunition would not last throughout the day. It had been settled that the cannonade should be made by the two fleets in motion. On the morning of the 17th, however, Admiral Hammelin proposed a new plan, and urged it upon Dundas, that the two fleets should be anchored in line while engaging the forts. By this plan the French fleet were to be drawn up in a line from Chersonese Bay to opposite the centre of the entrance of the Sebastopol roadstead at a distance of from 1,600 to 2,000 yards from the forts, and the English fleet was to be ranged in the continuation of this line, so as to engage Fort Constantine, the fort which guarded on the northern shore the entry to the roadstead. The French fleet would engage the Quarantine Sea Fort and Fort Alexander, the sentinels of the roadstead on the southern shore. Dundas had no choice but to accede to this proposed plan, as, unless he had done so, the French admiral had decided to act alone. This plan of operations was well calculated to destroy the Quarantine Sea Fort, but for the vessels engaged against the other forts which were at longer ranges, it was calculated to be, as Mr. Kinglake says, "in some degree hazardous, and at the same time thoroughly impotent." The forts were at too great a distance from the proposed line of the fleets to be seriously damaged by the ships' guns, but themselves could probably do considerable harm to the vessels. Dundas divided his fleet into two divisions. The main division under his own command anchored opposite the Sebastopol roadstead. The detached squadron did not

anchor in the allied line. At one o'clock the French fleet began to take up its position, and was quickly opened upon by the Russian forts; and the main division of the English fleet soon afterwards got into line. Dundas despatched the *Agamemnon* under Lyons, with the *Sanspareil*, which were later reinforced by the *Albion* and *Arethusa*, to attack two batteries on the north of Fort Constantine, called the Wasp and Telegraph Batteries. These vessels did considerable damage to Fort Constantine by taking it in reverse, and at one time, for a few minutes, silenced all its guns, but they suffered considerably from the high-planted Telegraph Battery. The vessels under Lyons were within eight hundred yards of the Fort; those under Dundas were too far from the batteries when they attacked to do real injury to them. At about half-past five the allied fleet in front of the roadstead ceased firing, and went out of range. The vessels under Lyons had already hauled off, with the exception of the *Rodney*, which had got aground. She was, however, got off ultimately with few casualties. The naval bombardment ceased without reducing any of the forts, and even without effecting a diversion of the garrison from the defence of the land fortifications. After this the security of Sebastopol against a naval attack was firmly established.

In the meantime the English bombardment continued with considerable effect, and by the afternoon the British batteries had overpowered the artillery of the Redan, when a powder magazine exploded. The work was silenced, and the moment would have been favourable for an assault, but the English assault was to have been part of the general plan, and could not take place without the co-operation of the French against the Flagstaff Bastion. At evening the cannonade ceased.

(To be continued.)

A HOMEWARD RIDE.*

WE seem by many signs to be entering once more upon a poetical era. The names of Tennyson and Browning no longer stand alone without any promise of younger growth rising up to take their place in due time. Of Mr. Swinburne we may at least say that he has exhibited sufficient command of musical language to compensate in some degree for enormous defects of meaning and morality. Mr. Morris has shown that a vein which we might have supposed exhausted for centuries can still supply genuine poetic ore. We need not speak here of George Eliot's success in a new field of adventure, nor of the many names which intervene between the great masters of the art and our old friend the immortal Tupper. It is sufficient to observe that the volume of the perennial stream of poetry is just now swelled to a high level, and that many of the contributors may claim to be measured by a lofty standard. Unluckily, bad poets of course abound simultaneously with the good; with so much gold in circulation there are plenty of spurious imitations, and we continually have to sit in judgment upon stuff which is only poetry in a typographical sense, too bad and colourless even for hostile criticism. The natural instinct of the wearied critic leads him to reject with a hasty glance anything that comes in the questionable shape of verse; and it may be some comfort to neglected poets to believe that their effusions have been overlooked in the masses of irritating nonsense which make the very sight of rhymes odious. We would not destroy so harmless a delusion; and, indeed, there is some real danger that meritorious poetry of an unambitious character may be overlooked for a time. Mr. Barnes's charming Dorsetshire poems are probably far less known to the ordinary reader than much work which is destined to far more speedy oblivion. The little volume of poetry now before us may perhaps come under the class of which we have just spoken. It is unambitious in the highest degree. Mr. Austen Leigh by no means puts himself in competition with any of the great names we have mentioned. His longest effort is comprised in less than a dozen small pages, and he is not spasmodic, nor blasphemous, nor immoral, nor in any way trying to our nerves. Nothing, in short, can be more modest than his efforts, and it would be as unfair to him as to his readers to measure his merits on a scale appropriate to more audacious performances. So long as a man does not say, in manner or words, "I am something very surprising, a worthy successor to Shakespeare or Milton," we are not anxious to deal with him severely. Of Mr. Austen Leigh we may most truly say that he has hit the mark at which he aimed, and that if he selected a tolerably easy one we should be the last to complain. The general nature of his performance may be gathered from the little poem which gives its name to the volume. As Mr. Austen Leigh says, with commendable simplicity,

All day I hunted with the Sussex hounds;
and he proceeds to tell us what he thought about on his way home. Now gentlemen given to riding with hounds have many admirable qualities, of which their countrymen are fully sensible. No class of Englishmen receive a greater amount of praise, both from themselves and from a numerous circle of ardent admirers. Only, if we may venture, in the most delicate way in the world, as Mr. Chucks says in *Peter Simple*, to hint that, if they have a fault, it is that they are rather stupid. Their development of their digestive and muscular capacities is rather out of proportion to their intellectual energy, or, at best, the lower faculties by which they decide on the merits of a horse are more conspicuous than the poetical imagination. However, in Mr. Austen Leigh the hunting

instincts have not pushed the intellectual tastes aside. It is true that he meditates with due satisfaction on the incidents of the day's hunting. He thinks of

How, while many fell, yet he unscathed
Swung some large fence, and fighting in the field
Exultant found that he was well with hounds.

But he is capable of rising to rather loftier reflections. As he rides beneath the range of South Downs, he meditates upon the old races that possessed the land, and on the most remarkable historical event of the district, the battle of Lewes; or he goes back to prehistoric times,

When the vast ocean poured
His flood inexorable o'er the vale;

and, as geologists maintain, denuded the great mass of chalk between the North and South Downs. Or he dwells simply upon the quiet pastoral view of the miniature valleys that lie below what White of Selborne called that "stupendous range of mountains," and what Mr. Austen Leigh, speaking in times when mountains have become more familiar, calls "the circling rounded ridges of the hills." Many poets might doubtless have risen to higher rhapsodies under the circumstances; a winter's night coming down even upon so peaceful and domestic a country might suggest profounder reflections to a Wordsworth, and wider excursions of thought to a Shelley. But it is perhaps fairer to compare Mr. Austen Leigh with the ordinary hunting man, who after a long day's hunting would be more apt to think of his approaching dinner than of the battle of Lewes, and of the condition of his horse than of the ichthyosauri of remote geological ages. The difficulty of such writing is that, under any circumstances, it grazes with perilous closeness the edges of prose, and that blank verse has a treacherous facility for a careless writer. We cannot say that Mr. Austen Leigh has entirely avoided these dangers, and he is perhaps more successful when he is stimulated by writing in more exciting metre. He is, for example, given to fishing as well as hunting, and the more poetical nature of the art has perhaps encouraged him to a little more animation. An angler has a kind of prescriptive right to indulge in meditative poetry. Even those plethoric gentlemen to whom sitting all day in a punt at Richmond has indescribable charms have probably a dumb perception of the beauty of scenery. Even of such a man it may be said in Mr. Austen Leigh's words:—

One day he spends among the streams
In meadows bright and clear,
He carries off a wealth of dreams
To last him for a year.

Certainly he is apt to carry off very little of anything else. Mr. Austen Leigh, in short, is especially sensible to the charm of English scenery. His poems are the record of a great deal of placid enjoyment, whether he has got as far as the island of Mull, and asks,

Is it peace, the silence still
That hangs over rock and hill,
And has hushed the restless trouble of the bay
In a slumber so profound
That there only comes the sound
Of waterfalls that weep themselves away?

or whether he is content with shorter excursions, and describes for us the associations that naturally arise on the bank of the Thames, quaintly called "Tamise ripe" after Leland:—

The waving tresses of the weeds,
The water's ripple in the reeds,
The plunging lasher cold and bright
Making sweet music to the night,
Old spires, and many a lordly grove,
All these there are, and more, to love
On Tamise ripe.

Other poems touch upon particular incidents, such as the battle of Inkeremann, or on bits of old legend, as of the unfortunate knight whose fate is summed up with a simplicity that is perhaps a little overstrained. The poet puts it thus:—

The murdered knight of Clec
That should have kept his tryst to-night
Was floated out to sea.

And we have a few songs, and a translation or two from the German intermixed. We have, however, sufficiently indicated the general character of the writing. It is for the most part a graceful expression of the thoughts which naturally arise to a cultivated mind amongst the pleasant scenery of the southern counties of England. The book is thus pervaded by a certain harmony, such as sometimes appears to exhale from the quiet English fields which atone for their tameness by their peaceful and cultivated aspect.

Poetry of this class may be regarded from two points of view. We may consider it as affecting the author or the public. The writer may be congratulated without reserve on possessing a pleasant accomplishment. To write even bad verses is, on the whole, a civilizing employment for the foxhunting portion of mankind. Few characters are more offensive than the purely "horsey" man whose literary yearnings would be satisfied by the perusal of Mr. Soapey Sponge's sporting tour; and, on the other hand, the man whose devotion to hunting is combined with cultivated taste is generally a most agreeable person. Mr. Austen Leigh's verses are sufficiently good to assure us that he would be a pleasant companion, not only across country, but at the hours when the intellect (in such persons as possess an intellect properly so called) wishes for some relief from talk appropriate to the stables. We hope that it may be long before he needs an epitaph, but when he does, he may claim something better than the celebrated

* *A Homeward Ride, and other Poems.* By C. Austen Leigh. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

composition intended by Herr Teufelsdröck for Count Zaehdarm, and which, "for some fault in Latinity never fully visible" to its author, was not turned to its intended purpose. As for the public, we hold that they have several undeniable causes of gratitude to Mr. Austen Leigh. In the first place, they should be grateful to any man who, having decided to publish a book, does not choose to put it in the form of a novel; and if public gratitude for such a negative virtue is rather cool, it will be made up by the warmer thankfulness of reviewers. Secondly, they should be obliged to him for a practical demonstration that a keen appreciation of field sports is not incompatible with a high degree of cultivation. And thirdly, they should feel a more general sense of obligation to one who has written a short, graceful, and unaffected book of poetry. If he does not seek to stir them very deeply, he will at least afford a pleasant half hour to any one who shares his appreciation of the quieter aspects of English scenery.

Alice Rushton.*

THIS is a volume of considerable promise. It is indeed extremely unequal; a large part of it is very weak and washy; in fact, the volume would have been greatly improved by the excision of some two-thirds of the whole. But the merit of the remainder seems to us sufficient to justify decided encouragement of the author. If we are not mistaken, he is neither a poetaster nor a clever man who, without poetical talent, has chosen to write verses; on the contrary, the movements and cadences of verse come very naturally to him, and we are, to say the truth, very much more certain that he possesses genuine poetic feeling than that he possesses energy or intellectual power. But we will go through his productions in the order in which he has given them—which we hope is the chronological order, for the book, with some exceptions, much improves as it goes on.

The first poem, and that which gives its name to the book, "Alice Rushton," is one that ought certainly not to have been published. Not that there is anything very particular to say against it, and the mere writing of it may no doubt have been good practice for the author. And though we are pretty safe in saying that it would not have been written had Mr. Reynolds not previously read *Enoch Arden* and *Aylmer's Field*, it is not, strictly speaking, an imitation of Tennyson. It is not without tokens that the author has seen things with his own eyes. But there is in it a most lamentable lack of power, concentration, and force; and being written in blank verse, the metre which above all others demands point and intensity of meaning, its defects come out very prominently. Such lines as the following are prose, and very feeble prose too:—

But more ambitious were the thoughts that filled
Sir Philip's mind; to him the world's advance
Moved with the due advancement of his race;
For more than one distinguished ancestor
Had swayed the nation's councils, more than one
Had died a victim to the nation's cause;
And he, a soldier from his earliest youth,
And one of those whose noble gallantry
Stood firm on Waterloo's tremendous field,
Was wont to cherish visions of his name
Far more esteemed in centuries to come
Than ever it had been in ages past.

There are better things in "Alice Rushton" than this; but nothing good. The second poem, "Musings," is one that ought not only never to have been published, but never to have been written. It is a most feeble reflex of *In Memoriam*, in the same metre. Now, in the first place, we are by no means of opinion that the metre of *In Memoriam* is a good one at all, for ordinary purposes. It is a halting metre; it is quite impossible to express in it any long flow or outburst of enthusiasm. The sole merit of it lies in this, that it lends some additional point to thoughts of extreme abruptness and concentration, such as a great poet produces perhaps a dozen of in as many years. For all other purposes it fails, even in Tennyson's hands. And Mr. Reynolds's forte is quite in the opposite direction to abrupt energy. But, not to speak of this, it is surely scarcely to be tolerated that any one should publish such a direct imitation as the following:—

The year unto the reaper yields,
The months renew their ceaseless round,
Once more I hear the bells resound
At midnight o'er the frosty fields.

We need not quote any more; but for Mr. Reynolds's benefit we may remark that, if he will turn to the passage in *In Memoriam* which is the original of the above, he will find that Mr. Tennyson gets at least four times as many ideas into a given number of lines as those which he himself contrives to express in the same space.

After the "Musings" come two sets of sonnets—an improvement on what has gone before, but still not more than indifferently good. Then come a series of "Manx Sketches," with which we are not much inclined to quarrel, except in so far as they contain political or religious reflections. There are some pretty descriptions in them. But Mr. Reynolds should have a wholesome terror of the "fiery Dane," the "unrelenting Turk," "the dark corrupted mysteries of Rome," "foul superstition," Philip II., and the rest of it.

After these comes by far the best poem in the volume, and indeed the one without which we should hardly have ventured to bestow any decided commendation on Mr. Reynolds. It is entitled

* *Alice Rushton, and other Poems*, By Francis Reynolds. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

"Margaret." The story is commonplace but pathetic, resembling in these respects some of Wordsworth's pastorals—in particular the "Female Vagrant." Some of the turns in it, again, remind one of Crabbe. If we were to make any criticism on it, we should say that it was rather too long drawn out; but it does not err seriously in this respect; it moves on with a sweet and even tenor, and one is sorry when it is finished. Some of the description and similes have great merit; we will quote one or two:—

And in the garden fluttering to and fro,
Tending the offspring of her floral care,
No thought oppressed her of the tragic woe
Which even then oppressed the conscious air;
No dark presentiment of coming wrath
Had cast its brooding shadow on her path,
No voice had whispered to her heart "prepare";

Until she saw across the dewy lawn
Brought from the spot where he so lately fell,
By kind rough hands in sad procession borne,
The cold, cold form of him she loved too well;
His icy brow and rigid lips compressed,
The darkly crimson stain upon his breast,
Alone sufficed the dismal news to tell.

Then straight the passion smouldering in her heart,
Which to herself she scarcely yet had owned,
Kindled to fierceness with a sudden start,
And told her where her hopes had been enthroned;
No word she breathed, no wild despairing cry
Burst from her lips, but gazing fearlessly,
She sank away unconscious on the ground.

Or take the following:—

As when a melody that floated round,
Bearing delight to thousand ravished ears,
Is lost awhile beneath a storm of sound,
Then through the lessening tumult reappears,
And trebly potent for the sweet surprise,
Unlocks the long-closed gates of Paradise,
And bids the soul dissolve in silent tears;—
So to his darkened breast returned the tide
Of yearnings he had striven to expel; &c.

We should like to quote some more, but must refrain. We may add, however, that it is not a poem to be judged of by extracts; its beauty lies in its completeness and finish. And, to our mind, the power of composing anything perfect, even if its perfection lies between somewhat narrow limits, is one of far greater promise, from the self-restraint and patience which it demands, than the production of a much larger amount of crude, though brilliant, verse. Another thing to be remarked about it is its entire honesty; it is no traditional or fancied picture; the author feels thoroughly with his characters. And while we hope that Mr. Reynolds will some day write a poem of much greater power than "Margaret," we feel that we owe him no small thanks for the pleasure which it has given us to read this.

After "Margaret" come some miscellaneous poems, of various merit. All, however, are better than those in the first half of the volume. But there are too many of them; there is too little imagery, and too much of a plaintive sentimental philosophizing; they have not, in general, enough swing and go for lyrical poetry. The best of them are distinguished for a gentle pathos. We should guess that the author had a great admiration for Wordsworth; but if this be the case, he should remember that even great poets have their defects, which it is not well to imitate, and which they who imitate are almost sure to exaggerate. And it can hardly be denied that Wordsworth was, in some of his poems, prosy, commonplace, childish, and narrow to a degree. His surpassing excellence at other times makes us pardon these faults in him; but they are a dangerous example to his followers.

The volume ends with some more sonnets, most of which are very pleasing. We will quote one of them—to Sir Philip Sidney:—

Unwatched thy pastoral streams meander by,
Arcadian flutes awake thy groves no more;
And only do thy golden pages lie
Where learning treasures antiquarian lore;
But every child that reads his country's tale
Points to the record brought from Zutphen's field,
How when thy mortal vigour most did fail
Thy spirit's strength most clearly stood revealed;
And as he reads, he feels the while that he
Can claim a title to nobility,
Because his land gave birth to such as thee:
The cup of water which thou wouldst not drain
Has swelled through ages to a boundless main,
Whereon thy memory floats to us again.

There is another, of a similar character. We will conclude with a few words of advice to Mr. Reynolds. First and chiefly, he must exercise much more care in criticizing his own productions. The amount of verse contained in the volume before us is far too great for it to be invariably good; and in point of fact some of it is very poor indeed. No poet, especially no young poet, can afford to publish indifferent verse. Secondly, even in the really good parts of the volume, there is a want of terseness and conciseness; at times moreover the energy of the thought seems to drop, the poetry flags, and after a few lines of real excellence come others inferior. Thus, for instance, in the following stanza:—

And there like statues standing face to face
In the dim twilight from the orient skies,
They looked distrust across a scanty space,
And read their hatred in each other's eyes;
The signal given—a sudden gleam of flame—
And he, the libeller of manhood's name,
The heartless traitor, fell no more to rise.

"The libeller of manhood's name" and "the heartless traitor" are weak even singly; united, they are doubly weak. Thirdly, nearly the whole of the present volume deals with the pathetic alone. This is very well in its way, but still life has spheres in which pathos is at any rate not the most conspicuous element; cannot Mr. Reynolds endeavour to embrace some of these? He should do his utmost to escape out of the limits of his own personal feeling, and assimilate the moods of other men. Any man can write about himself, and most poets of the present day write a very great deal about themselves. Mr. Browning has set the example of an opposite style; and we think that the study of his works might in more ways than one act as a tonic to Mr. Reynolds's poetry. We do not of course mean that it would be well for him to imitate Mr. Browning. This would be a most fatal mistake; but we think that Mr. Reynolds has enough individuality to preserve him from the risk of it. It is necessary only to add one thing more. Let Mr. Reynolds cut out his present preface (if he has the opportunity) and never write another. The prefaces of poets are always unlucky. We hope to hear of Mr. Reynolds again—though, we must add, not too soon.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 663, JULY 11, 1868:

The Coming Elections.			
Italy.	The West Indies Bill.	America.	Money and Politics in France.
	The Lords' Seccession.	War-Office Reform.	Nova Scotia.
Suggestiveness of Landscape.			
	Buncombe.	Every Man for Himself.	
	La Femme Passée.	Labour and Capital.	
	Small Boroughs and their Boundaries.	Revenue Officers and their Votes.	
	The Compulsory Church Rates' Bill.	The House of Lords.	
	Pictures of the Year.	Recitals.	
Milton's Prose Works.			
	Herod the Great.	M. Littré's Historical Essays.	
	The Women of Goethe.	The Dream Numbers.	Acadian Geology.
	Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea.	A Homeward Ride.	
	Alice Rushton.		

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE—NEXT WEDNESDAY.

Mr. MAPLESON'S BENEFIT, under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES, His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of CAMBRIDGE, Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary ADELAIDE, The Prince TECK, &c.

Mr. MAPLESON has the honour to announce that his BENEFIT will take place at the CRYSTAL PALACE on Wednesday next, July 15, on which occasion will be presented an extraordinary combination of attractions.

Grand Concert at Four o'clock, supported by the following Artists: Madlle. Titiens, Madlle. Clara Louise Kellogg, Madlle. C. Sinico, Madlle. Corsi, Madlle. Rose Herce, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Madlle. Baumraster, and Madlle. Christine Nilsson. Signor Manzoni, Signor Ferenczi, Signor Bettini, Signor Agretti, Mr. Lyall, Signor Gasster, Signor Zoboli, Signor Bond, Signor Casanini, Signor Poli, Signor Fiorini, and Mr. Santley.

Director of the Music, Composer, and Conductor, Signor Arditi. Maestro Concertatore all Piano, Signor Beizwani. Chorus Master, Signor Santli.

The Military Band will be that of the Grenadier Guards, under the Direction of Mr. D. Godfrey. The Magnificent Orchestra and Chorus of Her Majesty's Opera.

Display of the whole system of Great Fountains at 6.30. Military Bandson grounds at Seven until Eight.

Operatic Representation at 8.30, with Scenery, Costumes, Decorations, and Appointments, of Mozart's Opera, I.F. NOZZE DI FIGARO. Il Conte d'Almaviva, Mr. Santley; Figaro, Signor Gasster; Basilio, Signor Poli; Basilio, Mr. Lyall; Don Curzio, Signor Agretti; Antonio, Signor Zoboli; Marcelina, Madlle. Corsi; Cherubino, Madlle. Christine Nilsson; Susanna, Madlle. Clara Louise Kellogg; and La Contessa, Madlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The Minuet and Fandango in the Ball Scene will be danced by Madlle. Cosellin, supported by Madlle. Brun and the Corps de Ballet of Her Majesty's Opera. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. Registrar, M. Grun. Supper, Signor Hialp.

The Palace and Grounds will be brilliantly illuminated, exhibiting many novel and remarkable effects. The termination of this great combined Fete will be distinguished by an unequalled Display of Grand Fireworks.

The Prices of Admission will be as follows—On the Day, 7s. 6d.; Tickets purchased before the Day, 5s.; Season Tickets on Payment of 2s. 6d. Stalls for the Grand Concert and Opera, 1s. 6d.; Reserved Seats for Grand Concert and Opera, 5s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d. Reserved Seats for Fireworks, 2s. 6d.; Unreserved Seats, 1s.

Tickets and Places may be secured at the new Box Office of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the Colonnade (Two Doors from Pall Mall), open from Ten o'clock till Five Daily, under the superintendence of Mr. Newery.

Tickets also at the Offices of Her Majesty's Opera, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, under the Front Portico; also at 2 Exeter Hall, Crystal Palace, and of the Agents described above.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY, St. James's Hall.—EXTRA CONCERT. Friday Evening, July 17. Conductor, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—Symphonies: Italian, Mendelssohn's Jupiter, Mozart. Overtures: Paradise and Peri, Bennett; Jubilee, Weber. Concerto in G, Piano-forte, Mr. Charles Hallé, Beethoven. Madlle. Titiens will sing "Queen," Weber. Madlle. Christine Nilsson will sing "Ah, perfido," Beethoven; and "Sull'aria," with Madlle. Titiens. Mr. Santley will sing "O voi del Erco." Handel, &c.—Stalls 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 5s. and 2s. 6d. L. Cock, Addison, & Co., 63 New Bond Street; Chappell, Mitchell, H. Olivier, Keith, Prowse, & Co., Cheapside; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall.

WILL CLOSE ON JULY 25.
THE SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—5 Pall Mall East. From Nine till Seven.—Admission, 1s.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT EXHIBITION, Exhibition Road, South Kensington.—Third and concluding Series of celebrated Persons who have died since 1800, and a supplementary Collection of others before that date. is NOW OPEN Daily.—Admission, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 1s. each person; Tuesdays, 2s. 6d. Open from 10 a.m. till 7 p.m.—Catalogues, 1s. and 1s. 6d.

GUSTAVE DORE'S FORTY GRAND PICTURES, German Gallery, 108 New Bond Street.—Including his most famous Painting, "THE TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY." Daily, Ten to Six.—Admission, 1s.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION SOCIETY, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street.
President.—A. J. B. BERSFORD HOPE, Esq., M.P., D.C.L.
The EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, from Nine till Five; Admission, 1s.; and on Tuesday Evenings, from Six till Nine, Admission, 6d.—Will Close on Monday, July 15.

ROBERT W. EDIS, F.R.S.E., F.R.A.S. Hon. Secs.
HOWLAND PLUMBE, A.R.L.B.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.—The next ANNUAL MEETING will be held at Norwich on Wednesday, August 19, and the following days.

President.—J. D. HOOKER, M.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.
Notices of Papers proposed to be read at the Meeting should be sent to G. GRAYSON, M.A., Assistant General Secretary, 1 Woodside, Harrow.
Information respecting the Local Arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries, Norwich.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

President and Visitor.—The LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER.
Head-Master.
The Rev. ARTHUR FABER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.
Sons of Gentlemen are educated at a moderate cost, and Pupils are prepared for Oxford or Cambridge, and for Military and Civil Service Examinations. There is a Modern Department distinct from the Classical.
Scholarships of considerable value are attached to the College.
Pupils are boarded with the Assistant-Masters, subject to the approval of the Head-Master.
Full information on application to HENRY ALDRICH, Esq., the Secretary.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION for LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London.

Fee for Residents in Finishing School, 60 Guineas per annum.
Fee for Residents in Middle School, 40 Guineas per annum.
Fee for Residents in Elementary School, 30 Guineas per annum.
Payment reckoned from Entrance.
Governess-Students received. Certificates granted.
For Prospectuses, with List of Rev.-Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. MORSE, Lady-Principal, at the College.
Scriptural Teaching under the Superintendence of the Rev. WM. McCALL and Rev. J. WRIGHT.

Masters.	
Lectures	By various Lecturers.
English	Mr. Wood and Mr. Home.
Latin	Mr. Wood.
French	Messrs. des Fortes and de Melliss.
German	Herr Hirschfeld.
Italian	Signor Plarucci.
Spanish	Senor Vives.
Flauto	Mr. W. Macfarren and Mr. C. Gardner.
Singing	Herr Rosen and Mr. W. H. Monk.
Drawing	Mr. Gandie and Mr. Sims.
Dancing and Callisthenics	Mr. Webb George.
Daily Medical Attendance	Dr. Rawlins.

PROPOSED COLLEGE for WOMEN.

Committee-room, 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, London, W.
General Committee.
The Lord Bishop of St. David's.
Lady Marian Alford.
Lord Lyttelton.
The Dean of Winchester.
Lady Churchill.
Lady Colville.
Lady Crompton.
The Dean of Ely.
Lady Estlake.
Lady Rich.
Rev. W. P. Bullock.
Hon. Mrs. W. Cowper.
Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies.
J. E. Gort, Esq., M.P.
Miss Dora Greenwell.
W. Gull, Esq., M.P.
Right Hon. Russell Gurney, M.P.
Rev. Professor Maurice.
Rev. Canon Melville.
James Paine, Esq., F.R.S.
E. H. Sieveking, Esq., M.D.
Miss Anna Swanwick.
Miss Emily Taylor.
G. O. Trevelyan, Esq., M.P.
Miss Twining.
&c. &c.

Executive Committee.
Mrs. Manning.
Mrs. F. Metcalfe.
H. J. Roby, Esq.
Professor Seeley.
Rev. Sedley Taylor.

Treasurer.—H. R. TOMKINSON, Esq., 21 Lower Seymour Street, W.
Hon. Sec.—Miss DAVIES, 17 Cunningham Place, N.W.
Architect.—ALFRED WATERHOUSE, Esq.

The absence of any adequate provision for carrying on the Education of Women beyond the school period has long been felt, and as, by the diffusion of wealth and other causes, the occupation provided by Domestic avocations continuously diminishes, the desirability of furnishing opportunities for Intellectual Culture becomes increasingly apparent. Such opportunities are afforded to Young Men by the Universities, and it is believed that the similar need on the part of Women will be best supplied by the establishment of an analogous Institution, offering a Course of Instruction and Discipline suited to Adult Students.

With this view it is proposed to found a College, in which the resident authorities will be Women, their teaching being supplemented by that of non-resident Professors. The Institution will be self-supporting, but it is proposed to raise the sum required for building and other preliminary expenses by Public Subscription, and by the sale of a limited number of Presentations. It has been found that a suitable site can be obtained in a healthy locality within easy reach of London and Cambridge, and it is intended to commence operations as soon as the necessary Funds shall have been raised.

Contributions may be paid, (either in one sum or in annual instalments) to the Treasurer, or to the "College Committee,"—see-out, at the London and County Bank, 21 Lombard Street, E.C., and its branches. It is particularly requested that persons paying sums into the Bank will, at the same time, advise the Treasurer thereof.

The following Contributions have been promised:

Mrs. Bodleian	£100 0 0	Lady Goldmid	£100 0 0
Anonymous	100 0 0	James Heywood, Esq.	100 0 0
The Dean of Canterbury	100 0 0	Mrs. Manning	100 0 0
Leonard H. Courtney, Esq.	100 0 0	Rev. Sedley Taylor	100 0 0
Miss Davies	100 0 0	H. H. Tomkinson, Esq.	100 0 0
Miss Garrett	100 0 0		

Further information may be obtained on application to the Hon. SECRETARY.

COLFE'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Lewisham Hill, Blackheath, S.E.

Head-Master.—Rev. T. BRAMLEY, M.A., Queen's Coll., Oxford.
Second-Master.—W. H. KAY, Esq., B.A., Worcester Coll., Oxford.
There will be an Examination on Thursday, July 30, for Two Entrance Exhibitions value £15, tenable for Three years in the School House.
For Particulars, apply to the Head-Master.

CIVIL SERVICE OF INDIA.—By Mr. SPRANGE, M.A., assisted by a large Staff of the best Masters to be obtained in the Subjects of the Competitive Examinations, has VACANCIES. References to upwards of Twenty Successful Candidates. Terms moderate.—Address, 12 Princes Square, Baywater, W.

CIVIL SERVICE AND ARMY.—By Mr. W. M. LUPTON (Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 15 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION.—By Mr. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High (Fifth) Wrangler, an Oxford Graduate (First Class in Classical Honours), and the best Masters obtainable for all the other Subjects allowed to be taken up, receives Resident and Non-resident PUPILS. NINE of the Candidates successful in the recent Competition were sent up by Mr. WREN.—4 Fowls Square, Westbourne Grove, W.

ARMY MATRICULATION, &c.—The RECTOR of a Country Parish on the Banks of the Thames can receive TWO PUPILS to Read for Direct Commissions, Universities, &c. Terms, £200 per annum.—Address, Rev. H. D., Post Office, Abingdon.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS.—A GENTLEMAN, whose Son obtained his Commission at Sandhurst, without purchase, and whose former Students occupy high ranks in the Staff, strictly receives only SIX CANDIDATES, in Kensington Gardens Square. Agent, Mr. Venn, 42 Jermyn Street, St. James's.—Address, N.B.

N A V A L C A D E T S, &c.

EASTMAN'S R.N. ACADEMY, SOUTHSEA.
ONE-FOURTH (less Fugot of ALL the Naval Cadets who entered Her Majesty's Service in 1867 PASSED FROM EASTMAN'S R.N. ACADEMY.

In December, 1867, of 14 Pupils sent up 13 were SUCCESSFUL.
At late Competitive Examinations Pupils took 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, &c. places.
More than 800 Pupils have entered Her Majesty's Service.

For every information address Dr. SPICKERELL, as above.
DIPLOMACY, FOREIGN OFFICE, HOUSE OF LORDS, &c. &c. &c.—The ADVERTISER, an Assistant-Master at a Public School, Author of Educational Works of repute, desires to receive into his House Two or Three GENTLEMEN preparing for the above examinations. French and German spoken continually. Terms moderate.—Address, M.A., Eastholme, Lee, Kent.

OXFORD MATRICULATION, ARMY, &c.—The RECTOR of a Country Parish (pop. 300) Seventy Miles from London, M.A. Oxford, Married, with no grown up Daughters, will have room shortly for TWO PUPILS (Three only taken). The companion Pupil matriculates October 1869. Very great advantages for Gentlemen of social position. Terms, including Man Servant, Keep of Horse, &c., £300 per annum.—Address, D.D. New University Club, St. James's Street, London.

EDUCATION at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, for the SONS of GENTLEMEN, who are thoroughly prepared by a CLERGYMAN, Graduate of Oxford, for the Universities, Public Schools, Competitive Examinations, &c.—For Prospectus, apply to the Rev. M.A., Belmont House; or to Mr. Biven, 46 Regent Street, W.

PRIVATE TUITION in the COUNTRY.—An OXFORD FIRST-CLASSMAN, who has had considerable experience in Education, will have Vacancies in his House in July for THREE PUPILS, to be prepared for the various Professions or for the University. Careful Instruction combined with the comforts of a quiet Rural Home. This opportunity presents special advantages to Pupils whose Constitution or Temperament may be thought to require for them Personal attention and Individual Treatment. Terms, £80 per annum.—Address, CLAUDEUX, care of Messrs. Street Brothers, 5 Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

MONTREUX, Lake of Geneva.—Mr. RENKEWITZ receives into his House PUPILS for the Study of the French, German, Italian, and Spanish Languages. Instruction in all usual Branches of Education, combined with Home Comforts. Terms, 50 Guineas.—Prospectus may be had on application at Mr. G. MULLER, Bookseller and Stationer, 3 Old Jewry, London, E.C.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEFFERSON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principals of the Euphrasian Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service, and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

UNIVERSITY PUPILS.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN (High Honours), who receives in his House THREE PUPILS, has One Vacancy.—Address, Rev. LL.D., West Woodhay Rectory, Newbury, Berks.

PUPILS.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A. Cantab., formerly Scholar of his College, assisted by an Oxford Graduate in Honours, receives PUPILS into his House to prepare for the Public Schools, &c. Climate specially suitable for delicate Boys. Terms, £80 to £100 Guineas per annum, according to age.—Address, Rev. G. T. B. KYNOD, Stoneham, Dorset.

EDUCATION (superior) in GERMANY, where the SONS of GENTLEMEN are thoroughly prepared for the Universities, Professional, and other pursuits. A very liberal Table kept; kind Treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—For an Interview or Prospectus, address Pastor VULFAN, University and School Agency, 46 Regent Street, W.

EDUCATION.—Dr. MARTIN REED, of Hurst Court, Hastings, receives the SONS of GENTLEMEN between the ages of Six and Eighteen. First-class Private School.—Highest references and full particulars on application.

EDUCATION.—A GENTLEMAN, who prepares Two PUPILS for the Universities, &c., and can offer unusual advantages, has a VACANCY for One. Terms, £150 per annum.—Address, J. G., 29 Walpole Street, S.W.

MATHEMATICS.—LONG VACATION in TOWN.—The Rev. R. DELL, M.A., late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, will take MATHEMATICAL PUPILS, from July 13, at 35 Bryanston Street, Portman Square, W.

A RECTOR (Married) of a Country Parish in Nottingham wishes to take about SIX BOYS, from any age, to prepare for the Public Schools or otherwise. Terms, 50 Guineas.—Address, M.A., Mr. Derry's, Bookseller, Albert Street, Nottingham.

ENGLISH BOYS who wish to enter one of the Colleges or Mercantile Schools in WIESBADEN can be received in a quiet German Family.—Address, F. H. T., Mr. Schellenberg, Bookseller, Wiesbaden.

HOME and SCHOOL.—A WIDOW LADY, with One Young Son, is desirous of receiving into her Home Two or Three SONS of GENTLEMEN, who would have the benefit of attending a first-class Preparatory School, previous to entering Rugby or other Public School. The highest references can be given.—Address, M. E., Post Office, Rugby.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A LADY wishes to find a LITTLE GIRL to Educate with her own Two Girls, ages Seven and Ten. She has an excellent experienced Governess, who has resided in Paris for many years. The Family reside on their own Estate near the Sea. Children from India and Abroad would find this an invaluable opportunity, the Family being large and cheerful, visiting the best Society in the County.—Address, L. B. Acres, Brothers, Advertisement Office, 155 Albany Street, N.W.

SCHOLASTIC.—Required, a TUTOR in a Preparatory School; number of Pupils about Twenty. He must be able to teach on the Pestalozzian System. His services would be required about the middle of September.—Address, BARR, care of Mr. Wakeling, Royal Library, Brighton.

A CAMBRIDGE GRADUATE, in high Double Honours, who has had some experience in Travelling, and is a proficient in French and German, desires a TRAVELLING TUTORSHIP.—Address, N., 10 Fitzwilliam Street, Cambridge.

A GRADUATE of Ch. Ch. Oxford, and formerly of Harrow, wishes to READ with a GENTLEMAN'S SON, or to Travel with him on the Continent. Speaks French.—Address, E. R., 32 Leinster Terrace, W.

SHORTHAND.—A FELLOW of St. John's College, Camb., desires to Correspond with some able Scientific or Literary Gentleman in PITMAN'S PHONETIC SHORTHAND, to the improvement of each party therein.—Address, Rev. H. J. S., Atherton Cottage, Leigh, Lancashire.

BUSINESS PUPIL.—An Intelligent YOUTH may enter a well-established BANKING and COMMISSION BUSINESS in London. A Premium required, returnable in salary according to capacity shown.—Address, CHAS. SMITH, Esq., Solicitor, 3 Winchester Buildings, Great Winchester Street, E.C.

CHANGE of AIR and SCENE for INVALIDS or Others.—A Retired Married MEDICAL GENTLEMAN, residing in a roomy Country Mansion in a picturesque neighbourhood, within a drive of the Sea, and with Park, Gardens, Vineyard, Stabling, Shooting, &c., is willing to receive a LADY or GENTLEMAN, or MARRIED COUPLE, to reside with him.—Applications, stating requirements and the equivalent offered, to be addressed to H. G., Keisale Hall, Keisale, near Saxmumham.

GENTLEMEN of any Profession, who desire to increase their incomes, are invited to undertake AGENCIES for an old-established SCOTCH LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE. Liberal Commissions allowed.—Apply to M. T., care of Messrs. Robertson & Scott, Advertising Agents, Edinburgh, stating Occupation, and whether a Private or Advertised Agency be desired.

A FACT for INVESTORS.—4,000 per Cent. per Annum for Fifteen Years.—For particulars, apply to Messrs. WILSON, WARD, & Co., Stock and Share Dealers, 16 Union Court, Old Broad Street, City.

SAFE PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS. Dividends 10 to 20 per cent. per annum on the Outlay. INVESTORS, SHAREHOLDERS, TRUSTEES, CAPITALISTS requiring reliable Information, and seeking safe and profitable Investments, should read SHARP & CO'S INVESTMENT CIRCULAR (post free). GRANVILLE SHARP & CO., Stock and Share Dealers, 32 Poultry, London, E.C. Established 1852.

BEDFORD HOTEL, Brighton.—Every endeavour is made to render this Hotel equal to its long-existing repute. The Coffee-room, with extensive Sea-frontage, has been enlarged and improved. Communications to "The Manager" will be promptly attended to.

ILFRACOMBE HOTEL.—Perfect in all its arrangements. 250 Apartments, large and elegant Public Rooms, Promenade Terrace 1,000 feet in length facing the Atlantic. Board, if desired, at a fixed sum per day or week. Table-d'hôte daily.—Address, Mr. BOWEN, Ilfracombe, North Devon.

HYDROPATHY.—SADBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

CHUBB'S NEW PATENT SAFES, Steel-plated with Diagonal Bolts, to resist Wedges, Drills, and Fire. Lists of Prices, with 120 Illustrations of all sizes and qualities, of Chubb's Safes, Strong-room Doors, and Locks, sent free by CHUBB & SON, 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, London.

NOTICE.—TO PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTISTS, PRINTSELLERS, and PUBLISHERS.—The AUTOTYPE PRINTING and PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, Herby Give Notice, that they are the SOLE POSSESSORS of the PATENT granted to Mr. SWAN, for producing Photographs in Carbon and other permanent Pigments, and that applications for Licenses for the USE of the Process, or for VENDING Pictures produced by the Process, should be addressed to them, at their Temporary Office, 5 Haymarket, London.

T. McLEAN begs to call attention to his Method of CLEANING and RESTORING OIL PAINTINGS, a Branch of Art which, with Valuable Pictures, it is so dangerous to neglect.—T. McLEAN, 7 Haymarket.

PORTE-COULEUR: a Waistcoat Pocket Box of Twelve Colours for Sketching and other purposes. 10s. 6d. WINSON & NEWTON, 33 Rathbone Place, London, and Local Artists-Colourmen.

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS and HERALDIC DEVICES. Designed and Engraved as Gems of Art. Steel Dies Engraved.—NOTE PAPER and ENVELOPES Stamped in Colour Relief, and illuminated in the most elegant Style. CARD-PLATE elegantly engraved, and 100 Superfine Cards printed, for 5s. 6d. WEDDING CARDS, WEDDING ENVELOPES, BALL PROGRAMMES, CARDS, and BILLS of FARE. Printed and Stamped with Crest or Address, in the latest Fashion. At HENRY RODRIGUES', 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON.

PATENT ENCAUSTIC, GEOMETRICAL, and GLAZED TILES, Sound, Durable, and in bright Colours, for Churches, Halls, and Corridors. Manufacturers, MALKIN & CO., Burslem, Staffordshire. London Agents, HARLAND & FISHER, Ecclesiastical Decorators, 35 Southampton Street, Strand, where Designs and all Information may be had.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS and CHURCH DECORATIONS. HEATON, BUTLER, & BAYNE, GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON. Illustrated Catalogue, post free, 3s. 6d. PRIZE MEDAL—LONDON AND PARIS.

BOOKS BOUND AT the Lowest Prices by H. K. JUDD & CO., 15 Little New Street, Farringdon Market, E.C. Gentlemen waited upon at their Offices or Private Residences with specimens of every description of Binding. Patterns carefully matched.

BILLIARDS.—THURSTON & CO., BILLIARD-TABLE MANUFACTURERS to Her Majesty, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, War Office, Admiralty, &c.—14 Catherine Street, Strand, W.C. Established 1814.

MACHINE-MADE JEWELLERY, 18-Carat Gold, 50 per cent. less than Hand-made, and more perfect. Mr. EDWIN W. STREETER (late Hawcock, Birmingham, & Co.), 37 Conduit Street (Five Doors from Bond Street), where the celebrated Machine-made Jewellery, in 18-Carat Gold, so extensively introduced by Mr. STREETER, is only to be obtained.

WATCHES.—GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Limited, WATCH and CLOCK MAKERS, 11 and 12 Cornhill, London, opposite the Bank of England.

First-class PATENT DETACHED LEVER WATCHES, of the latest Improvements, and maintaining power to continue going whilst being wound, recommended for Accuracy and Durability. Every Watch is warranted.—Descriptive Pamphlet post free.

CLOCKS.—GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE, Limited, CLOCK and WATCH MAKERS, 11 and 12 Cornhill, London, opposite the Bank of England.

First-class LONDON-MADE CLOCKS in Gothic Cases for Halls or Staircases; CLOCKS in Wood and Marble Cases for the Dining Room or Library; very highly-finished ORMOLOU PARIS CLOCKS for Drawing Rooms.—Illustrated Pamphlet gratis and post free.

KEYLESS CLOCKS.—DENT, 61 Strand, and 34 Royal Exchange.

New Patent Clocks, Winding, Setting Hands, and Regulating without a Key. The absence of Winding holes in the Face improves the appearance of these Clocks, and does away with the necessity of opening the Case, which being almost air-tight, ensures a longer performance than usual without Cleaning. The newest Patterns in Ormolu, Marble, &c., in stock. E. DENT & CO., Watch and Clock Makers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 61 Strand, W.C., and 34 Royal Exchange, E.C.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.—E. & G. INDERWICK & CO., Manufacturers and Suppliers of the late JOHN INDERWICK, Importers of genuine first-class MEERSCHAUM PIPES, LATAKIA and other EASTERN TOBACCOES. The largest and best assortment in London. Wholesale and Retail.—55 Princes Street, Leicester Square, London. Established 1729.

FOR HOT WEATHER. NICOLL'S TWEED CLOTH JACKETS, in all Colours, unlined, 15s. 6d. each.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe, 114 to 120 Regent Street, and 22 Cornhill, London; 10 Mosley Street, Manchester; 56 Bold Street, Liverpool.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.

LONDON 114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street; and 22 Cornhill. MANCHESTER—10 Mosley Street. LIVERPOOL—56 Bold Street.

For TOURISTS, NICOLL'S JACKETS in various Mixed Colours of Waterproof Cheviot Wool Cloth, cool and strong as linen, resisting the thorn and sand, and more adapted to this variable climate than any other fabric, the cost of each, with silk sleeve linings, being 3s. 6d.

LIGHT CHEVIOT SUITS, from £2 2s. WATERPROOF TWEED and MILTON OVERCOATS, £1 1s and £2 2s. each.

Suits, &c., for immediate use, or made to measure at a few hours' notice.

H. J. and D. NICOLL, Merchant Clothiers.

SMYRNA HEARTHUGGS, adapted for every Style of Room Decoration, from Original Designs by Owen Jones, Digby Wyatt, and other eminent Art Decorators.

Manufactured by H. R. WILLIS & CO. Obtained the Silver Medal at Paris Exhibition, 1867, the only Medal awarded exclusively for Hearthrugs.

Each Rug is legibly marked on the back with the Trade Mark, "H. R. W. & Co." in a Monogram, and may be obtained from every first-class Upholsterer and Carpet Warehouseman in the United Kingdom.

London Warehouse (Wholesale only), 78 Newgate Street, E.C. Manufacturers at Kidderminster and Coventry.

PARQUET SOLIDAIRES (HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 1,548)

For Floors and Borderings to Rooms, &c.

Being manufactured by Steam Machinery, is laid complete at less cost than Turkey Carpets, having the advantage over the Foreign-made Parquets of standing perfectly and being cheaper. Architects' Designs adapted without Extra Cost. Illustrated Catalogues on application to 25 and 37 BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, BEDDING (Carriage Free).—See our new ILLUSTRATED FURNITURE CATALOGUE, nearly 500 Designs, with Prices Thirty per Cent. less than any other House. The most complete and unique Guide ever published.

LEWIN CRAWCOUR & CO., 73 and 75 Brompton Road, Knightsbridge.

INTENDING PURCHASERS of the SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SOMMIER TUCKER, are respectfully cautioned against various imitations and infringements, preserving some of the appearance of the Original, but wanting all its essential advantages. Each Genuine Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent," and a Number.

The Smees' Spring Mattress, Tucker's Patent, received the only Prize Medal or Honourable Mention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may be obtained, price from 25s. of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsterers, and Wholesale of the Manufacturers, WILLIAM SMEE & SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

THE AGRA BANK, Limited.—Established in 1833.

CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE—NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.

Bankers—Messrs. GLYN, MILLS, CURRIE, & CO., and BANK OF ENGLAND.
BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:
At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 4 per cent. per ann., ditto 6 months' ditto

At 3 per cent. per ann., ditto 3 months' ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.
Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
Interest drawn, and Army, Navy, and Civil Pay and Pensions realized.
Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

FOUNDED 1836.

LEGAL and GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-Words" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future question.

New Assurances in 1867..... £442,000

Corresponding New Premiums..... 11,820

E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 FLEET STREET, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,000,000. LOSSES PAID, £2,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.
Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Instituted 1820.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £250,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided amongst the Assured every Fifth Year.
Assurances of all kinds, With or Without Profit, at considerably Reduced Rates.
Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.

The most liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel, Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.

Whole-World License—free of charge, when the circumstances are favourable.

Endowments for children.

Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.

Notices of Assurances registered and acknowledged without a fee.

The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Office in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Fleet Street, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

HAND-IN-HAND FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE OFFICE,
1 NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS, E.C.

The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1606. Extended to Life, 1836.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1868.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—45 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1867), £1,391,366.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

Chief Office, Royal Exchange, LONDON; Branch, 29 Pall Mall.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

The Duty on Life Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No Charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

Life Assurance—made with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profits every Five Years.

Any sum up to £10,000 is payable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption under Royal Charter, from the liability of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICE.**SCOTTISH UNION FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.**

LONDON, 27 CORNHILL; EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN.

ESTABLISHED 1821.

INVESTED FUNDS AT AUGUST 1, 1867, £1,000,350.

The SCOTTISH UNION INSURANCE COMPANY is Incorporated by Royal Charter, and Empowered by Act of Parliament. It affords the most unquestionable Security to the Public from the magnitude of its Capital and Invested Fund, a large proportion of which is in Government and other real Securities.

The OFFICE BOOKS CLOSE for the YEAR on JULY 31, and all Policies taken out before that date will rank for FOUR YEARS' BONUS at the NEXT DIVISION of PROFITS, which will take place in 1871.

Forms for Proposals and Prospectuses, containing all necessary particulars, may be had at the Office as above, or of the Company's Agents.

DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET SERVICES.—The Newest and Best Patterns always on view.

Every Description of CUT TABLE GLASS in great variety.

The Stock has been selected with much care, and is admirably suited for parties furnishing to choose from.

A large assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

First-class quality—superior taste—low prices.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39 LUDGATE HILL, E.C. Established 1768.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE with the BEST ARTICLES at DEANE'S.

DEANE'S—Celebrated Table Cutlery, every variety of style and finish.

DEANE'S—Electro-plated Spoons and Forks, Tea and Coffee Sets, Liqueur Stands, Cruets, &c.

DEANE'S—Dish-covers and Hot-Water Dishers, Tin Dish-covers, in Sets, 18s., 20s., 40s., 60s., 75s.

DEANE'S—Paper Mache Tea Trays, in sets from 2s., new and elegant patterns.

DEANE'S—Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns, with Lloyds' and other patent improvements.

DEANE'S—Copper and Brass Goods, Kettles, Stew and Preserving Pans, Stockpots, &c.

DEANE'S—Moderator and Rock Oil Lamps, a large and handsome stock.

DEANE'S—Domestic Baths for every purpose. Bath-rooms fitted complete.

DEANE'S—Fenders and Fire-irons, in all modern and approved patterns.

DEANE'S—Bedsteads, in Iron and Brass, with Bedding of superior quality.

DEANE'S—Registered Stoves, improved London-made Kitcheners, Ranges, &c.

DEANE'S—Cornices and Cornice-poles, a great variety of patterns.

DEANE'S—Tin and Japan Goods, Iron Ware, and Culinary Utensils.

DEANE'S—Turnery, Brushes, Mats, &c., well made, strong, and serviceable.

DEANE'S—Horticultural Tools, Lawn Mowers, Garden Rollers, and Wire Work.

DEANE'S—Gas Chimneys, newly-designed patterns in Glass and Bronze, 3-light glass, &c.

New ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE with Priced FURNISHING LIST, Post-free.

A Discount of 5 per cent. for Cash Payments of £5 and upwards.

ESTABLISHED A.D. 1768.

DEANE & CO., 40 King William Street, London Bridge.

HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.**DEAL BED ROOM FURNITURE.**—HEAL & SON have always in stock from Six to Eight Suites of DEAL BED ROOM FURNITURE, each set apart in a separate room, and different in Colour and Style.
186, 187, 188 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.**HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.****BEDSTEADS, BEDDING, and BEDROOM FURNITURE.**—An ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, with Prices of 1,000 Articles of BEDROOM FURNITURE, sent (free by post) on application to FILMER & SON, Upholsterers, 31 and 32 Berners Street, Oxford Street, W.; Factory, 31 and 32 Charles Street.**BATHS and TOILET WARE.**—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make this establishment the most distinguished in this country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Pillar Showers, £3 to £5 12s.; Nursery, 15s. to 25s.; Sponging, 14s. to 25s.; Hip, 14s. to 25s.; A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 15s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.**THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS in the Kingdom** is WILLIAM S. BURTON'S. He has Four Large Rooms devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads from 11s.; Patent Iron Bedsteads, fitted with dovetail joints and patent sacking, from 11s. 6d., and Cots from 15s. 6d. each; handsome ornamental Iron and Brass Bedsteads, in great variety, from £2 13s. 6d. to £20.**WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING** IRONMONGER, by appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post free. It contains upwards of 700 illustrations of his unrivalled Stock ofSTERLING SILVER AND ELECTRO-PLATE,
NICKEL SILVER AND
BRITANNIA METAL GOODS,
DISH COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES,
STOVES AND FENDERS,
MARBLE CHIMNEY-PICES,
KITCHEN RANGES,
LAMP, GASELIERES,
TEA TRAYS,
URNS AND KETTLES,
TABLE CUTLERY,
CLOCKS AND CANDELABRA,
BATHS AND TOILET WARE,
IRON AND BRASS BEDSTEADS,
BEDDING AND BED-HANGINGS,
BED-ROOM CABINET FURNITURE,
TURNERY GOODS, &c.

With List of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms at 39 Oxford Street, W.; 1, 1a, 2, 3, and 4, Newman Street; 4, 5, and 6, Fenny's Place; and 1 Newman Yard, London.

E. LAZENBY & SON beg to direct attention to the following

Price List of Wines:

	per dozen.
SHERRIES—Good Dinner Wines.....	21s., 20s.
SHERRIES—Fine White, Extra Quality.....	36s., 32s.
AMONTILLADO and MANZANILLA.....	48s.
VINO DE PASTO, a Full, Dry Wine.....	48s.
PORTS—Crested.....	38s., 44s., 50s.
PORTS—Newly Bottled.....	30s., 36s., 42s.
CLARETS—Pure Sound Wines.....	18s., 21s., 20s.
CLARETS—Fine, with Bouquet.....	21s., 20s., 20s.
CHAMPAGNE—Light and fine Dry Wines, quarts.....	36s., 34s., 32s.
CHAMPAGNE—Light and fine Dry Wines, pints.....	20s., 18s., 16s.
COGNAC BRANDIES—Old, Pale, and Brown.....	60s., 72s., 90s.

Foreign Liqueurs, Spirits, and Cordials of all kinds.

E. LAZENBY & SON have been induced to embark in the Wine Trade by the numerous inquiries of their Customers for good sound Wines, and have imported and laid down a large and carefully-selected Stock, which their numerous & origin Connections have enabled them to procure at great advantage. Their Cellars are now open for inspection, and Lists of Prices and Samples of Wines will be forwarded if desired.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Wine Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

TEAS and COFFEES.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea

Merchants.—Strong Rough CONGOUS, 2s. 6d. and 3s., for Household Use; Fine SCHOONERS, 3s. 6d. and 4s., for the Drawing-room; in Tins of 1 lb., 14 lbs., and 20 lbs. A Reduction of 10s. on 14 lbs. and upwards, and Five per cent. Discount allowed for Cash with Order; Carriage paid on Orders amounting to 47. Fine Ceylon COFFEES, 1s. 6d. and 1s. 8d. per lb.; Choice Old MOCHA, 2s.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Tea Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

N.B. Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce. Samples and General Priced Catalogue post free on application.

E. LAZENBY & SON'S PICKLES, SAUCES, and CON-

DIMENTS.—E. LAZENBY & SON, Sole Proprietors of the celebrated Receipts, and Manufacturers of the Pickles, Sauces, and Condiments, so long and favourably distinguished by their Name, are compelled to caution the Public against the inferior Preparations which are put up and labelled in close imitation of their Goods, with a view to mislead the Public. Customers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that they can be had direct from the Manufacturers, at their Foreign Warehouse, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Priced Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this

celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-known Label, signed "F. LAZENBY & SON." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 9th July, 1856, and without it none can be genuine.

E. LAZENBY & SON, of 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this Caution, from the fact that their Labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive Purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

SEGARS.—GENTLEMEN can now be supplied with a

SINGLE BOX of HAWK HALL SEGARS, by Portago, Calcutta, Murias, Punnaranga, Morale, and other celebrated Makers, at One Profit on the Import Cost for Cash.

RT. CLARKE & CO., Segar Importers, 37 Golden Square, Regent Street, W.

To prevent delay in the Execution of Orders, they should in all cases be accompanied by a Remittance. Cheques crossed Union Bank. Post Office Orders on Brewer Street.

FIELD'S PATENT SELF-FITTING CANDLES.**CANDLES for the BALL ROOM, pure Spermaceti, Chinese**

Wax, and wickless Stearine, all with FIELD'S PATENT ENDS. These Candles will neither Smoke, Bend, nor Quatter. Spiral parti-coloured Candles of all shades.—Sold by all Dealers in Candles, and (wholesale only) by J. C. & J. FIELD, Patentees, Lambeth, London.

BARCLAY, SON, & CO. (late FIELD & Co.)—CANDLES

with SELF-FITTING ENDS.

Price Medal Paraffine Candles..... 1s. 6d. per lb.

Canadian Paraffine Candles..... 1s. 6d. "

Spermaceti Candles..... 1s. 2d. "

Stearine Candles..... 1s. "

Patent Wax and Spermaceti Candles..... 10s. "

Patent Wax and Spermaceti Candles with plain ends..... 1s. "

12 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

GALVANISM or NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, PARALYSIS,

RHEUMATISM, PAINS, and DEBILITY, Gent. Scleritis, Lumbago, Cramp, Neuralgia, and Liver Complaints, Nervous, Epilepsy, Indigestion, Functional Disorders, &c.

O. L. J. AN. For ascertaining the efficacy, a TEST of real VOLTA-ELECTRIC Self-

application CHAIN BANDS, BELTS, and Pocket Batteries, will be sent gratis for a week.

Prices from 2s. to 25s. according to power. Combined Bands for restoring exhausted Vital Energy, 30s. to 40s. New Patent Self-restorable Chain Batteries, £3 to £4 complete. Pamphlet post free. J. L. PULVERMACHER, Patentee, Galvanic Establishment, 200 Regent Street, W., London.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY (Patented System).—All other

Processes entirely superseded by Messrs. LEWIN MOSELEY & SONS, the Original and only Practitioners of the true System of Painless Dentistry. The prominent advantages are

thus summarily characterized by the "Lancet," the Medical Profession, and the Press:—

"Perfect immunity from pain; every kind of operation avoided; unparalleled comfort, utility,

economy, durability; a wonderfully lifelike appearance; fees considerably less than usually charged for ordinary descriptions of artificial teeth."—Messrs. LEWIN MOSELEY & SONS

(the Old Established English Dentists), 30 Berners Street, Oxford Street, and 410 Strand

(opposite Charing Cross Railway Station), and over the Telegraph Office. Teeth from 5s.

Sets from 5 to 30 Guineas. Consultation and every information free.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE POWDER.—Taken by Dyspeptics at each Meal, to assist Digestion. Used in the Hospitals of Paris since 1851.
P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE WINE, 4s.
Sole Medal Paris Exhibition 1867.
P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

BOUDAULT'S PEPSINE PILLS, 3s.
Taken by Dyspeptics at each Meal, to assist Digestion.
P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Sole Agents for England, 277 Oxford Street, London.

LOZENGES of the RED GUM of AUSTRALIA.—For Relaxed Throat. In Bottles, 2s.
P. & P. W. SQUIRE, Chemists in Ordinary to the Prince of Wales, 277 Oxford Street, London.

MURIATE of AMMONIA LOZENGES.—In Bottles, 2s.
Useful for Bronchitis, by loosening the Phlegm and preventing violent Fits of Coughing.
P. & P. W. SQUIRE (Gazetted August 8, 1857—December 31, 1867), Chemists on the Establishment in Ordinary to the Queen, 277 Oxford Street, London.

PEPSINE.—Silver Medal, Paris Exhibition, 1867.—**MORSON'S** PEPSINE WINE, GLOBULES, and LOZENGES—the popular remedy for Weak Digestion. Manufactured by T. MORSON & Son, 31, 33, and 124 Southampton Row, Russell Square, London, W.C.—Bottles from 2s. Boxes from 2s. 6d. Globules in Bottles, from 2s.

SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER, prepared from the Malvern Water, so long celebrated for its purity. Every Bottle is protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark.—Manufactories at London, Liverpool, Derby, Bristol, Glasgow, Malvern.

MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER or DRESSING will RESTORE GREY or FADED HAIR to its Youthful Colour and Beauty.

It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
Falling Hair is immediately checked.
Thin Hair thickened.
Baldness prevented.
It removes all Dandruff.
It contains neither Oil nor Dye.

Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers, in Large Bottles, price 6s.
Dropper—256 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

DR. DE JONGH'S
(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Prescribed as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.
Universally recognised by the highest Medical Authorities to be THE ONLY COD LIVER OIL invariably pure, uniformly excellent, PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in England, observes:—"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."
Dr. EDW. A. SMITH, F.R.S., Medical Officer to the Poor Law Board, in his work "On Consumption," writes:—"We think it a great advantage that there is one kind of Cod Liver Oil which is universally admitted to be genuine—the Light-Brown Oil supplied by Dr. De Jongh."

Sold only in capsuled IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s., by respectable Chemists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS,
ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BOOKS, &c.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—NOTICE.
Nearly all the Books advertised in this day's "Saturday Review" are in Circulation, or on Sale, at MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY. Fresh Copies of all the principal Books of the Season continue to be added as the demand increases, and ample supplies are provided of all the best forthcoming Books as they appear. First Class Subscription, One Guinea per Annum, commencing at a 3 Date. Book Societies supplied on liberal terms.
Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street; City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.—NOTICE.—A REVISED LIST of SURPLUS COPIES of RECENT BOOKS withdrawn from MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY, for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices, is now ready, and will be forwarded postage free on application.
Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street; City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.
Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best new Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and postage free.
* * * A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.
BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

THE CHROMOLITHOGRAPH. CONTENTS: The Girl at the Window, Chromolithograph after Rembrandt—Peaches and Stawberries, Painting by T. Grimland—Landscape Pencil Drawing, by J. Needham; also several Papers on Art Subjects and others.
Publishing Office, 51 Fleet Street, E.C.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, and DEATHS.—Announcements of Births, Marriages, and Deaths are inserted in the **PALL MALL GAZETTE**, at a charge of Half a Crown. They may be sent through any Advertising Agent, Newspaper, or Librarian, or, properly authenticated, to the Office of the **PALL MALL GAZETTE**, Northumberland Street, Strand.

MEMORIAL of COUNTLESS of ELLESMERE.—THE BUILDER of this Week contains: View of Memorial of the late Dowager Countess of Ellesmere, Walkden Moor—View and Plan of St. Mary's New R.C. Church, Kensington—Papers on the Metropolis and Suburban Railways—Reservoirs and Water Supply—Unpublished Letters by Sir Thomas Lawrence—and other Articles, with all the News, Sanitary, Constructional, and Artistic. 4d.; by post, 5d.—1 York Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

TOURISTS and OTHERS VISITING SCOTLAND will find in MURRAY'S MONTHLY TIME TABLES full information as to the Railways, Steamers, Coaches, and Hotels. Price 3s.; Stamped, 4d.
Also, MURRAY'S SCOTTISH TOURIST, describing the Routes of the Railways, Steamers, and Coaches. Price 6d.; Fine Edition, with numerous Plates, 1s. By post, One Penny extra.
Glasgow: THOMAS MURRAY & Son, 31 Buchanan Street. And Sold by all Booksellers.

SHAKESPEAREAN GEMS, in French and English Settings.
From the Plays of the Bard of Avon; arranged for the use of Schools and Students; translated into French by the Chevalier DE CHATELAIN, Translator of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," Gay's Fables, "Evangeline," &c.
London: WILLIAM TROOD, Paneras Lane, Cheapside.

ORTHOPEAXY. (*ὀρθός*, straight; *πάσσειν*, to make.) By HEATHER BIRD, Assoc. Inst. C.E.
This Manual embraces the Treatment of every variety of Deformity, Debility, and Deficiency of the Human Body.
CHURCHILL & SON, 1 and the Author, 56 Wimpole Street.

Just published, Second Edition, with Addenda, containing additional Facts and Cases in Illustration of the Notorious Proceedings of the Advertising Quacks, 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.

REVELATIONS of QUACKS and QUACKERY. By DETECTOR. Reprinted from the "Medical Circular."
London: H. BAILEY, 219 Regent Street.

Now ready, in Quarto, price THREE GUINEAS,

CLOUDS, their Forms and Combinations: comprising Forty-six Photographic Plates of Cloud Formations printed in Carbon, prepared from the Original Drawings, of Clouds as seen from Upper and Lower Egypt, Syria, Arabia, Constantinople, Italy, the Swiss Alps, and other parts of the Eastern Hemisphere; with Descriptive Text. By ELIJAH WALTON, F.G.S., Author of "The Camel," &c.

"A more delightful and entrancing study than that of the clouds we cannot conceive; and a more delightful and entrancing book on the subject than this of Mr. Walton's it would be difficult to imagine. . . . We have the greatest pleasure in recommending this volume to the public. We can conscientiously speak of it in words of the warmest praise. The work has been lovingly, faithfully, and admirably done. It is a bit of good, honest, conscientious, and painstaking labour; and it is a valuable contribution to art and to art literature. To the artist, the poet, the lover of beauty, and to the scientific student, it will be alike welcome and profitable."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE.
"This volume is the result of an artist's patient and intelligent observation of atmospheric phenomena in various countries during several years. With very modest pretensions it is offered to the public; the only hope expressed being that what he has accomplished may give some guidance to the observer of Nature and her beauties. But no one can peruse this book without perceiving the importance of its contents to artists. An attempt to systematize observation and re-production in,

admittedly, the most difficult and dangerous department of executive labour, it is at once unique and elementary. We know of no similar volume, and Mr. Walton writes with similar unconsciousness. Nay, if his criticisms be founded in justice and truth, it would appear that in the production of skies a rare few, if any, have called in the aid of science or scientific method. . . . We commend his notes to his brother artists, who will find in them excellent descriptions of aerial phenomena; the first consolidation or gathering of cloud; the production of strati, cumuli, cirri, and the various modifications of each class; their probable conduct under the influence of atmospheric currents, and the results of proximity to and collision with each other. . . . To substantiate and illustrate his text, Mr. Walton has enriched his book with no less than 42 plates, so neatly and finely executed from his original drawings by photography, as to make it a hand-book of cloud formations for the student. From the calm, golden Nile country, from the brilliant shores of the Mediterranean, and from the sublime snow-regions of the Alps he has brought faithful pictures of cloudland."

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in 8vo. price 5s. cloth, gilt edges,

IRELAND and ENGLAND; or, the Irish Land and Church Questions. By CHARLES TENNANT.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Third Edition, in 8vo. price 7s. 6d. boards,

CAUTIONS for the TIMES, addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England by their former Rector. Edited by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.

* * * The Series of papers contained in this volume were written about the time when some of the leaders of the Oxford Movement of 1833 submitted themselves to the Church of Rome. The doctrines then put forward being now again advocated, the volume is again issued in the belief that it may be found useful to those who wish to examine the questions for themselves.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

In course of publication,
THE BRITISH INDIA CLASSICS, with Introductions and Notes adapted especially to the Requirements of the Natives of India. Edited by W. J. JEFFERSON, M.A. Oxon. late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay.

Now ready:—

SCOTT'S LADY of the LAKE, Cantos I. and II. price 2s. sewed, or 2s. 6d. cloth.

GRAY'S POEMS, price 2s. sewed, or 2s. 6d. cloth.

* * * Orders received by the Curators of the Government Central Book Depôts at Bombay, Madras, Allahabad, Lahore, Bangalore, and Nagpore; also by the Calcutta School Book and Vernacular Literary Society.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

"Genuine Hand-books, results of Personal Experience."
TOURISTS' PRACTICAL GUIDES, 1868. By ENGLISHMEN ABROAD. "Save 50 per cent. cash on a Tour." Practical Swiss Guide, 2s. 6d.; Practical Paris and the Rhine, Belgium, Holland, German Spas, 2s. — Practical General Continental Guide, 3s. — Famous Panoramas of Great Alpine Ranges, coloured, 1s.

London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co.

Price 2s. 6d.
THE DOCTRINE of the CROSS: Six Sermons preached at Herford Cathedral, in Holy Week, 1868. By Rev. Dr. BARRY, Principal of King's College, London.
DYOON, Hereford. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London.

LIVINGSTONE.
Ready early in July, with Map and Illustrations, cloth, 6s.
THE SEARCH AFTER LIVINGSTONE. By E. D. YOUNG.
Revised by Rev. H. WALKER, F.R.G.S.
LETTS, SON, & Co.; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co. And all Booksellers.

Now ready, 6d.
THE PRIVATE HISTORY of the CREATION of the ROMAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY in ENGLAND. By Sir GEORGE BOWEN, Bart., M.P.
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169 Piccadilly, W. And all Booksellers.

Now ready, 1 vol. 8vo. cloth, 10s.
BRITISH and FOREIGN STATE PAPERS. Vol. L. for the Years 1859-60. Compiled by the LIBRARIAN and Keeper of the PAPERS, Foreign Office.
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 169 Piccadilly, W. And all Booksellers.

Now ready, 1 vol. fep. 8vo. bound, 5s.
A SONG of CONSOLATION, and other Poems. By CHARLOTTE HARGREAVE.
HURST & BLACKETT, Publishers, 13 Great Marlborough Street.

Now ready,
A NEW WORK on TREES. By GEORGE BARNARD. Containing Thirty of the principal Trees of Europe, drawn from Nature, the individual touch and distinguishing features of each Tree being rendered with remarkable vigour and fidelity. Accompanied by a description of the Characteristics, Method of Delineation, and favourite Localities of each Tree.
The Work of 30 Plates in Three Parts, complete, with Explanatory Text, £2 2 0
Or handsomely bound 2 12 6
Separate Parts, containing 10 Plates and Text 0 11 0
London: WYSON & NEWSON, 36 Rathbone Place; and all Booksellers and Artists' Colourmen.

Just published, Second Edition, Illustrated in Colours, 132 pp. crown, 1s.; post free, 1s. 2d.
CARTER'S PRACTICAL GARDENER. Containing a complete Calendar of Operations for Kitchen Garden, Flower Garden, Conservatory, Forcing House, Stove, Orchard House, &c. &c.
Also, Twenty-six New Designs for Flower-Beds, coloured to show the arrangement and combination of colour produced by popular Bedding Plants, as seen at the Crystal Palace, Battersea Park, and other places.
JAMES CARTER & Co., 237 and 239 High Holborn; W. H. SMITH's Railway Bookstalls; And all Booksellers.

July 11, 1868.]

The Saturday Review.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCLXI.

July, will be published on WEDNESDAY NEXT.

CONTENTS.

1. SALEM WITCHCRAFT.
2. ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.
3. THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS.
4. LYTTON'S CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS.
5. WELLINGTON'S CORRESPONDENCE, 1819-1825.
6. THE MODERN RUSSIAN DRAMA.
7. LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF LÉON FAUCHER.
8. PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.
9. NEW GERMANY.
10. THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

London: LONGMANS and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. BLACK.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCXLIX, will be published on Wednesday, July 15.

CONTENTS:

1. DAVID GARRICK.
2. INDIAN RAILWAYS.
3. COLERIDGE AS A POET.
4. GUNPOWDER.
5. MARCO POLO AND HIS RECENT EDITORS.
6. LACE.
7. MURCHISON AND MODERN SCHOOLS OF GEOLOGY.
8. PROVERBS.
9. IRELAND ONCE MORE.

* The GENERAL INDEX to the last Twenty Vols. of THE QUARTERLY REVIEW is now ready.

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle Street.

THE THEOLOGICAL REVIEW. Price 2s. 6d. No. XXII. (JULY 1, 1868).

1. LESSING AS A THEOLOGIAN: a Study. By J. FREDERICK SMITH.
2. THE CREATION. III. By RUSSELL MARTINEAU, M.A.
3. THE PROGRESS OF THE WORKING CLASSES. By P. H. RATHBONE.
4. DAVIDSON'S INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By J. J. TAYLOR, B.A.
5. ON THE INFLUENCE OF PROFITABLE PRISON LABOUR UPON THE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS. By SIR JOHN BOWRING, LL.D.
6. THE OBLIGATIONS OF CONFORMITY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. By PRESBYTER ANGELICUS.
7. C. C. J. BUNSEN. By C. KEGAN PAUL, M.A.

Publishers: Messrs. WILLIAMS & NORDGATE, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London; and 29 South Frederick Street, Edinburgh.

THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD. By the Author of "Mabel's Progress." See the JULY Number of SAINT PAULS. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

BALZAC at HOME. See the JULY Number of SAINT PAULS. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

PAUL GOSSLETT'S CONFESSIONS as to LAW. See the JULY Number of SAINT PAULS. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

WOLF-HUNTING in FRANCE. See the JULY Number of SAINT PAULS. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS. See the JULY Number of SAINT PAULS. Edited by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

PHINEAS FINN, the IRISH MEMBER. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. See SAINT PAULS, published Monthly. 1s. London and New York: VINTAGE & Co.

No. XIX. (JULY), 5s.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

1. DARWIN AND PANGENESIS.
2. GOLD IN CALIFORNIA. By JOHN ANTHON PHILLIPS. With Coloured Lithograph.
3. ON THE COLOUR PATTERNS OF BUTTERFLIES. By Rev. H. H. HIGGINS, M.A. With Page Plate.
4. THE MODERN ASPECTS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.
5. ON MUSICAL SCALES. By Sir JOHN F. W. HERSCHEL, Bart., F.R.S.
6. ON THE MEASUREMENT OF THE LUMINOUS INTENSITY OF LIGHT. By WILLIAM CHADWICK, F.R.S. With Woodcuts.

CHRONICLES OF SCIENCE.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH—ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

ENGLISH AND EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE MAIL:

A Paper containing the News, the Principal Leaders, a well-digested Summary, and all interesting Matter from the "Times."

The Newspaper hitherto known as the "Evening Mail," having become the property of the Proprietors of the "Times," is now published Twice a Week, under the title of

THE MAIL,

At the price of Threepence per Copy as heretofore, or 8d. a Week post free.

The days of publication will be Tuesday and Friday, and each Paper will contain the News and all matters of Interest appearing in the Three previous Numbers of the "Times," which will thus be rendered available, in a cheap and convenient form, for persons residing Abroad or in the Colonies.

Subscribers can obtain THE MAIL through Newspaper Agents, or may have it from the Publisher, on prepayment, at Printing House Square, London.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST & BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

AROUND the KREMLIN; or, Pictures of Life in Moscow. By G. T. LOWTH, Author of "The Wanderer in Arabia," &c. 8vo. with Illustrations, bound, 15s.

"This book is most interesting, and deserves to be widely read. It gives a vigorous and picturesque account of the ancient Russian capital. Mr. Lowth's descriptions of the city, its institutions, and its people, are charming, and fuller than any we have hitherto seen."—Star.

ELEPHANT HAUNTS: being a Sportsman's Narrative of the Search for Dr. Livingstone; with Scenes of Elephant, Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting. By HENRY FAULKNER, late 17th Lancers. 8vo. with Illustrations, 15s.

SAINTS and SINNERS; or, In Church and

About It. By Dr. DORAN. 2 vols. 21s. "This is by far Dr. Doran's best work."—Athenaeum. "An infinitely interesting and instructive work."—Observer. "Full of entertainment and information."—Sun.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

ROBERT FALCONER. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Alec Forbes," &c. 3 vols.

"A work brimful of life and humour, and of the deepest human interest. It is a book to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—Athenaeum.

"The noblest work of fiction that Mr. MacDonald has yet produced."—British Quarterly Review.

MILDRED. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, Author of "Leslie Tyrell," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," &c. 3 vols.

ENGLEWOOD HOUSE. 3 vols.

"This novel is thoroughly pure and healthy, and has a capital plot and spirited character-drawings—three qualities which make it quite exceptionally excellent."—Star.

COLONEL FORTESCUE'S DAUGHTER.

By Lady CHARLES THYNNE, Author of "Off the Line," &c. 3 vols.

"This story is very cleverly and naturally worked out."—Athenaeum.

THE POPULAR NEW NOVELS

At all Libraries.

LOVE; or, Self-Sacrifice. By the Right Hon. Lady HERBERT OF LEA. 1 vol. post 8vo.

FLIRTS and FLIRTS; or, a Season at Ryde. 2 vols.

THROUGH FLOOD and FLAME. 3 vols. post 8vo.

"The story is worked out as well that a reader is sure of entertainment. There is a fund of shrewd sense exhibited in the reflections of the writer which indicates a mind of no ordinary power. Some local characters are also exceedingly well drawn."—Athenaeum.

A LOST NAME. By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, Author of "Uncle Silas," 3 vols.

SUNSHINE and SHADE. 2 vols.

WORK-A-DAY BRIERS: a Novel. By the Author of "The Two Anastasias," 3 vols.

"A well-conceived story, unaffectedly told, which, without creating a sensational amount of excitement, creates a healthy and legitimate interest, which lasts throughout. The characters and incidents are perfectly natural—a quality in a modern novel of extreme rarity. In fact, it is a truly sensible and praiseworthy book."—Athenaeum.

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

THE LATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE:

Travels in Italy, Spain, Greece, Algeria, West Indies, Madeira, South America, &c.

By the late Emperor MAXIMILIAN.

Is now ready at all Libraries and Booksellers, in 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"A delightful chronicle of journeys to some of the most beautiful countries of the world, and the singularly happy art of description possessed by the author brings the places before us with the utmost vividness. The lively tone of youthful enjoyment pervading the work is another charm which the reader can hardly fail to note; while the thoughtful and educated spirit in which incidental subjects are regarded saves the narrative from undue lightness. These volumes not unfrequently remind us of the exquisite letters from Italy, Spain, and Portugal, by the author of 'Vathek.' Higher praise than this we can hardly give."—Daily News.

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

Now ready, 2s. 6d.

WHAT SHOULD WE DRINK? An Inquiry suggested by Mr. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By JAMES L. DENSMAN.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

NEW VOLUME OF THE ANNUAL REGISTER.

Just published, 8vo. 15s.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER:

A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the Year 1867.

Being the Fifth Volume of an Improved Series.

The Volumes from 1863 to 1866 are still to be had, price 15s. each.

LONDON: RIVINGTONS, WATERLOO PLACE. AND THE OTHER PROPRIETORS.

MACMILLAN & CO'S PUBLICATIONS.

Will be published shortly,
A HISTORY of the ABYSSINIAN EXPE-
DITION. With an Account of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Botany
of the Region traversed by the English Forces. By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM,
F.R.G.S., Geographer to the Expedition. With Maps, &c.

THE FALL of MAN, and other Sermons.
By the Rev. F. W. FARRAR, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.
Fcp. 8vo. 6s. [This day.]

ELEMENTARY LESSONS in ASTRO-
NOMY. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.A.S. 18mo. with Coloured Diagram
and numerous Illustrations, 5s. 6d. [This day.]

MODERN METHODS of ELEMENTARY
GEOMETRY. By E. M. REYNOLDS, M.A., Mathematical Master in Clifton
College. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. [This day.]

A GEOMETRICAL NOTE BOOK. Con-
taining Easy Problems in Geometrical Drawing, preparatory to the Study of
Geometry. For the Use of Schools. By F. E. KITCHENER, M.A., Mathe-
matical Master at Rugby. 4to. 2s. [This day.]

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASIDE.

This day, small crown 8vo. with 40 Illustrations, cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE SEASIDE NATURALIST: Outdoor Studies in
Marine Zoology and Botany, and Maritime Geology. By the Rev. R. W.
FRASER, M.A., Author of "Ebb and Flow," "Curiosities of the Sea-shore,"
&c. New Edition, revised and enlarged, with a Chapter on the Formation,
Stock, and Management of the Marine Vivary.

SHELLS.

This day, 12mo. limp cloth, 6s. 6d.; cloth boards, 7s. 6d.

A MANUAL of the MOLLUSCA: a Treatise on
Shells, Recent and Fossil. By the late S. P. WOODWARD. New Edition, with
an Appendix by RALPH TATE, F.G.S., and numerous Illustrations by A. N.
Waterhouse and J. W. Lowry.

N.B.—The Appendix by RALPH TATE, F.G.S., separately, 1s.

LONDON AND NEW YORK: VIRTUE & CO.

This day is published, 8vo. with 6 Maps, cloth, 15s.

THE EVER VICTORIOUS ARMY:
A History of the Chinese Campaign under Lieut.-Col.
G. G. GORDON, C.B., R.E., and of the Suppression
of the Tai-Ping Rebellion.

By ANDREW WILSON,
Author of "England's Policy in China," and formerly Editor of the "China Mail."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Immediately, 1 vol. post 8vo. with Woodcuts.

PRISON LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.
By HENRY BLANC, M.D.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

NEW NOVEL.

Just published, 3 vols. post 8vo.

TWO FRENCH MARRIAGES.

By Mrs. C. JENKIN,
Author of "Cousin Stella," "Once and Again," "Who Breaks—Pays," &c.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

ROKE'S WIFE.

By the Author of "Little Miss Fairfax." First and Second Editions, this day.

MR. VERNON.

"It is carefully and gracefully written."—*Scotsman*.

BOOKS AND MAPS FOR TOURISTS.

STANFORD'S
TOURISTS' CATALOGUE,

Containing a List, irrespective of Publisher, of all the best Books and Maps suitable
for the British and Continental Traveller, may be had gratis on
application, or per post for One Stamp.

Any Book or Map in this Catalogue sent post free upon receipt of the published price
in stamps.

LONDON: EDWARD STANFORD, PASSPORT AGENT, 6 AND 7 CHARING
CROSS, S.W.

CHAPMAN & HALL'S LIST.

Price 2s.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Edited by JOHN MORLEY.

CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER:

THE QUESTION OF CENTRAL ASIA. By ROBERT GIFFEN.
NOTES ON DESIGNS OF THE OLD MASTERS AT FLORENCE. By A. C.
SWINBURNE.
LEONORA CASALONI. By T. A. TROLLOPE. Book II. Chapter 8, to
Book III. Chapter I.
MR. DARWIN'S HYPOTHESES. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. Part III.
ANTHONY: a Poem. By WILLIAM B. SCOTT.
NATIONS AND INTERNATIONAL LAW. By T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.
THE POLITICAL PRELUDE. By the Editor.
CRITICAL NOTICES.

VENEZUELA; or, Sketches of Life in a
South American Republic: with the History of the Loan of 1864. By
EDWARD B. EASTWICK, C.B., F.R.S. Demy 8vo. with Map, 16s.
"Sketches of a curious people and an interesting country."—*Athenæum*.

A SUMMER in ICELAND. By C. W.
PALMKULL, Professor of Geology in the University of Upsala. Translated by
the Rev. M. R. BARNARD, B.A. Demy 8vo. with Illustrations and Map, 14s.

THE PRIVATE LIFE of the OLD NORTH-
MEN. Translated from the Posthumous Works of R. Keyser, late Professor
of History at the Royal University in Christiania, Norway. By the Rev.
M. R. BARNARD, B.A. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

THE INSECT WORLD: a Popular Account
of the Orders of Insects. By LOUIS FIGUIER. Demy 8vo. with 564 Woodcuts,
and 12 full-page Illustrations, 20s.

THE OCEAN WORLD: being a Descriptive
History of the Sea and its Inhabitants. From the French of LOUIS FIGUIER.
Demy 8vo. with 427 Illustrations, 20s.

RECOLLECTIONS of the LIFE of MASSIMO
D'AZEGLIO. Translated, with Notes and an Introduction, by Count MAFFEI.
2 vols. post 8vo. 24s.

"BONES and I"; or, the Skeleton at Home.
By G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE. Crown 8vo. 9s.

NOT TOO LATE: a Story. By the Author
of "Only George." 2 vols. crown 8vo.

THE DREAM NUMBERS. By T. A. TROL-
LOPE. 3 vols. crown 8vo.

THE MARSTONS. By HAMILTON AIDÉ.
3 vols. crown 8vo.

CHAPMAN & HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.

NOTICE.—NEW POEMS BY COLBURN MAYNE.

Now ready,

STRAWBERRY HILL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

By COLBURN MAYNE, Author of "Which does She Love?" &c.

"For all the beaux of Middlesex,
Who know the country well,
Say that Strawberry Hill, that Strawberry
Does bear away the bell."
EARL OF BATH.

PUBLISHER, J. CAMDEN HOTTEN, 74 PICCADILLY.

Now ready, with Illustrations by E. Whymper.

THE ALPINE REGIONS OF
SWITZERLAND,
AND THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRIES:

A Pedestrian's Notes on their Physical Features, Scenery, and
Natural History.

By T. G. BONNEY, M.A., F.G.S., &c.
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; Member of the Alpine Club.

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL, & CO. LONDON: BELL & DALDY.

8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

DIGESTION:

Its Disorders and their Treatment.

By F. W. PAVY, M.D., F.R.S.
Senior Assistant-Physician to, and Lecturer on Physiology at, Guy's Hospital.

General Remarks on Digestion and Indigestion.

Prehension.	Erection—Rumination.	Acidity.
Mastication.	Perverted Appetite.	Intestinal Digestion.
Insalivation.	Pain.	Colic.
Regurgitation.	Flatulence.	Tympanites.
Difficulty of Swallowing.	Heartburn.	Diarrhoea.
Gastric Digestion.	Water-brash.	Constipation.
Vomiting.		

"We need hardly say that no English physician has greater right than he has to speak with
physiological authority on matters of digestion."—*British Medical Journal*.

JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

NEW BOOKS TO ASK FOR AT THE LIBRARIES.

COUSIN JACK: a Domestic Novel. By a NEW WRITER. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

"It is something, when novels have earned for themselves their present deplorable reputation, to find one which is thoroughly exciting and yet perfectly innocent. 'Cousin Jack' is really a good novel; and though it has an element of it, it has no harm in it, while, though we are ourselves somewhat past the age of novel-reading, we have to confess to having been led on and on until we meant to be a mere inspection of it for the purpose of reporting its character has ended in our reading it through with real interest. It introduces many characters of great force and beauty, is extremely well written, and it has a tenderness and delicacy of tone which show that its writer must be in the best sense of the word a real lady. It is a pure, high-toned, and graceful story."—*Literary Churchman*.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

"The old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest fellow has a manifold reason to wish for."—*POPPI'S LITERARY*, December 12, 1718.
"The author has painted all his incidents from nature, and has set down naught in malice. Upon the whole, we have not read a cleverer or more entertaining book for a long time."—*Observer*.

"It affords proof of hard and varied reading, pleasant and kindly thoughts, numerous epithets, much quiet and valuable reflection, and great powers of perception, accompanied with a certain slyness of fun which is very effective. It is very clever, very ingenious, and highly interesting. A pleasant book is this for a vacant hour, and a profitable one for the vast majority of readers."—*Sunday Times*.

"Amusing it undoubtedly is, but it is also something more. It abounds in shrewd observation and trenchant sallies on the follies of the world. A capital book."—*London Review*.
"A pleasant set of stories, strung together on a cord that has the merit of novelty. There is poetry, too, in the book; the pages are all enlivened by an abounding kindliness, smartness of humour, and much good writing."—*Examiner*.

WALKS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY and its GREEN BORDERLAND. 1 vol. 8vo. 12s.

"Of all American writers Ellihu Burritt has done most to familiarize his countrymen with the leading features of England and of English life. It is more than twenty years since he began writing about us; and besides magazine and newspaper articles, he has published two good-sized books of English travel before the present, viz. 'A Walk from London to John O'Grants,' and 'A Walk from London to Land's End.' They are all distinguished by a tone of quiet affection for the land of his ancestors, which never degenerates into vulgar flattery, but is more like the tender regard of a grown man for his parents, whom, after many years, he has come to visit from far distant climes. The present volume is not the least agreeable of the three. It mixes up fact and sentiment in about equal proportions, and is always entertaining even when it deals with things not naturally susceptible of graceful treatment. His delight in the beauties of English scenery, the mild and tender radiance of English skies and suns, which he thinks superior to American, and the storied buildings of old English towns, kindle in the reader a pleasure almost equal to the writer's. The volume is a charming one, and should be widely read."—*Daily News*.

"We need not say that anything Mr. Burritt writes is pretty sure to have, at least, the merit of being readable. But it would be unfair to say only so much of the book before us. It is one of the most interesting local histories we have ever read."—*London Review*.

ARTISTS and ARABS; or, Sketching in Sunshine. By HENRY BLACKBURN, Author of "Travelling in Spain." Post 8vo. with numerous Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

"It is full of air and light, and its style is laden, so to speak, with a sense of unutterable freedom and enjoyment. A book which would remind us not of the article on Algeria in a Gazetteer, but of Turner's picture of a sunrise on the African coast."—*Edinburgh*.

LIFE, LETTERS, and POSTHUMOUS WORKS OF FREDRIKA BREMER. Edited by her Sister, CHARLOTTE BREMER. Translated from the Swedish by FREDERICK MILOW. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, CROWN BUILDINGS, 188 FLEET STREET.

NEW WORK FOR PRACTICAL ILLUMINATION.

Royal 4to. cloth, 15s.

THE ILLUMINATOR. Thirty Original Designs, with Instructions for Colouring. By M. J. BARRINGTON.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

NEW HISTORICAL WORK FOR STUDENTS.

Large crown 8vo. 650 pp. cloth, 6s.

THE LAST CENTURY of UNIVERSAL HISTORY:

a Reference Book containing an Annotated Table of Chronology, Lists of Contemporary Sovereigns, a Dictionary of Battles and Sieges, and Biographical Notes of Eminent Individuals, from 1767 to 1867. By ALEX. CHARLES EWALD, F.S.A., of Her Majesty's Record Office, Author of "A Reference Book of English History," "Our Constitution," "The Civil Service Guide" (Ninth Edition), &c.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

"It is unnecessary to recommend a work that has been so emphatically endorsed by the sporting world."—*Standard*.
"Blaine's 'Rural Sports' has now been superseded by Stonehenge's valuable and exhaustive book."—*Bookeller*.

Eighth Edition, fully illustrated, large crown 8vo. 850 pp. half-bound, 15s.; postage, 11d.

BRITISH RURAL SPORTS. By STONEHENGE. Comprising Shooting, Hunting, Coursing, Fishing, Hawking, Racing, Boating, Pedestrianism, and the various Rural Games and Amusements of Great Britain, &c.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

NEW PRACTICAL WORK ON GARDENING.

"Amateurs and professed gardeners should invest in this valuable and interesting work without loss of time."—*Saturday Review*.

Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.; postage, 6d.

GLEANINGS FROM FRENCH GARDENS. By

W. ROBINSON, F.L.S., Horticultural Editor of the "Times," the "Field," &c. Including Sub-Tropical—The Cordon System; Fruit Culture—Beauty of Form in the Flower Garden—Salad Culture in Winter and Spring—Asparagus Culture in France—A Method of Keeping Grapes through the Winter, without letting them hang on the Vines—Oleander Culture, by a Parisian Cultivator—Floral Decoration of Apartments in Paris—Horticultural Implements and Appliances—The Public Parks and Gardens of the City of Paris—Culture of the Orange, by an eminent Parisian Grower—A New, Cheap, and excellent Method of Building Garden Walls—La Motte, or the Great Nursery Garden of the City of Paris.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO., BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

NOTICE.—MISS BRADDON'S LATEST NOVEL.

Third Edition, 3 vols.

DEAD-SEA FRUIT:

A NOVEL.

By the AUTHOR of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"We have not a word to say against the story or the characters of 'Dead-Sea Fruit,' Miss Braddon's latest novel. There is a harmony about it, from first to last, which is more than agreeable—it is quietly fascinating. Let no one be deterred from reading by anything they may have heard or may know of some Miss Braddon's other tales, for we can scarcely imagine the sort of person that would not enjoy it. The incidents are the simplest of the simple, but there is not a dull page between cover and cover."—*Daily Telegraph*, June 23.

"Hitherto we have been inclined to think 'The Doctor's Wife' the best of Miss Braddon's novels. Now, it seems to us that 'Dead-Sea Fruit' surpasses that work. Taken altogether, the novel is, as we have said, probably the best Miss Braddon has written. It will not fail to add greatly to her reputation. The book gives promises of even better things than we have yet had from the authoress. Her industry is unbounded, and her imagination—judged by 'Dead-Sea Fruit'—is as fresh and vigorous as ever it was."—*Morning Star*, June 16.

"'Dead-Sea Fruit' is unquestionably the most powerfully-written story of the most powerful novel-writer of the third quarter of this nineteenth century. 'Dead-Sea Fruit' will greatly enhance Miss Braddon's world-wide reputation."—*Morning Advertiser*, June 2.

"Miss Braddon's books are ever welcome to the novel-reading public, and 'Dead-Sea Fruit' is sufficiently fascinating to keep the reader enthralled till the last page is turned."—*North British Daily Mail*, June 12.

"'Dead-Sea Fruit' is one of the best conceived and one of the best written of Miss Braddon's works."—*Western Daily Mercury*, June 13.

"We have no hesitation in saying that 'Dead-Sea Fruit' is in every sense one of its fertile author's best literary productions."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*, June 18.

"Of Miss Braddon's many novels 'Dead-Sea Fruit' will probably be the most popular one."—*Irish Times*, June 13.

"If Miss Braddon had resolved to write a story which should prove how completely she is mistress of her own powers, how resolutely and successfully she can force them to be employed in any manner which she chooses, how easily she can abandon the style in which it has hitherto pleased her to write, and adapt herself to a new style, characterized by qualities of a totally different nature, and such as she has hitherto supposed not to possess, she could hardly have succeeded better in creating such an impression. 'Dead-Sea Fruit' is, as the title suggests, a story of disappointment, of failure, of 'inevitable doom.' The personages who play out the drama are not many, and their history is not very complicated. It has but one moral—a pure and true one."—*Morning Post*, July 2.

"'Dead-Sea Fruit' is a work which one cannot begin without wishing to end, which many devourers of novels will read through at a sitting, and which in some respects is a more acceptable 'sensational' work than any of Miss Braddon's former productions. It is sure to find abundant readers."—*Edinburgh Evening Courant*, June 17.

"Miss Braddon has displayed in 'Dead-Sea Fruit' art of a far higher order than that which characterizes most of her novels. The story is one which will be read with an interest quite equal to that felt in 'Lady Audley's Secret,' or 'Aurora Floyd,' but the interest is excited and maintained by far more legitimate means."—*Imperial Review*, June 27.

"It is a simple, naturally-told tale, but the power displayed in 'Aurora Floyd' and 'Lady Audley's Secret' shows in no way lessened in its pages. Few readers who have once taken up the book will be disposed to tarry long over its perusal. It exercises a sort of fascination which hurries one onwards to the 'Faint' in restless haste."—*London Scotsman*, June 6.

"Miss Braddon has in this novel essayed a higher flight than in any of her former productions. It is strictly a novel of feeling and of character, and from each point of view has its interest admirably sustained from first to last."—*United States Gazette*, June 13.

"Its great merits are its abundant interest, the beauty and fidelity of its descriptions, and the thoroughly natural and healthy atmosphere which pervades the entire book. All the characters in 'Dead-Sea Fruit' are good and careful studies. The novel is full of interest, exercising in parts a complete fascination over the reader. Its moral is healthy and intelligible. Its style is higher than in any previous works of Miss Braddon's, its thought maturer, and its sympathies more broad."—*Sunday Times*, June 14.

"Miss Braddon has here wrought out from very simple materials a novel of remarkable artistic strength. The flow of the story is deep and quiet, intense, but not sensational, it strikes with a strong hand the chords of human feeling and human weakness; and for all the slightness of the story, the attention of the reader in its progress never flags. There has appeared no novel this season that can take its place upon the level of 'Dead-Sea Fruit.'—*Atlas*, June 12.

"That this—Miss Braddon's latest work of fiction—is what is called a powerful one, no reader will be disposed to deny. The dramatic interest is strong—and, we should add, of daring quality. We have to congratulate Miss Braddon on yet another success."—*Lloyd's Newspaper*, June 14.

"The story is absorbing, and told in Miss Braddon's best style, and there is a finish and polish throughout, and a spontaneous flow of happy thoughts expressed in harmonious phraseology, which amount to genius."—*Weekly Times*, June 14.

"The strength of the book lies, however, rather in its people than in their surroundings. Mrs. Jennings, the patrician beauty with a broken heart; Lucy Alford, the pure-hearted and almost childlike actress; M. de Bergerac, the literary enthusiast; Desmond, the man of the world, politician, and litterateur—all are good and powerful characters in their way. As a story it is one of the best the authoress has yet produced, but it possesses an intrinsic interest of even a higher kind. It is, in a word, remarkable as a proof of the growth of the writer's mind."—*Manchester Courier*, June 10.

"A fresh novel from the indefatigable pen of Miss Braddon, and decidedly the best she has yet written."—*Observer*, June 23.

"It is a book which will be thoroughly enjoyed by the lovers of nature and the students of human character under its less wonderful manifestations. We recommend the book as possibly the best work which Miss Braddon has ever penned."—*Globe*, July 7.

"It was but recently we received 'Charlotte's Inheritance' and 'Birds of Prey,' and those powerful novels are now followed by a story in many respects surpassing them in interest, and certainly superior to them in delineation of character."—*Court Circular*, June 20.

"There is abundance of incident, and much strong and vivid description, and the attention of the reader is engrossed from the beginning to the close."—*Daily Express*, July 1.

In handy size, crown 8vo. printed in large, easily-read type, with Frontispiece and Title-page, on toned paper, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt back, lettered, each 3s. 6d. Parlor Edition of

MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.

The popularity and success of Miss Braddon's Novels are facts well known to every Bookseller in the kingdom. Both in the Library Edition at Six Shillings per work, and in the Cheap Edition at Two Shillings per work, the Sales of Miss Braddon's productions attest an extent of public appreciation alike without precedent and without parallel. The Book trade is well aware of this; and it is also well aware of the desire frequently expressed by customers for an Edition less expensive than the Library, and more legible than the Cheap Edition of their favourite Author. To meet this requirement, the Publishers are producing a Parlor Edition of Miss Braddon's Novels, each Work got up in excellent style, printed on good paper, in a clear and easily-read type, serviceably bound in cloth, gilt back, lettered, forming not merely an intermediate issue, so far as price is concerned, but also about the most substantial, the neatest, and the handiest series of books that the most fastidious of economists can procure. Each volume contains an entire Novel. The following are now ready:

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. AURORA FLOYD.
DOCTOR'S WIFE. HENRY DUNBAR.
ELEANOR'S VICTORY. SIR JASPER'S TENANT.

LONDON: WARD, LOCK, & TYLER, WARWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW.

NEW WORKS.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCLXI.

July. 8vo. price 6s.

[On Wednesday next.]

CONTENTS.

1. SALEM WITCHCRAFT.
2. ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.
3. THE APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS.
4. LYTTON'S CHRONICLES AND CHARACTERS.
5. WELLINGTON'S CORRESPONDENCE, 1819-1825.
6. THE MODERN RUSSIAN DRAMA.
7. LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF LÉON FAUCHER.
8. PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.
9. NEW GERMANY.
10. THE NATIONAL CHURCH.

JOURNALS, CONVERSATIONS, and ESSAYS relating to IRELAND. By NASSAU W. SENIOR. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.

CAUTIONS for the TIMES. Edited by RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin. Third Edition [1861]. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

THE STORY of MAIRWARA; or, Our Rule in India. Crown 8vo. with Portrait, 3s. 6d.

INDIAN POLITY: a View of the System of Administration in India. By Major GEORGE CHESNEY. 8vo. with Map, 21s.

TALES of ANCIENT GREECE. By the Rev. G. W. COX, M.A. Collective Edition, complete in 1 vol. crown 8vo. price 6s. 6d.

LORD MACAULAY'S Two Essays on MILTON and MACCHIAVELLI. Fcp. 8vo. price SIXPENCE.

VASCO, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. Fcp. 8vo. price 3s. 6d.

ALICE RUSHTON; and other Poems. By FRANCIS REYNOLDS. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

A HOMEWARD RIDE, and other Poems. By C. AUSTEN LEIGH. Fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

POEMS WRITTEN in BARRACKS. By ALEXANDER HUME BUTLER. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

GOETHE'S IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS, 2s., and SCHILLER'S WILHELM TELL, 2s. 6d., annotated for English Students by EDWARD OPPEN, of Haileybury College.

HORATHI OPERA, Pocket Edition of the Text, edited by J. E. YONGE, M.A., Assistant-Master, Eton College. Square 18mo. 4s. 6d.

THE CHURCH and the WORLD in 1868: a Third Series of Essays on Questions of the Day. Edited by the Rev. OMBY SIMPLEY, M.A. 8vo. 15s.

Works in the same Series, by the same Editor.

THE CHURCH and the WORLD, First Series, Third Edition,

THE CHURCH and the WORLD, Second Series, Second Edition,

THE CHURCH and the WORLD, Third Series, Second Edition,

for the DAY, 8vo. price 9s. 6d. cloth.

ESSAYS on EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS. By the Rev. R. H. QUICK, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

MEMORIALS of LONDON and LONDON LIFE in the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries. Edited by H. T. RILEY, M.A. Royal 8vo. 21s.

ON ANILINE and its DERIVATIVES. Translated from the German of M. REIMANN, Ph.D. Edited by W. CROOKES, F.R.S. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

THE SEA-FISHERMAN. By J. C. WILCOCKS, Guernsey. Second Edition, with about 80 Woodcuts. Post 8vo. price 12s. 6d.

ON THE SURGICAL TREATMENT of CHILDREN'S DISEASES. By T. HOLMES, Surgeon to the Hospital for Sick Children. With 9 Chromolithographic Plates and 95 Woodcuts. 8vo. 21s.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, and DYER.

Printed by GEORGE ANDREW SPOTTISWOODE, at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by DAVID JONES, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, July 11, 1868.

READY THIS DAY,

A NEW STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "NO NAME," "THE DEAD SECRET," &c.

THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS.

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE FOR JULY, READY THIS DAY.

TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE: an Illustrated Monthly. Conducted by EDMUND YATES. 1s.

NOTICE.—This day is published,

THE SECOND VOLUME of TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE. 8s. Cases for Binding Vols. I. and II. may be had of the Publishers, each 1s. 6d.

THE MARCH to MAGDALA. By G. A. HENRY, Special Correspondent of the "Standard." 1 vol. 8vo. [This day.]

NOTICE.—This day is published,

THE LIFE of DAVID GARRICK; from Original Family Papers and numerous Published and Unpublished Sources. By PERCY FITZGERALD. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

THE GREAT COUNTRY: Impressions of America. By GEORGE ROSE (ARTHUR SKETCHLEY). 1 vol. 8vo.

THE ADVENTURE'S of a BRIC-A-BRAC HUNTER. By Major BYNG HALL. 1 vol. 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

"CON AMORE"; or, Critical Chapters. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c. 1 vol. 12s. [Ready this day.]

THE PILGRIM and the SHRINE; or, Passages from the Life and Correspondence of Herbert Ainslie, B.A. Cantab. 3 vols. [Now ready.]

A WINTER TOUR in SPAIN. By the Author of "Altogether Wrong," "Dacia Singleton," &c. 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated. [Ready this day.]

TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW NOVELS

At all Libraries.

THE MOONSTONE. By WILKIE COLLINS. Reprinted from "All the Year Round." 3 vols. [Now ready.]

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

THE RED COURT FARM. By MRS. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

NOTICE.—A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," &c.

DIANA GAY; or, the History of a Young Lady. By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A. 3 vols. [Nearly ready.]

FRANCESCA'S LOVE: a New Novel. By MRS. EDWARD PULLEYNE. 3 vols. [Now ready.]

THE LOST LINK: a Novel. By TOM HOOD, Author of "A Golden Heart," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

THE ROCK AHEAD: a New Novel. By EDMUND YATES, Author of "Black Sheep," &c. 3 vols.

A NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER-FOR-EVER."

JOHN HALLER'S NIECE: a Novel. By RUSSELL GREY. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

THE DOWER HOUSE: the New Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS (MRS. PENDER CUDLIP), Author of "Doris Donne," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

BRAKESPEARE; or, the Fortunes of a Free Lance: a New Novel, by the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Sword and Gown," &c., is ready this day at every Library in the Kingdom, in 3 vols.

THE ADVENTURES of DOCTOR BRADY. By W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. 3 vols.

WILD AS A HAWK: a New Novel. By MRS. MACQUOID, Author of "Charlotte Burney," "Hester Kirtan," &c. 3 vols. [Just ready.]

MARTYRS to FASHION: a Novel. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

NOTICE.—Now ready, the Cheap Edition, 1 vol., 6s., of

NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL. By the Author of "Cometh Up as a Flower." [Ready this day.]

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

